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THE TWO CATHERINES

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JULY, 1866.

The Village on the Cliff.

PREFACE.



WE have all of us in the course of our life's journeys sometimes lived for a little while in places which were wearisome and monotonous to us at the time; which had little to attract or to interest; we may have left them without regret, never even wishing to return. But yet as we have travelled away, we may have found that through some subtle and unconscious attraction, sights, sounds, and peculiarities which we thought we had scarcely noticed, seem to be repeating themselves in our brains; the atmosphere of the place seems to be haunting us, as though unwilling to let us escape. And this peculiar distinctness and vividness does not appear to wear out

with time and distance. The pictures are like those of a magic-lantern, and come suddenly out of the dimness and darkness, starting into life when the lamp is lighted by some chance association; so clearly and sharply defined and coloured, that we can scarcely believe that they are only reflections from old slides which have been lying in our store for years past.

The slides upon which this little history is painted, somewhat rudely
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and roughly, have come from Petitport in Normandy, a dull little fishing town upon the coast. It stands almost opposite to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. The place is quite uninteresting, the district is not beautiful, but broad and fertile and sad and pleasant together. The country folks are high-spirited and sometimes gay, but usually grave, as people are who live by the sea. They are a well-grown, stately race, good-mannered, ready and shrewd in their talk and their dealings; they are willing to make friends, but they are at the same time reserved and careful of what they say. English people are little known at Petitport—one or two had stayed at the Château de Tracy "*dans le temps*," they told me, for Madame herself was of English parentage, and so was Madame Fontaine who married from there. But the strangers who came to lodge in the place for the sake of the sea-bathing and the fine sands were from Caen and Bayeux for the most part, and only remained during a week or two.

Except just on fête days and while the bathing time lasted, everything was very still at Petitport. Sometimes all the men would go away together in their boats, leaving the women and children alone in the village. I was there after the bathing season was over, and before the first fishing fleet left. The fishermen's wives were all busy preparing provisions, making ready, sewing at warm clothes, and helping to mend the nets before their husbands' departure. I could see them hard at work through the open doors as I walked up the steep little village street.

There is a precipitous path at the farther end of the village, which leads down to the beach below. One comes to it by some steps which descend along the side of a smart little house built on the very edge of the cliff—a "*châlet*" they call it. It has many windows and weather-cocks, and muslin curtains and wooden balconies, and there is a sort of embankment or terrace-walk half-way to the sea. This was Madame Fontaine's *châlet*, the people told me—her husband had left it to her in his last will and testament—but she did not inhabit it. I had never seen any one come out of the place except once a fiercely-capped maid-servant with beetle brows, who went climbing up the hill beyond the *châlet*, and finally disappeared over its crest. It seemed as if the maid and the house were destined to be blown right away in time; all the winds came rushing across the fields and the country, and beating against the hill-side, and it was a battle to reach the steps which led down to the quiet below. A wide sea is heaving and flashing at one's feet, as one descends the steep, the boats lie like specks on the shingle, birds go flying wind-blown below one's feet, and the rushing sound of the tide seems to fill the air. When I reached the foot of the cliff at last, I looked about for some place to rest. A young countrywoman was sitting not far off on the side of a boat—a shabby old boat it was, full of water and sand and seaweed, with a patch of deal in its old brown coat. I was tired, and I went and sat down too.

The woman did not look round or make any movement, and remained quite still, a quiet figure against the long line of coast, staring at the receding tide. Some sailors not far off were shouting to one another, and

busy with a fishing smack which they had dragged up high and dry and safe from the water. Presently, one of the men came plodding up over the shingle, and I asked him if he wanted his boat.

"Even if I wanted it, I should not think of disturbing you and Mademoiselle Reine," answered the old fellow. He had a kindly puzzled weather-beaten face. "Remain, remain," he said.

"Hé, huh!" shouted his companions, fling off, "come and eat." But he paid no attention to their call, and went on talking. He had been out all night, but he had only caught cuttle-fish, he told me. They were not good to eat—they required so much beating before they could be cooked. They seize the boats with their long straggling legs. . . . "Did I hear of their clutching hold of poor old Nanon Lefebvre the other day, when she was setting her nets? Mademoiselle Reine could tell me the long and the short of it, for she was on the spot and called for help."

"And you came and killed the beast, and there was an end of it," said Mademoiselle Reine, shortly, glancing round with a pair of flashing bright eyes, and then turning her back upon us once more.

Hers was a striking and heroic type of physiognomy. She interested me then, as she has done ever since that day. There was something fierce, bright, good-humoured about her. There was heart and strength and sentiment in her face—so I thought, at least, as she flashed round upon us. It is a rare combination, for women are not often both gentle and strong. She had turned her back again, however, and I went on talking to the old sailor. Had he had a good season—had he been fortunate in his fishing?

A strange doubting look came into his face, and he spoke very slowly. "I have read in the Holy Gospels," he said, turning his cap round in his hands, "that when St. Peter and his companions were commanded to let down their nets, they enclosed such a multitude of fishes that their nets brake. I am sorry that the time for miracles is past. I have often caught fish, but my nets have never yet broken from the quantity they contained."

"You are all preparing to start for Dieppe?" I said, to change the subject.

"We go in a day or two," he answered; "perhaps a hundred boats will be starting. We go here, we go there—may be at a league's distance. It is curious to see. We are drifting about; we ask one another, 'Hast thou found the herring?' and we answer, 'No! there is no sign;' and perhaps at last some one says, 'It is at such-and-such a place.' We have landmarks. We have one at Asnelles, for instance," and he pointed to the glittering distant village, on the tongue of land which jutted into the sea at the horizon. "And then it happens," said the old fellow, "that all of a sudden we come upon what we are searching for. . . . We have enough then, for we find them close-packed together, like this;" and he pressed his two brown hands against one another.

"And is not that a miracle to satisfy you, Christophe Lefebvre?" said

the woman, speaking in a deep sweet voice, with a strange ringing chord in it, and once more flashing round.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he said, quite seriously, "they are but herrings. Now St. Peter caught trout in his nets. I saw that in the picture which you showed me last Easter, when I went up to Tracy. I am only a rough man," he went on, speaking to me again. "I can't speak like those smart gentlemen from Paris, who make 'calembours,' and who have been to college; you must forgive me if I have offended you, or said anything wrongly. I have only been to one school at our little village; I learnt what I could there. . . ."

"And to that other school, Christophe," said the deep voice again; and the young woman pointed to the sea.

Then he brightened up. "There, indeed, I have learnt a great many things, and I defy any one of those fine gentlemen to teach me a single fact regarding it."

"And yet there are some of them—of the fine gentlemen, as you call them," she said, looking him full in the face, "who are not out of place on board a boat, as you ought to know well enough."

Lefebvre shrugged his shoulders. "Monsieur Richard," he said, "and M. de Tracy too, they liked being on board, and were not afraid of a wetting. Monsieur Fontaine, pauvre homme, it was not courage he wanted. Vous n'avez pas tort, Mademoiselle Reine. Permit me to ask you if you have had news lately of the widow? She is a good and pretty person" (he said to me), "and we of the country all like her."

"She is good and pretty, as you say," answered the young woman shortly. "You ask me for news, Christophe. I had some news of her this morning; Madame Fontaine is going to be married again." And then suddenly turning away, Mademoiselle Reine rose abruptly from her seat and walked across the sands out towards the distant sea.

CHAPTER I.

ADIEU, CHARMANT PAYS.

FIVE O'CLOCK on a fine Sunday,—western light streaming along the shore, low cliffs stretching away on either side, with tufted grasses and thin straggling flowers growing from the loose arid soil,—far-away promontories, flashing and distant shores, which the tides have not yet overlapped, all shining in the sun. The waves swell steadily inwards, the foam sparkles where the ripples meet the sands.

The horizon is solemn dark blue, but a great streak of light crosses the sea; three white sails gleam, so do the white caps of the peasant-women, and the wings of the seagulls as they go swimming through the air.

Holiday people are out in their Sunday clothes. They go strolling

along the shore, or bathing and screaming to each other in the water. The countrymen wear their blue smocks of a darker blue than the sea, and they walk by their wives and sweethearts in their gay-coloured Sunday petticoats. A priest goes by; a grand lady in frills, yellow shoes, red jacket, fly-away hat, and a cane. Her husband is also in scarlet and yellow. Then come more women and Normandy caps flapping, gossiping together, and baskets and babies, and huge umbrellas. A figure, harlequin-like, all stripes and long legs, suddenly darts from behind a rock, and frisks into the water, followed by a dog barking furiously. More priests go by from the seminary at Asnelles. Then perhaps a sister of charity, with her large flat shoes, accompanied by two grand-looking bonnets.

I believe M. le Sous-préfet himself had been seen on the sands that afternoon, by Marion, by Isabeau, by Madame Potier, and all the village, in short. M. le Maire had also been remarked walking with the English gentlemen from the château; one pair of eyes watched the two curiously as they went by. The little Englishman was sauntering in his odd loose clothes; Monsieur Fontaine, the maire, tripping beside him with short, quick military steps, neat gaiters, a cane, thread gloves, and a curly-rimmed Panama hat. M. Fontaine was the taller of the two, but the Englishman seemed to keep ahead somehow, although he only sauntered and dragged one leg lazily after the other. Pélottier the inn-keeper had been parading up and down all the afternoon with his rich and hideous bride. She went mincing along with a parasol and mittens and gold earrings and a great gold ring on her forefinger, and a Paris cap stuck over with pins and orange-flowers. She looked daggers at Reine Chrétien, who had scorned Pélottier, and boxed his great red ears, it was said earrings and all. As for Reine she marched past the couple in her Normandy peasant dress, with its beautiful old laces, and gold ornaments, looking straight before her, as she took the arm of her grandfather, the old farmer from Tracy.

Besides all these grown-up people there comes occasionally a little flying squadron of boys and girls, rushing along, tumbling down, shouting and screaming at the pitch of their voices, to the scandal of the other children who are better brought up, and who are soberly trotting in their small bourrelets and bibs and blouses by the side of their fathers and mothers. The babies are the solemnest and the funniest of all, as they stare at the sea and the company from their tight maillots or cocoons.

The country folks meet, greet one another cheerfully, and part with signs and jokes; the bathers go on shouting and beating the water; the lights dance. In the distance, across the sands, you see the figures walking leisurely homewards before the tide overtakes them; the sky gleams whiter and whiter at the horizon, and bluer and more blue behind the arid grasses that fringe the overhanging edges of the cliffs.

Four or five little boys come running up one by one, handkerchief-flying umbrella-bearer ahead to the martial sound of a penny trumpet.

The little captain pursues them breathless and exhausted, brandishing his sword in an agony of command. "Soldats," he says, addressing his refractory troops,—*"Soldats, souvenez-vous qu'il ne faut jamais courrir. Soldats, ne courez pas, je vous en prrrrie—une, deux, trois,"* and away they march to the relief of a sand fort which is being attacked by the sea. And so the day goes on and the children play—

Among the waste and lumber of the shore.
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn.

And while they build "their castles of dissolving sand to watch them overflow," the air, and the sounds, and the colours in which all these people are moving, seem to grow clearer and clearer ; you can see the country people clambering the cliffs behind the village, and hear the voices and the laughter of the groups assembled on the embanked market-place. And meanwhile M. le Maire and the Englishman are walking slowly along the sands towards Tracy—with long grotesque shadows lengthening as the sun begins to set.

"I hope you will revisit our little town before long," M. Fontaine was politely remarking to his companion. "I hear that you start to-morrow, and that Madame de Tracy accompanies you."

"My aunt declares she cannot possibly go alone," said the Englishman, shrugging his shoulders, and speaking in very good French for an Englishman, "or I should have been glad to stay another week."

"You have not yet visited the oyster-park at Courseulles," said M. le Maire, looking concerned. "It is a pity that you depart so soon."

"I am very unfortunate to miss such a chance," said the Englishman, smiling.

The Maire of Petitport seemed to think this a most natural regret. "Courseulles is a deeply-interesting spot," he said. "Strangers travel from far to visit it. You have nothing of the sort in your country, I believe. You would see the education of the oyster there brought to its highest point of perfection. They are most intelligent animals, I am assured ; one would not have imagined it. You would see them sorted out according to size, in commodious tanks. Every variety is there—from enormous patriarchal oysters to little baby ones, *en maillot*, I may say. The returns are enormous, I believe. And then you have such a fine air at Courseulles ; magnificent plains—a vast horizon—no trees, nothing to interrupt the coup-d'œil. The effect of the moon shining on the marshes and the establishment is really striking."

"I think old Chrétien has a share in the concern," said the Englishman.

"Mademoiselle Reine and her grandfather are very reserved upon the subject, and I have never been able to ascertain exactly what their yearly percentage amounts to," said Fontaine, confidentially holding up one thin hand. "I know that she drives over once a month in her spring-cart, to

superintend the affairs. She is a person, as you are aware, of great method and order; and indeed, in affairs, it is absolutely necessary."

"She seems to manage the farm very fairly," said the other. "Old Chrétien is a stupid old fellow, always drinking cider; he don't seem to do much else."

"Alas, no!" replied Fontaine. "I look upon drunkenness as a real misfortune. He has told me in confidence that he cannot exist without the stimulant of cider. Even Mademoiselle Reine cannot persuade him to abandon it."

"I cannot imagine anybody having any difficulty in refraining from cider," said the other, smiling again. "She was good to give me some the other day, with soupe aux choux; and I confess——"

"Comment, Monsieur Butler! You do not like our cider?" said the maire, looking quite surprised. "It is because you have the taste of your 'potter' still in your mouth. Come back to us, and I promise to convert you."

"Very well, that is a bargain," said Butler, looking about him a little distractedly. Madame Pélotier, who happened to be passing, imagined that he was admiring her elegance. She drew herself up, stuck out her forefinger, and bowed. The maire, with a brisk glissade, returned the salute.

"I sometimes ask," Fontaine remarked, as he replaced his curly-rimmed hat, "how that excellent fellow, Pélotier, can have married himself with that monstrous person. She brought him, it is true, an excellent dot and a good connection at Caen, also at Bayeux; but in his place nothing would have persuaded me to unite myself with a young lady so disgraceful and ill brought-up."

"Then you have thought of marrying again?" asked Butler, glancing at the spruce figure beside him.

The maire looked conscious, and buttoned his coat. "I once contemplated some proposals," he said, "to a person who was well-off, and who might have made an amiable mother to my child, but the affair came to nothing. I do not mind telling you it was Mademoiselle Chrétien herself that I had in view. After all, why should I marry? Hein? My good mother takes care of my little son; my father-in-law is much attached to him; I have an excellent cuisinière, entirely devoted to our family—you know Justine? Sometimes," said M. Fontaine, gazing at the sea, "a vague feeling comes over me that, if I could find a suitable person, life might appear less monotonous, more interesting. I should feel more gay, in better spirits, with the society of an agreeable companion. These are mere reveries, the emotions of a poetic imagination; for where am I to find the person?"

"Is there much difficulty?" said Butler, amused.

"I do not generally mention it, but I do not mind telling you," said M. le Maire, "that our family, through misfortunes—by the stupidity of some, the ill-conduct of others—no longer holds the place in society to which it is entitled. But I do not forget that I belong to an ancient race.

I would wish for a certain refinement in my future companion which I cannot discover among the ladies of the vicinity. There is nothing to suit me at Bayeux; at Caen I may possibly discover what I require. I shall certainly make inquiries on my next visit."

"And so you did not arrange matters with Mademoiselle Reine?" said the Englishman.

"Steps were taken," M. Fontaine replied, mysteriously nodding his head, "but without any result. I for one do not regret it. With all her excellent qualities and her good blood—her mother was of a noble house, we all know—there is a certain abruptness—in a word, Mademoiselle Reine is somewhat bourgeoisie in her manner, and I am not sorry that the transaction fell through. Old Père Chrétien required me to produce a sum out of all reason. Neither he nor Mademoiselle Reine were in the least accommodating—— Ha, Madame Michaud—Madame!" a bow, a flourish of the Panama to a stout old lady with a clean cap and a parasol. The maire had held Butler fast for the last hour, and might have gone on chattering indefinitely, if the Englishman, seeing him involved with his new friend, had not pulled out his watch and escaped, saying he must go home. The maire took a disconsolate leave. Nemesis, in the shape of Madame Michaud, with some wrongs and a great deal to say about them, had overtaken Monsieur le Maire and held him fast prisoner, while Richard Butler marched off with that odd sauntering walk of his, and made the best of his way to the château.

He tramped along the foot of the cliff, crunching over seaweed and stones and mussel-shells. He passed old Nanette Lefebvre trimming her nets, sitting in a heap on the sand, with her bare legs in huge wooden sabots, and her petticoats tucked up. Though it was a fête day, the old fish-wife could not afford to miss her chance of a *bonne aubaine*. "J'allons mettre mes filets à la basse marée," said Nanon, quite contented. "Jo vous souhaite le bonsoir, mon petit monsieur." Mr. Hook might have made a pretty sketch of the old brown face with the shrewd black eyes, and the white coif, of the crisp rocks, the blue sea, and the tattered striped petticoat. A peculiar brightness and clearness of atmosphere is like a varnish to the live pictures one meets with at every turn on the shores yonder. The colours are fainter and brighter than in England, the backgrounds lie flat, undiversified, scantily broken by trees, but the figures stand out in pale relief, with a grace, an unconscious pastoral sentiment which is almost unknown among us. Have we not outgrown the charm of tradition, old songs and saws, and ways and appliances, national dress, and simple country life? Faded, battered wire bonnets; vulgarity, millinery, affectation, parasols, crinolines—it seems strange that such things should so surely supersede in time all the dear and touching relics of the bygone still life of our ancestors. Perhaps a day will come when the old charm will exorcise the land again, bringing back its songs and rural poetry, its grace and vanishing sentiment.

It almost appears as if consciousness destroyed and blighted whatever

it laid its fatal hand upon. We have all learnt to love and admire art in our daily life, and to look for it here and there; but as we look, somehow, and as we exclaim,—Here or there behold it!—the fairies vanish, the birds fly away, the tranquil silence is broken, the simple unconsciousness is gone for ever, and you suddenly awake from your pleasant dream. A ruin enclosed by a wall and viewed with a ticket, a model old woman in a sham rustic cottage at the park gate; even the red cloaks of the village children which the lady at the hall brought down from Marshall and Snellgrove's, when she was in town last Tuesday—all these only become scenes in a pantomime somehow. In these days, one is so used to sham and imitation, and Brummagem, that when by chance one comes to the real thing, it is hard to believe in it. At least, so Butler thought, as he trudged along.

Presently he began to climb the cliff, and he reached the top at last with the great fields and the sea on either side, and the fresh breezes blowing. He did not go into the village, but turned straight off and strode up the hill. He passed groups all along the road, resting or plodding through the dust. The west was all aglow with sunset, great ranges of cloud mountains were coming from a distance and hanging overhead in the sky. He beheld fiery lakes, calm seas, wonderful countries. He could see land and sky and sea glowing for miles and miles in wreathing vapours of loveliest tint, and golden sun-floods. Butler trudged along, admiring, wondering, and at the same time with his head full of one thing and another.

He was loth enough to go, but there was no help for it. He had been in scrapes and troubles at home, and had come away for a change, and now he felt he should get into a scrape if he stayed, and they had sent for him home again. His uncle, Charles Butler, had paid his debts once more, and his uncle Hervey had written him a lofty and discursive epistle conveying his forgiveness, desiring him to come back to his work and his studio. His aunt, Madame de Tracy, announced that she would accompany him to England, spend a short time with her two brothers, and make the way smooth for her nephew. Madame de Tracy had but ten fingers, but if she had possessed twenty she would have wished to make use of each one of them in that culinary process to which the old proverb alludes. Her efforts had never been successful as far as Butler was concerned.

Dick, as his friends call him, had been cursed with a facility for getting into scrapes all his lifetime. He had an odd fantastic mind, which had come to him no one knew how or why. He was sensitive, artistic, appreciative. He was vain and diffident; he was generous and selfish; he was warm-hearted, and yet he was too much a man of the world not to have been somewhat tainted by its ways. Like other and better men, Dick's tastes were with the aristocracy, his sympathies with the people. He was not strong enough to carry out his own theories, though he could propound them very eloquently, in a gentle drawl—

ing voice, not unpleasant to listen to. He was impressionable enough to be easily talked over and persuaded for a time, but there was with it all a fund of secret obstinacy and determination which would suddenly reassert itself, at inconvenient moments sometimes. In that last scrape of his, Dick having first got deeply into debt, in a moment of aberration had proposed to a very plain but good-natured young lady with a great deal of money. He had made the offer at the instigation of his relations, and to quiet them and deliver himself from their persecutions, and he then behaved shamefully, as it is called, for he was no sooner accepted, to his surprise and consternation, than he wrote a very humble but explicit note to the heiress, telling her that the thing was impossible. That she must forgive him if she could, but he felt that the mercenary motives which had induced him to come forward were so unworthy of her and of himself, that the only course remaining to him was to confess his meanness and to throw himself upon her good-nature. Poor Dick ! the storm which broke upon his curly head was a terrible one. He had fled in alarm.

His curly head had stood him in stead of many a better quality; his confidence and good manners had helped him out of many a well-deserved scrape, but he was certainly no sinewy hero, no giant, no Titan, like those who have lately revisited the earth—(and the circulating libraries, to their very great advantage and improvement).—So far he was effeminate that he had great quickness of perception, that he was enthusiastic and self-indulgent, and shrunk from pain for himself or for others. He had been petted and spoiled in his youth, and he might have been a mere puppet and walking gentleman to this day, if it had not been for that possession, that odd little craze in his mind which seemed to bring him to life somehow, and force him into independence and self-denial; and Charles Butler, his eldest uncle, used to make jokes at him, or occasionally burst out in a fume when Dick gravely assured him he believed himself possessed and unaccountable for his actions. But for all his vexation, the old man could not resist the young fellow's handsome face, and his honest, unaffected ways, and his cleverness and his droll conceit, and humility, and grateful ingratitude, so to speak. His scrapes, after all, were thoughtless, not wicked ones, and so old Butler paid and paid, and preached a little, and jibed a great deal, and offered him regular employment, but Dick would not be regularly employed, would not be helped, would not be made angry; it seemed all in vain to try to influence him.

"If your pictures were worth the canvas," the old fellow would say, "I should be only too thankful to see you so harmlessly occupied; but what is this violet female biting an orange, and standing with her toes turned in and her elbows turned out? P. R. B's. I have no patience with the nonsense. Pray, were Sir Joshua, and Lawrence, and Gainsborough, and Romney, before Raphael or after? and could they paint a pretty woman, or could they not?"

"They could paint in their way," Dick would answer, twirling his

moustache, "and I, probably, can appreciate them better than you can, sir. You haven't read my article in the *Art Review*, I see." And then the two would talk away at one another for an hour or more. It all ended in Dick going his own way, wasting his time, throwing away opportunities, picking up shreds that he seemed to have thrown away, making friends wherever he went, with the children of light or of darkness as the case might be.

As Dick walked along the high road to Tracy this afternoon, he replied to one greeting and another: good-humoured looking women stepping out by their men-companions, grinned and nodded to him as they passed on; children trotting along the road cried out, "Bon-soir," in the true Normandy sing-song. Butler occasionally interrupted his somewhat remorseful meditations to reply to them. "What a fool he was!" he was thinking. Alas! this is often what people are thinking as they walk for a little way alone along the high road of life. How he had wasted his youth, his time, his chances. Here he was, at eight-and-twenty, a loiterer in the race. He had tried hard enough at times, but life had gone wrong with him somehow. "Why was he always in trouble?" poor Butler asked himself; "dissatisfied, out of pocket and temper? Why was he unhappy now when matters were beginning to brighten, and one more chance offered itself for him to retrieve the past?" He had a terror lest the future should only be a repetition of times gone by—thoughtless imprudence, idleness, recklessness.—He thought if he could turn his back upon it all, and take up a new life under another name, he would be well content,—if he could put on a blouse and dig in the fields like these sunburnt fellows, and forget all cares and anxieties and perplexities in hard physical labour and fatigue. A foolish passionate longing for the simpler forms of life had come over him of late. He was sick of cities, of men, of fine ladies, of unsuccessful efforts, of constant disappointment and failure. He was tired of being tired and of the problems of daily life which haunted and perplexed him. Here, perhaps, he might be at peace, living from day to day and from hour to hour.

And yet he felt that the best and truest part of him, such as it was, was given to his art, and that he would sacrifice everything, every hope for better things, if he sacrificed to weariness, to laziness,—to a fancy,—what he would not give up for expediency and success. He was no genius, he could not look for any brilliant future; he was discouraged and out of heart. He blinked with his short-sighted eyes across the country towards a hollow far away, where a farmstead was nestling; he could see the tall roof gleaming among the trees and the stacks. How loth he was to go. He imagined himself driving cattle to market along the dusty roads; bargaining; hiring labourers, digging drains, tossing hay into carts; training fruit-trees, working in the fields. It was an absurdity, and Butler sighed, for he knew it was absurd. He must go, whether he would or not; he had seen the last of the place and the people in it; he had tasted of the fruit of the tree of good and of evil, it was too late, he could

not be Adam living with his Eve in the Garden of Eden. It was a garden full of apples, bounteous, fruitful, which was spread out before him, stretching from the lilac hills all down to the sea, but it was not the Garden of Eden. Had Eve bright quick brown eyes, Butler wondered; did she come and go busily? did she make ciders and salads, and light fires of dried sticks in the evenings? Did she carefully pick up the fruit that fell to the ground and store it away? did she pull flowers to decorate her bower with, and feed the young heifers with leaves out of her hand? Did she scatter grain for the fowls of the air? did she call all the animals by their names and fondle them with her pretty slim fingers? did she, when they had been turned out of Paradise, weave garments for herself and for Adam with a spinning-wheel, as Butler had seen the women use in these parts? Had she a sweet odd voice with a sort of chord in it? Dick sighed again and walked on quickly, watching a great cloud-ship high overhead. And as he walked writing his cares with his footsteps on the dust, as Carlyle says somewhere, a cart which had been jolting up the hill-side passed him on the road.

It was full of country-people: a young man with a flower stuck into his cap was driving, an old man was sitting beside him. Inside the cart were three women and some children. One little fellow was leaning right over, blowing a big trumpet and holding a flag. The other children were waving branches and pulling at a garland of vine-leaves, of which one end was dragging, baskets were slung to the shafts below, two dogs were following and barking, while the people in the cart were chaunting a sort of chorus as they went jolting along the road.

They sang while the children waved their branches in accompaniment. It looked like a christening party, with the white ribbons and flowers. One of the young women held a little white baby in her arms: another sat as if she was in a boat, holding fast a pretty little curly-headed girl, while the other arm dropped loosely over the side.

As the cart jogged past him, the children recognized Butler, who was well known to them, and they began to call to him and to wave their toys to attract his attention. The two men took off their caps, the women nodded, and went on singing; all except the young woman who had been leaning back—she looked up, smiled, and made the little girl next her kiss her hand to the wayfarer.

"Good-by, Reine," said Butler, in English, starting forward. "I'm going to-morrow."

Reine, jogging away, did not seem to understand what he said—she stretched out her long neck, half turned to the others, then looked back again at Dick. The other two women did not heed her, but went on shrilly chaunting—

Si le chemin nous ennuie
L'un à l'autre nous boirons !

And a second verse—

Voici tous gens de courage
Lesquels s'en vont en voyage
Jusque par-de-là des monts
Faire ce pèlerinage.
Tous boire nous ne pouvons.
Que la bouteille on n'oublie.
En regrettant Normandie,
En regrettant

went the chorus with the men's voices joining in. There was a sudden decline in the hill, and the horse that had been going slowly before, set off at a trot. Reine was still leaning back and looking after Butler. Dick never turned his head as he walked quietly on towards Tracy. It seemed to him as if the sun had set suddenly, and that a cold east wind was coming up from the sea.

The cart jogged off towards the farmstead which Dick had seen nestling among the trees—Dick went on his road through the growing dusk. About half an hour later, Madame Michaud, belated and in a great hurry, drove past him in her little open gig; she pulled up, however, to offer him a lift, which Butler declined with thanks.

The road makes a sudden turn about a mile before you reach the château, and Dick could perceive the glow of the windows of the old place already beginning to light up. He could also see a distant speck of light in the plain, shining through darker shadow. Had Reine reached home, he wondered? was that the flare of the Colza blaze through the open door of the dwelling, or the lamp placed in the window as a signal to Dominic and her grandfather that the supper was ready? "It is as well I am going to-morrow," Butler ruefully thought once more.

It was almost dark by the time he reached the iron gates of the Château de Tracy, where his dinner was cooking, and his French relations were awaiting his return. They were sitting out—dusky forms of aunts and cousins—on chairs and benches, upon the terrace in front of the old place, enjoying the evening breeze, fresh though it was. English people would have huddled into cloaks and bonnets, or gathered round close up to the wood-fire in the great bare saloon on a night like this; but French people are less cautious and chilly than we are, and indeed there are no insidious damps lurking in the keen dry atmosphere of Normandy, no hidden dangers to fear as with us. To-night the mansarde windows in the high roof, the little narrow windows in the turret, and many of the shuttered casements down below were lighted up brightly. The old house looked more cheerful than in the daytime, when to English eyes a certain mouldiness and neglect seemed to hang about the place. Persons passing by at night, when the lamps were lighted, travellers in the diligence from Bayeux, and other wayfarers, sometimes noticed the old château blazing by the roadside, and speculated dimly,—as people do when they see signs of an unknown life,—as to what sort of people were living, what sort of a history was passing, behind the grey walls. There would be voices on the terrace, music coming from

the open windows. The servants clustering round the gates, after their work was over, would greet the drivers of the passing vehicles. As the diligence pulled up, something would be handed down, or some one would get out of the interior, and vanish into this unknown existence—the cheerful voices would exchange good-nights. . . . When Richard Butler first came he arrived by this very Bayeux diligence, and he was interested and amused as he would have been by a scene at the play.

It was by this same Bayeux diligence that he started early the next morning after his walk along the cliff. Madame de Tracy, who always wanted other people to alter their plans suddenly at the last moment, and for no particular reason, had endeavoured to persuade her nephew to put off his departure for twenty-four hours. But Dick was uneasy, and anxious to be off. He had made up his mind that it was best to go, and this waiting about and lingering was miserable work. Besides, he had received a letter from a friend, who was looking out for him at a certain shabby little hotel at Caen, well known to them both. Dick told his aunt that he would stay there and wait until she came the next day, but that he should leave Tracy by the first diligence in the morning; and for once he spoke as if he meant what he said.

And so it was settled, and Richard packed up his picture overnight, and went off at seven o'clock, without his breakfast, in the rattling little diligence. An unexpected pleasure was in store for him. He found M. Fontaine already seated within it, tightly wedged between two farmers' wives, who were going to market with their big baskets and umbrellas, and their gold earrings and banded caps. M. le Maire was going into Bayeux, "*pour affaire*," he informed the company. But Richard Butler was silent, and little inclined for the conversation which M. Fontaine tried to keep up as well as he could through the handles of the baskets with his English friend, with the other occupants of the vehicle, and with the ladies on his right and his left. He suited his subjects to his auditory. He asked Madame Nicholas if she was going to the fair at Creully, and if she had reason to believe that there would be as much amusement there this year as the last. He talked to Madame Binaud of the concert in the church the week before, and of the sum which M. le Curé had cleared by the entertainment. To Dick he observed, in allusion to his intended journey, "What a wonderful power is *le steam*! You can, if you choose, dine at Paris to-night, and breakfast in London to-morrow morning. What should we do," asked Fontaine, "without the aid of this useful and surprising invention?"

"Eh bien! moi qui vous parle, Monsieur le Maire," said Madame Binaud—"I have never yet been in one of those machines à vapeur, nor do I ever desire to go. Binaud, he went up to Paris last harvest-time, and he came back, sure enough. But I don't like them," said Madame Binaud, shaking her head, and showing her white teeth.

Madame Binaud was a Conservative. She was very stout, and wore a high cap with big flaps that were somewhat out of date. Madame

Nicholas was a bright, lively little woman, with a great store of peaches in her basket, a crinoline, a Paris cap, and all the latest innovations.

They went on slowly climbing the hill for some time, and as they turned a corner, Dick caught one more sight of Petitport, all white against the blue sea, and very distinct in the early morning light. Then the diligence rolled on more quickly, and the great towers of Bayeux Cathedral came rising across the plain. Butler looked back again and again, but he could see the village no more. What was the charm which attracted him so strangely to the poor little place? he asked himself. Did he love the country for its own sake, or only for the sake of the people he left there? But the diligence was banging and rattling over the Bayeux stones by this time, and it was no use asking himself any more questions.

"Monsieur," solemnly said Madame Binaud, as she and her friend prepared to get down, "je vous souhaite un bon voyage."

"Bon jour, messieurs!" said Madame Nicholas, cheerfully, while M. Fontaine carefully handed out the ladies' baskets and umbrellas, and a pair of sabots belonging to Madame Binaud.

The maire himself descended at the banker's. It was an old-fashioned porte-cochère, leading into a sunny, deserted courtyard. M. Fontaine stood in the doorway. He was collecting his mind for one last parting effort. "My dear fren'! good voyage," he said in English, waving his Panama, as Dick drove off to the station.

M. Fontaine accomplished his business, and jogged back to Petitport in the diligence that evening, once more in company with Madame Binaud, and Madame Nicholas, who had disposed of her peaches.

"Il est gentil, le petit Monsieur Anglais," said Madame Nicholas. "Anglais, Allemand; c'est la même chose, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur Fontaine?"

"Not at all, not at all; the nations are entirely distinct," says Fontaine—delighted to have an opportunity of exhibiting his varied information before the passengers.

"I should like to know where he has got to by this time," said Madame Binaud, solemnly nodding her stupid old head.

Dick is only a very little way off, sitting upon a pile, and saying farewell for a time to the country he loves. "Adieu, charmant pays de France," he is whistling somewhat dolefully.

There is a river, and some people are sitting on some logs of wood which have been left lying along the embankment, there is a dying sunstreak in the west, and the stars are quietly brightening overhead.

The water reflects the sunstreak and the keels of the ships which are moored to the quai. Beyond the quai the river flows across a plain, through gray and twilight mystery towards Paris with its domes and triumphal arches miles and miles away. Here, against the golden-vaulted background, crowd masts and spires and gable-roofs like those of a goblin

city, and casements from which the lights of the old town are beginning to shine and to be reflected in the water.

The old town whose lights are kindling is Caen in Normandy. The people who are sitting on the logs are some country folks, and two English travellers who have strolled out with their cigars after dinner.

It seems a favourite hour with the Caennois ; many townfolk are out and about. They have done their day's work, their suppers are getting ready by the gleaming gable lights, and before going in to eat, to rest, to sleep, they come to breathe the cool air, to look at the shipping, to peer down into the dark waters, and to stroll under the trees of the Cours. The avenues gloom damp and dark and vaporous in the twilight, but one can imagine some natures liking to walk under trees at night and to listen to the dreary chirping of the crickets. For English people who have trees and shady groves at home, there are other things to do at Caen besides strolling along the dark Cours. There are the quais, and the quaint old courts and open squares, and the busy old streets all alight and full of life. They go climbing, descending, ascending with gables and corners, where shrines are and turrets with weathercocks, and bits of rag hanging from upper windows ; carved lintels, heads peeping from the high casements, voices calling, pigeons flying and perching, flowers hanging from topmost stories, and then over all these the upward spires and the ivy-grown towers of the old castle standing on the hill, and down below crumbling Roman walls and green mounds all luxuriant with autumn garlands. All day long the bright Norman sky had been shining upon the gardens and hill-sides, and between the carved stones and parapets and high roofs of the city.

Richard Butler had been wandering about all the afternoon in this pleasant confusion of sight, and sound, and bright colour. He had missed the friend he expected to meet, but this did not greatly affect him, for he knew he would turn up that night at the hotel—at the table-d'hôte most likely ; and, in the meantime, wandering round and about, stopping at every corner, looking into every church, noting the bright pictures, framed as it were in the arches, staring up at the gables, at the quaint wares in the shops ; making mental notes of one kind and another, which might be useful some day—he had spent a tranquil solitary afternoon. He had seen a score of subjects ; once sitting on a bench in one of the churches, a side door had opened, and with a sudden flood of light from a green courtyard outside, an old bent woman came in, carrying great bunches of flowers. She came slowly out of the sunlight, and went with dragging step to the altar of the beautiful white Virgin, where the tapers were burning. And then she placed the flowers on the altar and crept away. Here was a subject, Butler thought, and he tried to discover why it affected him ? A pretty young girl tripping in, blushing with her offering and her petition, would not have touched him as did the sight of this lonely and aged woman, coming sadly along with her fresh wreaths and nosegays. Poor soul ! what can she have to pray for ? "Her flowers should be withered

immortelles," he thought, but the combinations of real life do not pass for effect, and the simple, natural incongruities of every day are more harmonious than any compositions or allusions, no matter how elaborate. Butler thought of Uhland's chaplet, "*Es pflückte blümlein männiglich*," and taking out his note-book he wrote down—

"Old people's petitions, St. G. 4 o'clock. Offering up flowers, old woman blue petticoat, white stripe. Pointed Gothic doorway, light from 1 to 1 through Red St. glass. Uhland."

The next place into which he strolled was a deserted little court of exchange, silent and tenantless, though the great busy street rolled by only a few score yards away. There were statues in florid niches, windows behind, a wonder of carved stonework, of pillars, of polished stems and brackets. It was a silent little nook, with the deep sky shining overhead, and the great black shadows striking and marking out the lovely ornaments which patient hands had carved and traced upon the stone. It was all very sympathetic and resting to his mind. It was like the conversation of a friend, who sometimes listens, sometimes discourses, saying all sorts of pleasant things; suggesting, turning your own dull and wearied thoughts into new ideas, brightening as you brighten, interesting you, leading you away from the worn-out old dangerous paths where you were stumbling and struggling, and up and down which you had been wandering as if bewitched.

Dick went back to the table-d'hôte at five o'clock, and desired the waiter to keep a vacant seat beside him. Before the soupe had been handed round, another young man not unlike Dick in manner, but taller and better looking, came strolling in, and with a nod and a smile, and a shake of the hand, sat down beside him.

"Where have you been?" said Dick.

"Looking for you," said the other. "Brittany—that sort of thing. Have you got on with your picture?"

"Yea," Butler answered, "finished it, and begun another. You know I'm on my way home. Better come, too, Beamish, and help me to look after all my aunt's boxes."

"Which aunt's boxes?" said Beamish, eagerly.

"Not Mrs. Butler's," Dick answered, smiling. "But Catherine is flourishing, at least she was looking very pretty when I came away, and will, I have no doubt, be very glad to see me again."

And then, when dinner was over, and the odd-looking British couples had retired to their rooms, the two young men lighted their cigars, and strolled out across the Place together, went out and sat upon the log, until quite late at night, talking and smoking together in the quiet and darkness.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO CATHERINES.

THERE are some things dull and shabby and uninteresting to one person, which to another are all shining with a mysterious light and glamour of their own. A dingy London hall, with some hats on pegs, a broad staircase with a faded blue and yellow Turkey carpet, occasionally a gloomy echoing of distant plates, and unseen pots and pans in the kitchens below; a drawing-room up above, the piano which gives out the usual tunes over and over again, like a musical snuff-box; the sofa, the table, the side-table, the paper-cutter, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Cornhill*, and the *Saturday Review*; the usual mamma with her lace-cap, sitting on the sofa, the other lady at the writing-table, the young man just going away standing by the fire-place, the two young ladies sitting in the window with waves of crinoline and their heads dressed. The people outside the window passing, repassing, and driving through Eaton Square, the distant unnoticed drone of an organ, the steeple of St. Peter's Church. This one spot, so dull, so strange to Madame de Tracy after her own pleasant green pastures, so like a thousand others to a thousand other people, was so unlike to one poor little person I know of; its charm was so strange and so powerful, that she could scarcely trust herself to think of it at one time. In after years she turned from the remembrance with a constant pain and effort, until at last by degrees the charm travelled elsewhere, and the sunlight lit up other places.

My little person is only Miss George, a poor little twenty-year-old governess, part worried, part puzzled, part sad, and part happy too, for mere youth and good spirits. You can see it all in her round face, which brightens, changes, smiles, and saddens many times a day. She catches glimpses of the Paradise I have been describing as she runs up and down stairs in pursuit of naughty, refractory Augusta, or dilatory little Sarah, or careless Lydia, who has lost her lesson and her pinafore and her pocket-handkerchief, or of Algy, whose life hangs by a leather strap as he slides up and down the precipitous banisters, and suspends himself from the landing by various contrivances of his own. "What a noise those children are making," says the aunt, looking up from her letter to the mamma, in the drawing-room. The young man shuts the door as the little person goes past flying after Algy; she captures him, and brings him back a sulky little prisoner to the schoolroom on the stairs, where she herself, under the grand-sounding title of "governess," is a prisoner too. In this Domestic Bastille, with its ground-glass windows, from which escape is impossible—for they look into the areas deep down below, and into mews where there are horses and coachmen constantly passing—all the ancient terrors and appliances are kept up. Solitary confinement, the Question by Torture (Pinnock, Mangnall, &c. are the names given by the executioners to the various instruments). The thumbcrew stands in one

corner of the room, with a stool which turns round and round, according to the length of the performer's legs; a registry is kept of secret marks where the various crimes and offences are noted down. Heavy fines are supposed to be levied; utter silence and implicit obedience are requested. But all this is only in theory after all; the prisoners have conspired, mutinied, and carried everything before them since Miss George's dominion set in. She presides in her official chair by the table, with her work in her hand, looking very bright and pretty, and not in the least like a governess. All the things about her look like a schoolroom; the walls and the maps, and the drugget, and the crumpled chintz. There are a few brown-paper books in the cases, and there is a worn-out table-cover on the table, and a blotted inkstand. There are blots everywhere, indeed, inside the books, on the chairs, under the table, on the ceiling, where ingenious Algy, with a squirt, has been able to write his initials and those of Miss Cornelia Bouchon, a former governess; there are blots on the children's fingers and elbows, and on Sarah's nose, and all over Augusta's exercise; only Miss George seems free from the prevailing epidemic.

There she sits, poor little soul! round-faced, dark-eyed; laughing sometimes, and scolding at others, looking quite desperate very often; as her appealing glances are now cast at Algy, now at Augusta or Lydia, as the case may be. Little Sarah is always good and gives no trouble; but the other three are silly children and tiresome occasionally. The governess is very young and silly, too, for her age, and quite unfitted for her situation. To-day the children are especially lively and difficult to deal with. An aunt arriving in a cab, with a French maid with tall grey boxes; with chocolate in her bag; with frizz curls and French boots, and a funny-looking bonnet; welcomings, embracings, expeditions proposed; Dick with a bag slung across his shoulder; the spare room made ready, a dinner-party to-morrow, the play on Thursday, Augusta and Lydia to appear at breakfast in their afternoon dresses—(so Strearton, their mother's maid, had decreed): all this is quite enough to excite such very excitable young people. Algy nearly dislocates every joint in his body; Augusta reads her history in a loud drawling voice, without paying attention to the stops, and longs to be grown up like Catherine and Georgie. Lydia ponders on her aunt's attire, and composes rich toilets in the air for herself, such as she should like to wear if she were married and a French countess like her aunt Matilda. Sarah nibbles her chocolate and learns her poetry distractedly; even Miss George finds it difficult to keep up her interest in the battle of Tewkesbury which happened so many years ago, when all sorts of exciting things are going on at that very instant, perhaps, just outside the schoolroom door. . . .

There is a sound of rustling, of voices, of discussion. Presently the mother's voice is raised above the rest. "Catherine, make haste; the horses are here," she calls.

Miss George blushes up and says, with a little cough,—“Go on, my dear Gussie.”

"Kitty," cries another voice, "don't forget to leave the note for Dick."

And Miss George gives another little gulp. It is very foolish; she does not know how foolish and how much she minds it, or I think she would try to struggle against the feeling. She, too, used to be called "Kitty," "Cathy," "Catherine," once upon a time when she was seventeen. But that was three years ago, and no one ever says anything but "Miss George" now, except Algy, who sometimes cries out, "Hullo, George, you have got another new bonnet!" Even that is better than being a "Miss" always, from one day's end to another, and from morning to night, poor little "George" thinks.

All day long, it seems to her, outside the schoolroom door she hears voices calling—fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters,—

"Catherine, the horses are here! Catherine, we are all waiting for you! Catherine, some flowers have come for you!"

As I have said, the schoolroom was on the drawing-room stairs, and the children and the governess could hear all that passed. It did seem a little hard sometimes that all the happiness and love, and all the fun and delight of life, and the hope and the care and the protection, should be for one Catherine—all the hard work and the struggles and loneliness and friendlessness for the other. Music, bright days, pleasant talk, sympathy, pearls, turquoises, flowers, pretty things, beautiful dresses, for one—only slate pencils scratching, monotony, silence, rules, rulers, ink blots, unsatisfied longings, ill-written exercises, copy-books, thumb-ed-out dictionaries, for the other. There are days when Miss George finds it very hard to listen with lively interest to Augusta's reluctant account of the battle of Tewkesbury. The sun shines, the clock ticks, birds hop up on the window-ledge, pens scratch on the paper, people come and talk outside the door, everything happens to distract. Thoughts come buzzing and fancies bewilder.

"That is Mr. Beamish's voice," Lydia would say, pricking up her ears. "How often he comes."

"No; it is cousin Dick," said Augusta, "he is going to ride out with them. Oh, how I wish they would take me too."

"Go on, my dear, with your reading," says the governess, sternly.

"She advanced through the counties of Devon, Somerset, and Gloucester, increasing her army on each day's march," says the little lectress, in a loud disgusted voice; "'each day's . . . but was at last overtaken by the rapid—the rapid and expeditious Edward——'"

"It is Mr. Beamish, Miss George," said Lydia, complacently.

And then Mrs. Butler was heard through the keyhole, saying—"We must dine at six o'clock, and mind you bring Richard, Mr. Beamish. Tell him his aunt, Madame de Tracy, desires him to come."

"Go on, my dear," says Miss George.

"On the banks of the Severn," Augusta continues. And there the armies apparently come to a dead stop, for some one is heard to say something about "the children too."

"Certainly not," replies the mother's voice, and so Gussie begins again in crestfallen tones:—

"The Lancastrians were here totally defeated. The Earl of Devonshire and Lord Wenloc were killed on the field. The Duke of Somerset and about twenty other persons of distinction having taken shelter in a church, were surrounded, dragged out, and immediately beheaded."

"Miss George, have you ever seen an execution?" says Sarah.

"I should like to see one," says Algy, in an off-hand way. "I shall get papa to take me, or cousin Dick. I'm sure he will if I ask him."

"You horrid children!" says Miss George; "how can you talk about such dreadful things. Please, dear Algy, do your sum, and don't draw blocks and heads. Go on, Augusta."

"Queen Margaret and her son were taken prisoners," said Augusta, "and brought to the king, who asked the prince after an insulting manner, how he dared to invade his dominions."

"The young prince, more mindful of his high birth than of his present fortune, replied that he came thither to claim his just inheritance; the ungenerous Edward, insensible to pity, struck him on the face with his gauntlet,"—"Oh!" says Sarah, reproachfully,—"'and the Dukes of Clarence and Glou——'" But here the door opened, and instead of heroic and unfortunate princes, of kings savage and remorseless, of wicked uncles and fierce bearded barons, and heart-broken and desperate queens, a beautiful young lady came into the room in a riding-habit, smiling, with her gold hair in a net. This was poor Catherine's shadow, her namesake, the happy Catherine, who haunted and vexed and charmed her all at once, who stood in the open doorway, with all the sunshine behind her, and who was saying it was her birthday, and the little prisoners were to be set free.

"You will be able to go and see your sisters, Miss George," Miss Butler says, smiling, "for mamma is going to take the children out to lunch and for all the afternoon."

"And where are you going to? tell me, tell me, Kitty, please tell me," says Augusta, flinging her arms round her.

"I am going to ride in the park with papa and Georgie and Mr. Beamish," said Catherine, "and this afternoon Aunt Matilda wants us to go to Sydenham with her."

"What fun you do have, to be sure!" said Augusta, with a long groan.

And then one of the voices as usual cries, "Catherine, Catherine," from below, and smiling once more, and nodding to them, the girl runs downstairs into the hall, where her father and the others are waiting, impatient to ride away into the bright summer parks.

The children went off much excited half-an-hour later, Augusta chattering, Lydia bustling and consequential, and carrying a bag; Algy indulging in various hops, jerks, and other gymnastic signs of content, Sarah saying little, but looking all round eyes and happiness. Lunch with their cousins—shopping with mamma—the Zoological Gardens—

buns for the bears—nuts for the monkeys—there seemed to be no end of delights in store for them as they tripped downstairs all ribbon-ends and expectation.

"Good-by, Miss George," cried Lydia.

"Good-by, horrid schoolroom," said Augusta.

"I do so like going out with mamma! wish I always did," said little Sarah.

The children were not unkind, but they would have naturally preferred feeding monkeys, to doing long-division sums with an angel from heaven, and poor Catherine, who was only a mortal after all, wrinkled up her eyebrows, and sighed. But her momentary ill-humour was gone in an instant. From her place on the landing, she heard the start. The brief squabble with which children invariably set off. The bland maternal interference

The carriage wheels rolled away, the door closed, and Catherine found herself all alone in a great empty house, with an afternoon of delightful liberty before her. It was all sunny and silent. The pots and pans down below were at rest for once, and hanging quietly upon their pegs. The bedroom doors were open, the study was empty; there was no one in the drawing-room when she looked in, only the sun beating upon the blinds and pouring in through the conservatory window.

Catherine brought away a Tennyson and a *Saturday Review*, and came back into the schoolroom again, and sat down upon the little shabby sofa. She was not long in making up her mind as to what she should do with her precious hours of liberty. Her two little sisters filled every spare thought and moment in Catherine's busy life, and her poor little heart yearned towards the grim house in Kensington Square, with the five narrow windows, and the prim-looking wire-blinds, behind which Rosy and Totty's curly heads were bobbing at work and at play, as the case might be.

As Catherine waited, resting in the schoolroom for a few minutes, she thought, with one more envious sigh, how she wished that she, too, had a large open carriage, to drive off in. She longed—it was silly enough—to be the happy, fortunate Catherine, instead of the hard-working neglected one. She thought how tired she was, and of the long hot Kensington Road; she thought of the other Catherine riding away through the Park, in her waving grey habit, under the bright green trees, with that kind red-bearded Mr. Beamish curvetting beside her. It is only an every-day story—one little pig goes to market, another stays at home. One eats bread-and-butter, another has none, and cries squeak, squeak, squeak. The clock struck one meanwhile. It was no use going off to her sisters until after their dinner; luncheon was not ready yet, and Catherine threw herself down at full length upon the sofa, and opened the paper she had brought off the drawing-room table. In at the window some sweet sultry summer air came blowing through a smutty lilac-tree. There was a clinking of pails and heavy footsteps. She read the review

of a novel, of a new book of poetry, and then she turned to an essay. It was something about women and marrying, about feebleness, and inaptitude, and missing their vocation; about the just dislike of the world for the persons who could not conduce to its amusement or comfort. Catherine pushed it away impatiently; she did not want to read in black and white what she knew so well already; what she had to read always in the black and white of day and of night; what with unconscious philosophy she tried so hard to ignore.

A poor little thing, just beginning life with all the worlds and dreams of early youth in her heart, chafing, and piteously holding out her soft little hands against the stern laws of existence. No wonder she turned from the hard sentences. Anybody seeing the childish face, the gentle little movements, the pretty little hands which had just flung the paper away, would have been sorry for her. Catherine did not look even her twenty years; for she was backward and scarcely full-grown. She looked too young and too childish, one might have thought, to be sent out by fate and respectable references into the world. One might have thought that she should have had older and wiser heads to think for her, kind hands to pull her out of difficulties, kind hearts to cherish her. She should have been alternately scolded and taken for treats, like the children; sent to bed early, set lessons to learn—other than those hard ones which are taught with stripes, and learnt only with painful effort. Thus, at least, it would have seemed to us small moralisers looking on from our fancy-ware repositories; where right and wrong, and oughts, and should-have-beens, are taken down from the shelf and measured out so liberally to supply the demand. . . . Half a yard of favour for this person—three quarters of trimming for that one—slashes let into one surtout of which we do not happen to fancy the colour—or instead of slashes loopholes, perhaps, neatly inserted into another; blue ribbons, gold cords and tassels, and rope-ends—there is no end to our stock and the things we dispense as we will upon our imaginary men and women: we give them out complacently and without hesitation, and we would fain bestow the same measure in like manner upon the living people we see all about us. But it is in vain we would measure out, dispense, approve, revoke. The fates roll on silent, immutable, carrying us and our various opinions along with them, and the oughts and shoulds, the praises and blamings, and the progress of events.

There was a great deal of talking and discussion about little Catherine at one time—of course the family should have provided for the three girls; her stepmother's relations ought to have adopted Catherine since she had no relations of her own; Mrs. Buckingham was well-off; Lady Farebrother had more money than she knew what to do with; but it all ended in the little stepsisters being put to school, and in Catherine obtaining an excellent situation through an advertisement in *The Times*. She got sixty pounds a year, and as she owned the interest of a thousand pounds besides, she was rich for a governess. But then she helped to pay for her

sisters' schooling. She could not bear them to go to the cheap and retired establishment Lady Farebrother had suggested. The aunts did not insist when Catherine offered to pay the difference. People said it was a shame, but only what might have been expected of such worldly, pushing, disagreeable women as Mrs. Buckingham and her sister, and so the matter ended. And so little Catherine at nineteen set to work for herself. She came—a blushing, eager little thing—to a certain house in Eaton Square, to earn her own living, to help those who were most dear to her, to teach Mrs. Butler's children a great many things she had never learnt herself. What a strange new world it was! of stir, of hard work, of thoughts and feelings undreamt of in the quiet old days, before she left her home; running in the garden, playing with her little sister in the old wainscoted hall—only yesterday, so it appeared—adoring her stepmother, being naughty sometimes, being loved and happy always—this was all her experience; so small, so even, so quiet, that it seemed as though it might have lasted for years to come—instead of which now already all was over, and the tranquil memories were haunting poor little Catherine as sadly as though they were of sorrow, of passion, of stirring events.

She had stayed in Eaton Place for a year and more, depending for subsistence on her own exertions, for sympathy on a dream or two, for love and home and family on two little school-girls, whose pencil-notes she read over and over again on the many long days when she could not fly off to Mrs. Martingale's school in Kensington Square to see two little ugly girls, who would rush into the room and spring into her arms, with as many jumps of delight as Algy himself. Catherine used to tell them everything, and depended upon them for advice and assistance in all her difficulties. She had a way of clinging to every support and outstretched hand which came in her road. She had lived too long with her stepmother not to have learnt from her to trust and believe in every one who made any advance, or who seemed in the least inclined to be kind and helpful. If she had to pay for this credulity, it is hard to say what price would be too great to give for it, it is worth in itself so much. Time after time, when any one spoke by chance a few good-natured words, and seemed to ask with some small interest how she was, how her sisters were, how she liked her situation, and so forth, her foolish little heart would leap with gratitude. "Here is a friend indeed," she would think to herself; "I see it in her face, in his manner. Oh, how fortunate I am—how good people are." And then the good-natured person would go away and forget all about the little governess, unconscious of the bitter pang of longing disappointment he or she had inflicted.

Meanwhile time went on: Catherine had worked very hard for many weeks, kept her temper, made the best of troublesome times, and struggled bravely in her small little feeble way; and she began to feel a little tired as people do sometimes, a little lonely and injured; she was not quite so simple, cheery, unconscious, as she had been when she first came, and the way in which people change and fail under vexation and worry has always

seemed to me the saddest part of pain. The Butlers were very kind to her, but she lived by herself in the big busy house, and if she dreamed and longed for companionship and sympathy that might not be hers, one cannot blame her very harshly. Catherine thought that it was because she was a governess that such things were denied to her; she did not know then that to no one—neither to governesses nor pupils nor parents—is that full and entire sympathy given, for which so many people—women especially—go seeking all their lives long.

For all this discouraging doctrine, a happy golden hour came to the little weary Catherine in her schoolroom this afternoon.

The sympathetic friend who could rouse the downcast heart and understand its need, the mighty enchanter whose incantations could bewitch the wearied little spirit from everyday life and bondage, and set it free for a time, was at hand. Catherine opened the book she had brought, and immediately the spell began to work. She did not see herself or her troubles or the shabby schoolroom walls any more, but suddenly there appeared King Arthur sitting high in hall, holding his court at Caerleon upon Usk. It was Prince Geraint who issued from a world of wood, and climbing upon a fair and even ridge, a moment showed himself against the sky. It was the little town gleaming in the long valley, and the white fortress and the castle in decay; and presently in the dreary courtyard it was some one singing as the sweet voice of a bird—“Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel; our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.” Catherine read on, and Enid rode away all dressed in faded silk, and then Catherine went following, too, through many a woodland pass, by swamps and pools and wilds, through dreamy castle halls, and out into the country once more, where phantom figures came and fell upon Geraint. False Doorm, and Edryn, wild Limours on his black horse, like the thunder-cloud whose skirts are loosened by the rising storm. . . . The shadowy arms struck without sound, clashing in silence. Great fresh winds from a distance were blowing about the room; the measured musical tramp of the rhythm was ringing in her ears; there was a sort of odd dazzle of sunlight, of martial strains very distant; the wheel of fortune was making a pumping noise in the court of the castle outside; and in the midst of it all the door opened, and some one—it might have been Geraint—walked in. For a moment Catherine looked up, dreaming still. It only took an instant for her to be metamorphosed into a governess once more.

“They are all gone out, Mr. Butler,” she said. “Mr. and Miss Butler are riding to Caerleon, but they will be back to lunch.”

Catherine, who had quite recovered her everyday composure, wondered why young Mr. Butler smiled as he glanced at the little green volume in her hand. He was not so good-looking a man as Prince Geraint, he was not so broad or so big; he had fair curly hair, a straight nose, sleepy grey eyes, and a smart little moustache. He was dressed like a young man of fashion, with a flower in his coat.

"I am afraid I can't wait till they come in," Richard said. "Perhaps you would let them know that it is to-morrow, not Thursday, I want them to drink tea at my place, and the children, too. Please tell them I shall be excessively disappointed if anybody fails me. Good morning, Miss James," said Richard, affably, "I see you are reading my book of Idylls."

Butler ran downstairs, thinking as he went, "Why do people ever choose ugly governesses? My aunt's Miss James is a little dear. Riding to Caerleon. She didn't know what she was saying. I should like to see my uncle Hervey accoutred as a knight of Arthur's round table. Poor old Hervey!"

As for "Miss James," as Richard called her, she looked into the beginning of the book, and saw R. X. B., in three whirligig letters, all curling up into one corner of the page. She blushed up now all by herself. "I wish people would not speak to one in that affable, joking voice," she thought; and she did not read any more, but went and put the book back on the drawing-room table, where it had been lying for weeks past.

At luncheon she duly gave her message. Only Mr. Butler and his two daughters, hungry, blown about, cheerfully excited by their morning's expedition, were present.

Mr. Butler was the usual middle-aged Englishman, with very square-toed boots and grizzly whiskers. He was fond of active pursuits. He talked gossip and statistics. He naturally looked to his older brother Charles, who had never married, to assist him with his large family. Daughters grown up, and growing daily, tempestuous schoolboys at Eton, a midshipman, two wild young fellows in India, another very promising stupid son at college, who had gone up for his little go with great *éclat*, Mr. Butler would tell you. There was no end to the young Butlers. But, unfortunately, Charles Butler greatly preferred Dick to any of his brother's sons. The boy was like his mother, and a look in his eyes had pleaded for him often and often when Dick himself wondered at his uncle's forbearance. Now the cousins only resembled their father, who greatly bored Charles Butler with his long stories and his animal spirits.

"We must go without mamma, if it is to be to-morrow," said Catherine Butler.

"We could not possibly go without a chaperone," said Georgina, who was great on etiquette. She was not so pretty as Catherine, and much more self-conscious.

"Capital cold beef this is," said Mr. Butler. "Can't Matilda play chaperone for the occasion? By-the-by, Catherine, I am not sorry to hear a good report of your friend Mr. Beamish. I can't afford any imprudent sons-in-law. Remember that, young ladies."

"Should you like Dick, papa?" said Georgie, with a laugh.

"Humph, that depends," said her father, with his mouth full of cold

beef. "I should have thought my brother Charles must be pretty well tired out by this time, but I believe that if he were to drop to-morrow, Dick would come in for Muttendale and Lambawold. Capital land it is, too. I don't believe my poor boys have a chance,—not one of them. Down, Sandy, down." Sandy was Catherine's little Scotch terrier, who also was fond of cold beef.

"Dick is such a dear fellow," said Catherine Butler, looking very sweet and cousinly, and peeping round the dish-covers at her father. "Of course, I love my brothers best, papa; but I *can* understand Uncle Charles being very fond of Richard."

"Oh, Richard is a capital good fellow," said Mr. Butler (not quite so enthusiastically as when he spoke of the beef a minute before). "Let him get hold of anything he likes, and keep it if he can. I for one don't grudge him his good fortune. Only you women make too much of him, and have very nearly spoilt him among you. Painting and music is all very well in its way, but mark my words, it may be pushed too far." And with this solemn warning the master of the house filled himself a glass of sherry, and left the room.

Miss George, as she tied on her bonnet-strings after luncheon, was somewhat haunted by Dick's sleepy face. The visions of Geraint, and Launcelot, and Enid, and King Arthur's soleran shade, still seemed hovering about her as she went along the dusty road to Kensington, where two little figures were beckoning from behind the iron rail of their school-house yard. Presently the children's arms were tightly clutched round Catherine's neck, as the three went and sat down all in a heap on Mrs. Martingale's grey school-house sofa, and they chattered and chirped and chirruped for an hour together, like little birds in a nest.

The Relation of Art to Nature.

THIS is the time of year when we all become students of Art. Nobody who wishes to be acceptable to provincial society in the autumn, or who would join in after-dinner conversation when there are no politics to talk of and the vintages have been discussed, will venture to stay away from the art-exhibitions of the summer. In "the country" the Royal Academy is a sort of Jerusalem or Mecca, whither the tribes go up to worship at the shrines of art and of society. Social orthodoxy bids us go, and few dare to disobey. The penalty of disobedience is too great. To confess before some fair inquisitor that one has not seen the favourite pictures of the year is to go at once into the shade. To know nothing about them is to be an outer barbarian. Every educated person has good taste, and every person of taste is a critic of art. It is quite permissible to an educated man that he should be ignorant of science, and care nothing for politics, nor theology; it is even allowable that he should confess to entire ignorance of vintages, to imperfect knowledge of the points of a horse, to inability to criticize an actor or to appreciate a singer, but he may not confess himself incompetent to criticize a picture or admit that he knows nothing of art.

It is not the object of this paper to wring this confession from any one. Its object is the far humbler one of finding the meaning, and showing the philosophy, of a single epithet of praise which is often on the lips of the multitude as they study the pictures of the year. The unsophisticated public who know but little of the technicalities of art, and nothing of its philosophy, always regard it in its relation to nature. Yet nothing is more indefinite than their conception of what that relation is. "How natural," or "how like nature," are with them expressions of the highest praise, but are very rarely applied by them to the highest art. Hence the first impressions of the public and the verdict of philosophical critics rarely agree. They look from different points of view, and that which strikes the one class is invisible to the other. The people look for the "natural" in art, and they call that natural which reminds them of nature. If there is anything in a picture which they have not themselves seen in nature, they call it artificial and fail to appreciate it. By their instinctive rule of judgment, the closest copy of nature is the best art. The artist is a reproducer—a photographer in colours. They cannot understand that he should have in him anything of the seer and the poet. They interpret the artist by what they know of nature, and do not dream of letting the artist interpret nature to them. Tell them that true art

adds something to nature, and they look for conventionalisms and symbols. Tell them that in a true picture there is a gleam of the supernatural, and they will look for ghosts. Mr. Frith, in his later prosaic style, is their idol. They have been upon those Ramsgate Sands, they have seen all that there is in the Derby Day, they are quite at home at the Railway Station, and they crowd round the Royal Wedding, to see how the guests were dressed. It is the perfection of art—they say. It is all so perfectly natural that you might fancy yourself there.

The question of "the relation of art to nature" is, therefore, not a merely abstract one. Popular art-criticism proceeds on an imperfect view of that relation, but always keeps it in mind. The great public look at all works of art with a vague, unrealized and indefinite standard of comparison always present in their minds. This standard is "nature." Yet how thoroughly misleading this standard is, the demand that statuary should be draped, and the objections to a "tinted Venus," alike prove. For in art we not only see what we look for, but we are blind to what we do not look for. The supernatural beauty is always hidden from those who look for "nature." A suggestion of the sensuous drives away the spiritual. You cannot see the soul looking out from the eye if you are speculating on the colour of the pupil. You cannot feel the power of the noblest face if you are thinking of whom it reminds you. This comparing, this looking for resemblances, this search for what we have seen before, is entirely destructive of all true and pure impression. It destroys that self-surrender to the spirit of art in which all true enjoyment of its works consists. The language of the artist is a dead speech to those who listen only for familiar accents or dim echoes of a voice which they have heard before. His guidance is useless to those who will only walk with him along well-trodden paths, where he can but freshen a fading recollection or reproduce a spent emotion. His purpose is to lead us "to fresh fields and pastures new." He has a new thought to give us, a new emotion to share with us, a glimpse of new beauty to reveal to us, a gleam of "light that never was on sea or shore" to make visible to us. But a theory of art which denies the possibility of this; which makes the artist only a copyist; which will have nothing in art which there is not in nature, paralyzes the power of genius and breaks its spell. Such a theory is involved in the popular demand of "the natural," and so far as this demand affects us, it draws a veil over the shining face of art, and darkens its unearthly light. And I venture to think that a settlement of the true relation of art to nature would take the veil away, and might make the walls of our great picture-rooms glow with a new meaning, at least to those to whom such thoughts are new.

The relation of art to nature depends on the relation of man to nature. If we are nothing but a part of nature, then art is only one of nature's works, and the question of their relationship is settled. But Paterfamilias and his daughters, who are always looking for nature in

art, would be shocked to be even suspected of thinking that there is nothing in them which there is not in nature. Yet only on such a theory of human nature can the popular theory of art be justified. A higher view of man gives a nobler aim to art. The ancients said, man is a microcosm, a little kosmos, an epitome of the universe; for all that is in it has something more than its reflection—has its consummation in him. But that is not the whole truth. For just the same reason which made the Pagan see in man the image of the world, made the Jew see in him the image of his Maker. Man is not a little kosmos, because in him the kosmos finds its top and crown, and nature comes to consciousness; but because the Being above nature culminated His work by making an epitome of the faculties whose material expression the kosmos is. There is in man, then, all that there is in nature; but there is something more. With him something new has come into the world—a new force, power, or influence. He is not merely the resultant of the forces contained in nature, but of the union of those forces with another, which comes from the supernatural region. His works, then, are not merely natural products. He is something more than one of the forces of nature; is, indeed, in some sense, antithetical to nature. A wide range of free action is given him independently of nature; and this free activity sets him above nature, not making him independent of her, but giving him an empire over her; not liberating him from any natural law, but enabling him to rule by his obedience, and through submission to rise to victory. His bodily attitude is the type of his whole position in the universe. He stands with his feet upon the earth, but he faces heaven.

Here we get the first glimpse of the relation of art to nature. For as art is the sphere of man's activity, it is everything to know that that activity is free. It is not free if man is only a part of nature; it is not free in so far as man is a part of nature; it is only free if in some degree he is above nature; and the limit of his superiority is the limit of his freedom. I suppose no one will dispute the assertion that we often use our free activity to contradict or contravene nature. The fact that in doing so we bring in disorder and suffering, only the more clearly proves our superiority to nature, by showing that we can add something to the forces of the world. Over against this fact stands the other, so important to my argument now, that we can make use of nature, can imitate nature, and can improve on nature. But it is just this which we call Art. In one large view of it, art is the conscious use of nature for purposes which are other than natural, and which we therefore call artificial. We interfere with nature in order to produce something which, but for that interference, would never have been produced. It will be obvious that at this point the subject touches on theology, and in this direction I pursue it no farther, except to say that, in this view, art is the converse of evil; that whereas the one is a disorderly interference with nature, the other is an orderly and obedient interference, and this is why the ancient traditions

taught that it was only when man had sinned that the arts arose. Art is the addition of something to nature. Our use of the terms natural and artificial as antithetical to each other is only correct so far as it marks a wide difference between art and nature. But "the artificial" in its truest sense is not that which is opposed to "the natural," but that which includes it, and is something more than it. Art is not man's antagonism to nature, it is his co-operation with her, his imitation of her, the union of his free force with hers to produce that which neither man nor nature could produce but for each other.

It is not needful to appeal to abstract considerations to prove this. A glance at what are called "the arts" will illustrate my meaning, while it enforces my argument. The arts are only the utilitarian side of art. They offer, therefore, practical proofs of that which in the higher sphere—in what we more technically call art—is hardly capable of proof. It is most instructive to observe how in the arts the artificial and the natural run into each other. Instead of that sharp line of demarcation which our ordinary speech assumes to exist, the spheres of man and nature mingle where they touch, just as the seasons do, so that you can never say precisely where one ends and the other begins. Our most complicated and wonderful machinery is only an ingenious application of natural forces and laws; we depend on nature in the workshop only less than in the field. On the other hand, most of the things we call natural products owe quite as much to art as they do to nature. Nature gives us very little without solicitation. She does not give us metal, but the crude ore from which art extracts it. Nor does she give us her best vegetable growths herself. No one will say that wheat and barley, turnips and mangold, are the natural products of our fields; or that apples and pears, peaches and walnuts, are the natural products of our woods: the unproductive forest is the natural condition of things, and it is art which has made the wilderness a garden, and only art which keeps it from relapsing into wildness. Nor are any of the products of our fields and gardens purely natural—except the weeds. It may seem odd to say that an apple or a strawberry, a rose or a picotee, is in any sense an artificial product; but the market-gardeners could tell us that the term is strictly applicable to them. Londoners may look on the wonderful animals they see at the cattle-show as natural products—the farmers look on them, quite as justly, as works of art. They bear a certain relation to the natural product, but it is the relation which the forged iron bears to the ore, or the gentleman to the savage. They represent generations of culture, of selection, of discriminating care, of the union of man and nature. They are entirely dependent on that union. The process which has made them what they are must be continually employed to keep them as they are, much more to improve them. Left to themselves, all that art has added to them is lost, and they run rapidly backwards to their primitive crudeness and wildness. But the contrast between the cultivated and the uncult-

tivated natural product exactly and most aptly illustrates the relation of art to nature. The difference between the two things is the difference between the artificial and the natural. It is the measure of what man can add to nature—it is the proof that when man and nature work together, much more can be accomplished than when nature works alone ; that art can help nature, can improve upon her, can lead her on to the development of higher forms than she can produce alone.

But this is done in obedience to an important and prolific principle—the principle of submission. We do not even attempt what we will, but what we can. Our free action on nature is necessarily confined within narrow limits. We have no creative power, but only a small power of ordering, combining, and controlling. We cannot develop new fruit or flowers, we can only watch for nature's own movements in the direction of variety, and by eliminating adverse influences fix and retain varieties which would else have been transitory. We cannot create any force, we can only use old forces in new ways, combining and transmuting them, and adding to them the new force of thought and purpose. So that art has its basis not in will, but in science ; and science is self-surrender, submission. It is power because it is knowledge—knowledge that has been gained by giving up pre-established theories, resigning all desire, putting away the self-will which would decide beforehand what nature ought to be, and whither discovery ought to tend, and “for better for worse” going to the feet of nature, and learning her ways from her alone. When science has, in that spirit of humility which is her true spirit, learned what is the established order of nature's procedure—her laws—art is the use of those laws by obedience to them. But art can only use them in the spirit in which science discovers them, by laying all resistances aside, and patiently submitting to nature's imperial way. We give up our ways to learn nature's ways, and put ourselves in a position in which nature can do our work, and we can work together with her. Then it is that she rewards our obedience, lavishes her wealth upon us, and does our bidding with her might. So all art is the establishment of an understanding with nature, the creation of those conditions in which nature can serve us, the free use of our will to take obstructions from her path, and give her free course to help us. We stoop to nature to conquer : we enter into compact with her, promising to honour and obey, but in that honour and obedience exercising a gentle rule. The relation of art to nature is typified by this union. It is the marriage of free-will to necessity ; of mind to force ; of liberty to law ; of the soul of man to the great works of nature. The masculine side of the union is represented by nature, the feminine by art ; for art can do nothing but obey, and by her obedience rule.

This principle extends to art in all its developments. It is more obvious in those lower forms of it which we call the arts, but it is equally present in its highest forms. Perfect art is the perfect union of man and

nature; but in the hierarchical arrangement of the arts those are highest in which there is the most of man, and the least of nature; and those are lowest in which there is the most of the material, and the least of the spiritual. The productive and mechanical arts are lowest; they lie at the base, and are in closest contact with nature, and in most subjection to her. Then come the constructive and decorative arts, in which imagination comes into restricted play, and there is more of man and less of nature. Lastly come the imaginative arts—painting and sculpture and music, and, at the head of all, poetry and song. These arts stand nearer to or farther from nature, as the stones of a pyramid are nearer to or farther from the earth they rest on. But their relation to nature is in all cases the same, and on the preservation of that relation all their purity and beauty depend. That is not art in which there is not some purely human element, nor is that art from which nature is absent. There is material and spiritual in all art, body and soul, nature and man. Even a machine exhibits this. It is a process of reasoning worked out in metal. It is a thought embodied. It is a purpose in action. Its beauty consists in the perfect victory of the presiding thought or purpose over the reluctance of natural forces and laws. But in a machine the whole thought of the maker has been directed to one end—utility. There has been present no thought of anything else. The human element in it is represented only by a practical, presiding purpose which the machine obeys. But utility belongs to "the arts;" they only rise to the dignity of "art" as there is in them a moral and spiritual element. When the soul of the artist has entered into his work, he has made of it a work of art, and he speaks to the souls of others. Perhaps it is in architecture that we see most clearly the growth of the arts into art. Architecture stands between "the arts" and "art," and partakes of both. Practical utility is its first aim, but beauty is its second. The true architect thinks not only of the purpose of his work, but of its influence on the minds of those who see it. He makes it express not only a presiding purpose, but an inspiring thought. The difference between King's Cross Railway Station and Westminster Hall is just the difference between architecture as the art of building and architecture as art. In the one the architect has been only a builder, in the other he has been an artist. The one has thought only of his useful purpose—the other has lavished love, and therefore beauty, on his work. The one has built a most convenient place for passengers to come to and go from—the other has built a place for men and women to gather in. The one has made a roof that lets in the light and keeps out the rain—the other has made one into which thought can soar and where imagination is at home. And that is the true test of a building as a work of art. It does not obtrude its purpose. The Manchester Assize Courts do not remind you of judge and jury. The splendid halls at Liverpool and Leeds do not call up irresistible associations either of municipal politics or of music. Our Gothic cathedrals do not merely

remind us of sacraments or of sermons. It is characteristic of all good buildings that, whatever your mood of mind, you feel at home in them. A sense of peace and satisfaction descends on you. An elevating influence enters into you. The outside world falls away to a distance, you are lifted above it sometimes even out of yourself. The spell of art is on you, and you linger in the place unwilling to break the charm. It is with a plunge you find yourself again among the bustle of the street; you seem to have awakened from a pleasing dream, and you would fain close your eyes, and dream the dream again, and dream it always. You have had something of that enjoyment which beautiful natural scenery gives, but with the additional mysterious charm which the human element in it imparts to art. That human element is the especial characteristic of art. It is that in it which "finds us," as Coleridge says. The Great Soul which speaks through nature speaks only to an elect few—the human soul in art speaks home to all. And it is that human element which is the distinct addition that, in all its departments, art can make to nature.

But though there is in all art this human element—though the artist himself is in his work—he is not there merely to impress. The true artist is full of his thought, and not of himself. He does nothing for mere effect. A great work of art is always faithful to nature, and impresses you in the same way that the works of nature do. It is never obtrusive. It does not spend all its force on the first impression. It keeps its beauties in reserve, and does not shriek its story in every passer's ear. It disappoints the vulgar, and says nothing to those who are in haste. "Is that all?" say the tourist crowds as they "do" the great works of art and nature, and truly say "there is nothing in them"—nothing for such as they. But more patient students have had the same feeling at first. Those who have seen St. Peter's all say that it gives you no sense of its vastness, that it disappoints you at first glance. So say those who have seen Niagara; and no one can have first seen Mont Blanc from Chamouni under a cloudless sky without understanding for ever after how a great wonder of nature may disappoint at first. It is at Fallenhoe that the monarch is seen in all his grandeur, and that the spectacle overwhelms you—at Chamouni you must let it gradually enter in and fill your mind. So with great works of art. It is not art, but artifice, which strikes at first. A veiled statue is a trick of skilful manipulation, not a triumph of genius. A stage scene is wonderfully effective while the stage is occupied and passing figures distract attention. But a work of true and noble art can only be appreciated by those who study it. Its spiritual beauty is so quiet, so gentle, so intangible, that it can only make itself completely felt by those who will give themselves up to it. The true artist does not captivate—he asks for self-surrender. Sit down before his work, let its feeling possess you, let its power steal over you, let its spell bind you. Then you will know that there is inspiration in art, and that the soul of the artist speaks to yours.

These principles are easily applicable to the picture-rooms. For, just as we need something more than mere utility in architecture, so we need something more than beauty in a picture. To represent the beautiful aspects of nature may be one aim of art, but it is far from its highest aim. We need something more than mere copies of nature. The something in man which there is not in nature, should be everywhere visible; clothing material forms with spiritual beauty, and shedding an ideal glory over actual scenes. But not even the fancy of the poet must be a law unto itself. There is all the difference in the world between obedience and subjection, and art that spurns subjection to nature wins all its victories by obedience. That obedience is fully consistent with the noblest idealism. Indeed, whether it be the preacher or the poet, the actor or the artist, who wishes to lift us up into an ideal world, he must equally make his footing sure upon the real and actual. A ladder which should hang from heaven above our heads, would mock us and not help us upwards—the ladder in the patriarch's vision stood upon the common ground, from whence alone we can step on it for our aerial climb. Such a ladder is all true, noble art. Standing on the earth, it reaches upwards to the invisible. It shows the way to the most nobly beautiful, and the most divinely true. It takes us out of the material environments of life, and lifts us to "the seventh heaven of invention." It fills us with a sense of something nobler than we see, and purer than we feel. It is embodied truth—truth to nature first, and through that to the supernatural which nature hides. Of course such art has something more to do than merely to copy nature. A Dutch picture copies nature, with patient detail and submissive fidelity, but it degrades rather than elevates. A "Railway Station" or a "Derby Day" may be immensely faithful to some aspects of reality, but all their faithfulness makes them only coloured photographs, powerless to awaken an emotion or breathe a breath of inspiration on us. Such art is of the world, worldly. Its leaden wings cannot even lift us from the surface. Its heavy eyes see no celestial visions. Great in stage effects, it appeals with power to the eye, but leaves the imagination unkindled, and has no message for the heart.

But if that is not the highest art, but is only low art, from which the ideal is absent and which is dead to the spiritual, neither is that true art which ignores nature in representing that which is superior to nature. Martin's pictures are ideal, but their idealism has no foundation on nature. They are painted dreams, and they affect us as a dream does after we are thoroughly awake. Mr. Paton's "Pursuit of Pleasure" is finely conceived, but a certain gaudy glory, and a contempt for gravitation, take us out of nature, without lifting us to the supernatural. Nor is that the highest art which has a language of its own, which is full of conventionalisms, which paints angels with wings, and saints with halos round their heads, and which endeavours to be spiritual by being thoroughly unnatural. Such art is so dead, so out of

harmony with reality, so dumb to those who do not know its jargon, that not even the marvellous genius which has been exhibited in it, can entirely preserve it from decay. But even heraldry has its uses, and symbolic art may be a needful stage in the progress towards a true idealism. Whatever may have been the defects of their earlier attempts, the English pre-Raphaelites have exerted a most beneficial influence on contemporary art. Beginning by a reaction against a conventional idealism, they rushed to a most inordinate realism. Disgusted with outrages on nature, they made too much of nature. But a return from that reaction is bringing them to the true relation of art to nature. The highest art is that which rises above the slavish copying of nature, without sinking back again into a more slavish conventionalism. All the forms of such art are intensely simple and natural, but through the natural the spiritual speaks. The saintly glory shines through the features of its saints, and does not gather in a ring around their heads. It speaks a language all can understand, and has no jargon of its own. It needs no initiation before we can understand its mysteries, excepting that of the pure heart and the awakened mind. It represents nature, but in representing, it interprets her. It shows us nothing but reality, but in the real it mirrors the invisible ideal. A statue is a realized emotion, or a thought in stone—not an embodied dream. A picture is a painted poem—not a romance in oil. Working together with nature such art rises to something higher than nature is, becomes the priestess of her temple, and represents to more prosaic souls that which only the poet sees—

Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

The Loss of the Steam-Ship "*London*."

(BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS)

ON Saturday morning, 30th December, 1865, I left Fenchurch Street Station for Tilbury, to join as passenger the screw steamship *London*, to sail that day for Melbourne. She was built and despatched by the Messrs. Wigram, of Blackwall—a firm of high standing, of long experience in the Australian trade, and whose name was a sufficient guarantee that the equipment and management would be good. She was comparatively a new ship, this being her third voyage. Built of iron, 1428 tons register, and 267 feet long, auxiliary screw of 200 horse-power, very loftily sparred, and ship-rigged, clipper or modern build, long, low, and narrow, which said she was built for speed—the very thing that induced me, and no doubt others, to choose this ship. I had come home from Australia a few months previous, and had selected this *London* to return, saying, "I can spend a month longer time at home, and still be at Melbourne as soon by her as though I started a month earlier by a sailing vessel." She was commanded by Captain Martin, a navigator of great experience, a skilful sailor in every sense of the word, and a gentleman, I should say, as far as I had an opportunity of judging. So, naturally enough, we entertained high hopes of a speedy and safe voyage.

I had always a great dislike, or rather dread, in commencing this voyage during the winter season, on account of the dangers of the English Channel, and getting off clear of the coast. This was also one of my reasons for choosing this ship: she having steam-power, the danger I considered was very much lessened, as well as a saving of time, and I felt in undertaking this voyage, at this inclement season of the year, perfect security, and no such thought as fear entered my mind, wholly reliant on the reputation of the ship, captain, and owners.

Everybody who has been to sea a little have their own ideas as to the character and seaworthiness of a ship, and of course I have mine; but in the case of the *London*, would not exercise my judgment; would have considered it presumption, and quite ridiculous for me to be biassed by my humble opinion of one of the first ships of London, owned by one of the first firms, and commanded by an experienced captain. No; I would take all for granted, or else what good is there in a reputation or name?

On board the ship, lying in the river off Gravesend, were the usual scenes of confusion, preparation, affectionate and trying partings of friends, generally attending at departure for these long voyages. About two o'clock in the day we left Gravesend, and proceeded down the Thames on our long voyage to Australia, or rather Plymouth; for on a voyage we always

look forward to the next port that we expect to call at, though it should not be the port of destination. The day was fine as we steamed down the river; the passengers congregated on deck to view the country, which was already green, and also to take observations, as the saying is at sea, to examine the ship, and criticize her rig and general appearance; also to notice each other and make acquaintances. I was surprised to find so many Australians on board: fully three out of four had been out there and were returning again, many saying it was for the last time; that they had got tired of England, and particularly London, where the sun had not been seen for a month; longed for the beautiful Australian climate, with its clear atmosphere, blue sky, and bright sunshine, for ten months out of twelve. That evening about sunset we anchored at the Nore. Though the evening was fine the barometer denoted unsettled weather, which we had the next day (Sunday), and owing to its severity we remained at anchor till Monday morning, the 1st January, when the weather had become fine. Between eight and nine in the morning we were again under weigh, steaming down Channel. The wind was ahead; the day pleasant. We had a fine view of the coast—Margate, Ramsgate, North and South Foreland, and Dover, which we passed about 4 P.M. That night the wind increased. The next morning it was dull, heavy, unsettled weather; pretty strong wind dead ahead, with a nasty short Channel sea on; a great number of passengers sick; and, as usual, many regretting having come, and would certainly leave the ship at Plymouth, and forfeit their passage-money. But how suddenly we change our minds under different circumstances.

About ten in the morning we were in sight of the Isle of Wight: the weather still boisterous, the indications of the barometer threatening. Captain Martin and pilot decided on taking shelter at Spithead, which we did, and anchored about 4 P.M., opposite to Ryde; and thankful we were, for it blew fearfully that night. The next morning was fine. We were under weigh again about 9 A.M., steaming out of the St. Helen's Roads; passed out through the Needles at noon; once again in the Channel; day fine, wind ahead, heavy swell. Next morning, Thursday, 4th, the weather was very boisterous, the heaviest we had experienced as yet. By this time we had an opportunity of judging of the sea-going qualities of the *London*, and I must say I was very much disappointed in her. I could see she was a ship of great length for breadth, heavily sparred, very low in the water, not at all lively or buoyant; and when contemplating the thoughts of her in a gale, I actually entertained fears for her. Opinions were expressed freely, as always are on board of passenger-ships, such as,—“Boys, we have got a wet, uncomfortable old tub this time, and if I could afford it, would leave her at Plymouth.” Another would say, “Oh, nonsense; she will be all right after a few days, as she will lighten by consumption of coal and stores, and we will soon be in fine weather. In a week or two we will be to Madeira: all plain sailing then to the Cape, and if we meet any rough weather there, why she will be in proper trim.”

Between eight and nine in the morning of this Thursday the 4th, we were off Plymouth waiting for a pilot. Soon a fishing-smack with three men and two boys in her ran up near us, and launched a little boat from their deck, intending to board us, to pilot our ship into harbour. Two men got into her—a heavy sea running at the time. In a few minutes after casting off, I saw that the little boat did not rise on the wave: presently I saw the heads of the two men rise up on a wave, and could see that their boat was swamped. At that moment I heard Mr. Harris, the chief mate of our ship, give orders to man a lifeboat. Soon the men were in it ready for lowering, but there was a great delay in consequence of the lowering gear not being in proper order. The detention was truly painful. Occasionally the two heads would appear, then down again, expecting every time to be the last. Presently our boat got up to where they were. We could see them pick up one man, then row about looking for the other; but the poor fellow had sunk only two or three minutes before they got to the spot. The affair cast quite a gloom over the ship. Many said it was a bad omen for us; and what made the accident appear worse and more to be regretted, was that it might have been prevented had the lowering apparatus been in proper order, or Olifford's patent.

In a short time a pilot-boat was seen bearing down to us. At about ten o'clock the pilot was on board, and we running into the Sound, and at noon were anchored inside of the breakwater. The afternoon was wet and cold, consequently very little was done towards preparing for sea. The next morning, Friday, 5th January, was beautiful, clear and still, much like a November morning: all was bustle and life on board now, as it was reported we should sail that day. Barges came alongside with coal, and fifty tons were added to our stock and piled on deck in sacks; boats with stock, meat, vegetables, &c. Many passengers joined us here: I observed our passengers were of a superior class. In the afternoon my attention was called to a gentleman and lady walking on the poop: they were Mr. and Mrs. G. V. Brooke. Fortunately the lady did not accompany her husband on this voyage; she was to have joined him out there in a year.

Almost every class of society was represented on board our ship—clergyman, actor, magistrate, lawyer, banker, merchant, tradesman, labourer—of all ages; mothers with their children and nurses; beautiful and accomplished young ladies; newly-married couples; young men in the prime of manhood; wealthy families returning after a visit to their native country; also many going out for the first time to seek their fortune, full of hope.

Two of our passengers left the ship at Plymouth—a fortunate thing for them. One was a gentleman, whose acquaintance I had made during the trip from Gravesend. He expressed a great dislike to the sea and the long voyage before us, this being his first voyage; also the horror of being compelled to live in one of those small cell-like state-rooms for two months or more. When he left the ship he did not tell us of his intention of not returning; perhaps he thought we would consider him a coward.

The other was a young man who had, from some family quarrel, taken passage in the *London*, unknown to them. He was entreated to return by an advertisement in *The Times*, to which he paid no attention. The last day his whereabouts was ascertained; a brother came on board, and by urgent entreaty he was induced to quit the vessel. I know of three who would have willingly left the ship at Plymouth, but were ashamed. A young man, one of my state-room companions, about twenty years of age, and who was married only the day before his departure—but fortunately had left his wife behind—was thinking very seriously of leaving the ship, was quite undecided all day. All he wanted was a little encouragement to have done so. But many are deterred at a time like this from following their desires out of fear of the opinions of others. I now can call to mind many remarks of passengers' forebodings of the evil to come; of course I naturally remember them in a case of this kind.

At dark all was ready for sea: Captain Martin gave orders for all to be on board, as we would sail that evening; but the more knowing ones gave it as their opinion that Captain Martin would not sail until after twelve o'clock, to avoid commencing the voyage on a Friday. There is a superstitious belief amongst sailors, and in fact amongst many who are not, that Friday is an unlucky day to sail. A young girl said to me, "I hope we shall not sail to-night."—"Why?"—"Because Friday sail always fail." I asked her if she was influenced by such foolish nonsense as that? For my part, I said, I was willing we should sail at once. The public, through the newspapers, have censured Captain Martin very much for putting to sea when he did, and disregarding the threatening indications of the barometer. In justice to him, I will state that at no time after leaving Plymouth did I hear one word of censure by anybody on board. The night of Friday that we sailed was fine, Saturday was fine; true, Sunday and Monday were rough, but nothing to create fear for a well-found and first-class ship. I am sure, had Captain Martin not sailed, say until Sunday, he would have been censured by the passengers for remaining so long. In judging Captain Martin, we must go back to that time. He would argue, "I know what the *London* is, I have confidence in her; I have made two voyages to Melbourne with her; as a matter of course she would experience some heavy weather during these trips, and if I wait for fine weather to cross the Bay of Biscay, I may be here all winter. It's midwinter now, we must expect five days stormy out of the seven. I have a fine night to start with; true, the barometer is falling, but the storm foretold may bring a favourable wind; if it should not, the *London* will weather it; and more than that, I can afford to use plenty of coal at the commencement of the voyage."

As the evening wore on, the passengers were nearly all on board. We found that a larger number had joined us there than we expected to see; so we made a pretty large party, 252, including captain, crew, and all connected with the ship, divided as follows:—59 first-class passengers, 52 second-class, 52 third-class, 89 belonging to the ship, and,

I have no doubt, a few stowaways ; I was told, of some, and I knew of three on board whose names were not on the published list ; say, there were six, making a total of 258. The number of passengers were 168, not many for so large a ship as the *London*, but 160 too many, as the end proved.

In the course of the evening the usual questions were asked, as it generally is at the beginning of a voyage—What is to be the length of time for the passage ? and usually bets are made. One would give her sixty days ; or would bet a dinner that we would be able to take one at the "*Albion*," in Bourke Street, by 10th of March. Others would give her sixty-five to seventy days. One man said, "I'll take odds she never gets to Melbourne. Do you remember what I told you at Gravesend, that she looked like a coffin ?" Not a very comforting observation, but I remember it distinctly.

The next morning we were out of sight of land : we had left in the night. I asked one who was up at the time of starting, helping to heave the anchor, what was the time then ; he said twelve, or a little before. This our first day (Saturday) was pleasant—light head wind, ship rolling considerably. The coals piled on deck, in sacks, rolled down, and came very nigh killing a little boy. A good number of passengers on deck—making acquaintance. But this day gave us the last opportunity of seeing much of each other. The weather the next day became severe—it was too unpleasant to be on deck, and a great number were sea-sick and kept to their rooms. I do not think I saw a lady on deck at any time after, excepting on the last day. So Saturday passed over, and Sunday came in, and with it rain, and rather heavy wind, but a little more favourable, and we had now a few sails set. At noon, being on deck, I noticed that the ship's position was posted up, which I now forget ; but I distinctly remember that our distance then from Plymouth was 170 miles. Understand what I mean by the position of the ship : on board passenger-vessels, the latitude, longitude, and distance run for the last day, ending at noon, or since last reckoning, is posted up by one of the officers in a conspicuous part of the ship, for the satisfaction of the passengers, who generally keep logs, and can see their position every day on a map or chart. In the afternoon, a clergyman from the after, or chief saloon—the Rev. Mr. Kerr I think was his name—came to our cabin, in second class, and read prayers and gave a short sermon or exhortation, but under difficulties, as he said he was suffering from sea-sickness : also the water occasionally would come down on his bare head, through the small skylights in the deck-house. Divine service was held in the chief saloon in the morning, I think by Rev. Dr. Wolly. I suppose very few thought of that being their last Sabbath.

Monday, the 8th, came in a little more pleasantly ; that is, through the day the sun was to be seen at times, but the wind was still strong and ahead, and the ship under steam, and being low in the water, she made pretty heavy weather of it. The ship's position this day, as far as I can remember, was latitude 46° 40' N., longitude 7° 7' W. The-

distance I can remember more distinctly was 102 miles, we being now 272 miles from Plymouth, and entered on to the Bay of Biscay—that bay of terrible repute, for why I did not fully understand, but do now.

There are unpleasant days at sea, and this was one of them: no comfort below, nor pleasure on deck. I am now speaking of the second-class accommodation on board an Australian passenger steamship of London, not Liverpool. The cabin is between decks, entered by the main hatchway of the ship, nearly midships and just forward of the main-mast. As far as regards the motion of the ship, this is the best part to be in. There were fifty-two passengers and only two stewards, not a sufficient number to do the work. The consequence was, the work was always ahead; everything rough and dirty, everybody complaining.

I felt rather disappointed myself with the arrangements of the ship. Coming down Channel, I saw much to complain of, but said nothing; would make every allowance at the commencement of a voyage, knowing well what those long voyages are, and trusting that all would be right, once we left Plymouth and at sea. But instead of matters improving, they grew worse. Of course, you must make some allowances for the severe weather; and, to make matters worse, there was the steam-winch, that the work of the ship was done by, with its everlasting din and rattle. It was placed on the main deck, close to our hatchway; and while it was working—which was more than half the time—we could not hear each other converse in our cabin; and as for reading—the only solace at sea—why, you would just as much think of taking a book on a cold showery day in winter, and sit on London Bridge to read, as there. On deck it was worse still; for this *London* was a very wet ship, much more so than any I had ever seen. Her decks were continually covered with water, more or less swashing from one side to the other; and she had such a wholesale way of taking it in. She would roll well over on her side (and she was a devil for rolling!), and scoop in the green seas, and then it would take ten or fifteen minutes before it would run off. The scuppers appeared to me to be very small, and not at all suitable for the purpose. I can very well remember being on deck that afternoon, standing with a few others near the cuddy. You will please understand that the cuddy or chief saloon was on the main-deck, and extended to, say, a third of the length of the ship. The deck over it is the poop, and where none but first-class passengers are permitted. From the cuddy forward to the fore-castle is the large, clear main-deck, or waist, protected by bulwarks and a rail on top, in all together over six feet high—a good shelter from the wind and sea. We had not been there long before over came a sea, wetting us effectually, and taking us up to about the knees. Presently we noticed that the water was not running off. "Oh, I see. Who will wade to the side, and take away that door-mat and rubbish from over the scupper?" It was done, but still no difference. "Get a stick and run it down, perhaps that will clear it. Oh, I see now what is the trouble, the scupper is filled with coal." And so they were

most of the time after. They came from the sacks of coal piled on deck. There were also large lumps that had not been put in sacks, which would roll about the decks, to the great danger of men's legs. For two nights after I could hear these lumps of coal rolling about above my head. So at any time after I did not go on deck oftener than was required, for fear of getting hurt; as there were always so many things knocking about the decks, such as lumps of coal, buckets, empty casks, &c., and sometimes we would see a bag of coal moving about with the water. So after remaining on deck until we got nicely drenched, we went to our happy home below, to hear dishes rattling, children crying, women grumbling, and that everlasting steam-winch.

While we were at tea this evening (Monday, the 8th) the ship commenced to roll (it is often remarked at sea that a ship generally commences to roll and pitch at meal times), and shipped a great deal of water, which soon found its way down through the skylight on to our heads. Soon after we shipped another heavy sea—or rather dipped it in out of the Bay of Biscay; and it came rushing down our hatchway in a body, causing quite a scene of consternation among the ladies, many screaming at once, "Oh, we are sinking!" others crying, "Shut down the lids of the hatch!" One man who had come home in her from Melbourne said, "Oh, you must not mind this, it is an old trick of the *London's*; and more than that, if the lids of the hatch are shut down, it will not prevent the water coming down—they are not made properly: the sides of the covering of the hatch don't fit close to the combings, and also the water floats up the lid, and comes down nearly the same as though there were none!" all of which proved true. After a time the water on deck subsided. Then the men had to fall to and carry up the water in buckets out of their state-rooms, to save their clothes from being spoilt. This continued nearly all night; for by the time the rooms were free, down would come another supply. All the women, excepting a few, remained up all night: not that there was any danger—or rather I did not consider there was. About twelve o'clock I went to bed, as our side of the ship was dry, we being then on the windward side. At four in the morning (of Tuesday, the 9th), I found that the ship was then on the other tack, that we had the leeward side, consequently the water; and I heard a lady in next state-room asking some others, her companions who had remained up all night, to come and assist her in keeping the state-room dry, saying they could pray and work too, as she did; I at once got up and assisted her.

When daylight came in, we learned that the wind was still ahead, the weather heavy, the ship under steam, and making very little progress. About ten o'clock I went on deck, and found that the jibboom was carried away, and the fore-royal-mast broken in two and hanging down: soon after the foretopgallant-mast broke off, then the foretop-mast, and all hanging down a wreck. That day, some time after, the main-royal-mast was carried away. The first part of the day rather pleasant: I

remember the sun was shining when I went on deck to see the wreck of the foretop-mast. But towards the latter part of the day the wind increased—the ship labouring very much, and a prospect of a wild night. Many now began to express fears, and question the propriety of the captain still forcing the ship in the face of a head-sea. We had several passengers on board who had been sailors. One, I remember, John Hickman, from Ballarat, had his wife and four children on board. He told me he had been brought up to the sea, and was, if I remember right, fourteen years at it. In the afternoon of this day, I saw Hickman come down from the deck. "Well, Hickman," said I, "how do matters look on deck?" He said in reply—"I have been a good deal at sea; I have been in a good many vessels, and I know something about them, but I never yet saw one behave as this. She frightens me—I don't know what to make of her." The same opinions were expressed by others. The women all this time were in a constant state of fear; but their fears were no proof of danger. By seven or eight o'clock matters grew worse, the gale increasing. One of the lifeboats was carried away—lifted out of the davits by the sea. Shipping a deal of water, our hatches had to be closed; but, as I have said before, this did not prevent the water coming in, and by nine o'clock in the evening all was confusion and terror in our second-class cabin: ladies clinging to you, and beseeching you to stay beside them; some in their rooms reading and praying, but the majority out in the open cabin. Fear at this time was not confined entirely to the females. Most of the men had fear on their faces. I myself began to feel very uneasy, for I heard expressions of doubt and fear from many who understood nautical matters. Mr. Munroe, one of the surviving passengers, and who had formerly been at sea, came down about twelve o'clock. I asked him how things looked on deck. He said, "I have been on the poop all the night, and the sight up there is really terrible—seas mounting right over her." "Do you think there is any danger?" I asked. "Yes; not so much from the violence of the gale, as the behaviour of the ship." He added that Captain Martin had been on deck all the time, and it was plain to be seen that he was not at rest in his mind as to the fate of his ship. He (Munroe) said, "I dread to be down here, but I am nearly perished by being on deck so long." And no wonder he dreaded being below. Apart from the horror of being in the company of nearly frantic girls and women, who thought that every roll would be the last, and not quite clear on that point yourself, there was the discomfort that at every roll of the ship the water would shoot down the hatchway, first one side, then the other—then wash to and fro the same as on the upper deck. Then worse than all was the steam, produced by water that went down the engine-hatch on to the hot machinery: this steam came forward and lodged in our cabin, which was very suffocating. During any lull of the sea we lifted the lid to get some fresh air, but most of the time we could not see each other five feet apart. Most of the passengers were sitting on the tables. That night was really terrible, but the next was worse. The ship at this time was hove-to, and

oh! how she would roll! It was no gentle, undulating motion; she would roll on her side until you were in doubts of her ever coming up again. Then up she would come with a jerk; and when she did rise there was a general displacement of boxes, trunks, chairs, buckets, and other moveable articles, placed on board in confusion at Gravesend and Plymouth. How the passengers fared in the other parts of the ship, or what their fears were, I can't say. Those in the after-part, I think, would not see the same danger as we; at any rate they would not be so inconvenienced as we were. We could now see that we had more than the dangers of a gale to contend with. It was quite evident our ship was deeply, if not over laden. She was a ship built for speed, of great length for her breadth—belonging to a class of ships that cannot be loaded with safety in proportion to her tonnage, like those of the old style. She was, perhaps, safe enough when properly loaded, with less top-hamper, not so heavily sparred, and properly equipped. And besides, it was the prevailing opinion on board that she was not prepared for a gale. It appeared as if she had been forced to sea in a hurry, and there was confusion above deck as well as below. Work was always ahead. The sailors were continually at work, and yet the ship was never "snugged," as the saying is at sea. The crew had not got used to the ship; and, another difficulty, many were foreigners, and did not understand English. Once I saw Mr. Angel, one of the officers, directing a man to do something: the poor fellow was anxious to do it right, but every attempt was wrong; at last I discovered that he did not understand a word that was said to him. I also noticed a want of regularity and discipline in the ship. I make this observation with no desire to throw discredit on any one, or insinuate that the loss of the ship was in any way attributable to this; but I think it will all tend to show that there was not that sufficient preparation, or that proper regard to life, at the outset, and in the despatching of the ship, that there ought to have been; yet I feel fully convinced as I now write this, that had the same gale overtaken us two months after, on the last week of our voyage, the *London* would not have succumbed to it as she did. I believe she was a good, strong, well-built ship; but that is not where the fault rests; it's in the cramming her so full of goods that even the space allotted to the passengers was encroached on. This interfered with the working of the ship when trouble overtook us.

As I said before, fear was not confined to the females; we all experienced it more or less. Of course we men endeavoured to disguise our real feelings from them—going from one room to the other cheering them up as best we could. This state of things continued all night. About two in the morning (Wednesday) I went to my room, and had a short sleep, the last I had in the *London*. When I awoke I then found a slight improvement in the cabin—not so much water coming down, and the ship rolling less: she had been put round an hour before to return to Plymouth, and was running close-hauled.

When daylight came in, the wind had somewhat abated, but the sea was very heavy. We then had to go to work, and carry up water out of our rooms. I went on deck at nine in the morning, and looked over the side just abaft the main rigging, and saw the two pieces of broken booms that had been carried away the previous day, still towing by the iron rigging and thumping against the ship's sides. I was told by one of the firemen that night that there were one or two forward dead-lights knocked in by these booms. The most of this day, say up to three o'clock, the crew were engaged in getting in-board the wreck of the boom, for what purpose I never understood, nor do I know now, unless it was fear of it coming in contact with the screw. Even so I think that in towing it to the stern, and then letting it go adrift, there would have been no danger. As it was, it proved a cause of trouble to us: it was lashed that afternoon just alongside of the engine-room skylight, and at night, when the gale increased, it got loose from its lashings and was knocking about, there always being a deal of water on the deck; and by the action of it and the sea the skylight over the engine-room was carried away, which was the immediate cause of the ship's loss.

When it was known in the morning that we were returning to England, everybody appeared much pleased. Then commenced new speculations, many saying they would not return in this ship, they didn't like her, some would go by another vessel, some would give up going to Australia altogether. Several asked me what I intended doing. I said, "If the ship goes I go. I am not afraid of the *London*" (although I was the previous night,) "if she is properly managed. When she gets repaired and put in proper sea-trim, she will go all right. She was started this time before she was ready. I think the owners and captain will have learned a severe lesson not to attempt the like again."

We had a scrambling dinner that day, which was the last meal we had together. It was very good, under the circumstances,—thanks to a good steward.

A small vessel passed near us. I did not see her, not happening to be on deck at the time, but I heard many speaking of having seen her. People have since asked why Captain Martin did not request this vessel to remain near us. That is a question no one can answer. He may have said, "I have perfect confidence in my own ship," and I know the feeling in our cabin was perfect reliance on his judgment. The whole day (Wednesday) was dull and gloomy; heavy cross seas, ship labouring, no comfort anywhere. Darkness came on early, the wind increased, the sky looked wild, everything bespoke a terrible night: and the anxious countenances of all seemed to have forebodings of danger. I dreaded the thoughts of another such night as last. I thought of the hatchway, and said to Munroe, "Here is night coming on, and a prospect of a severe one, and yet nothing has been done to prevent the water coming down." He said, "I know it. I have told Mr. Harris (the first officer) about it, and all the satisfaction I got was, 'Let it go down.' If they would only

let me have canvas and pump-tacks, I would do it myself. I will try again." After a while I heard some one hammering overhead. When he returned, I said, "Well, you have succeeded at last." He said, "No, only partially. I got enough canvas, but could get only half enough pump-tacks. Everything is alike on board, everything in confusion, nothing can be got that is required."

At length night set in: hatches were closed down and fastened on the inside, to prevent the water from floating them up; but still the water came in—first one side, then the other—with every roll. By seven or eight o'clock we were in as great a state of terror as on the previous night, and with more cause, for the gale was more violent. The steam was so troublesome that we could not open the lids for a moment to let in air. The sensation in the cabin then was really awful. I never shall be able to convey an idea of it. Imagine what your feelings would be, waiting and expecting every moment to meet death. Add to that the dismal sound of water rushing in. You could not see it through the cloud of steam and dim lights, and were not sure whether the ship was filling or not; in fact, a foot of water washing to and fro, carrying with it every movable article, strengthened your fears that she was. Then at every heavy roll a woman shrieked. There was one young girl nearly frantic. By nine o'clock we were in worse state than ever; when the ship rolled there would be nearly two feet of water in the cabin. It would come in with a rush, then back again to the other side, carrying with it anything that was not lashed. The boards of the lower berths were washed out, and the bedding would drop down, and then, by the roll of the ship, was carried out into the cabin, and there floated about. There was a lady in next state-room—about the only one who remained in her berth—and whom I was assisting to prevent her trunks being broken; both of us up to our knees in water, in which various articles, such as buckets, pieces of boxes, clothing of every description, apples, books and papers were swimming. A few of the women were quite collected—talking as calmly as on land. One in particular I remember, Mrs. M——, who had come home in this ship on her last voyage from Melbourne; she said to me, "I feel as if I never should see land again. I am loth to give up life, but it is not so much on my own account as for those I leave behind. I was married only two months before leaving Melbourne. I know my husband will mourn my death very much. I came home to settle some property. And another thing I regret very much is, that I have brought this little niece of mine with me" (a nice girl of about twelve or thirteen years). "I induced her father and mother to let her come with me." "Never mind," says the little niece, "I am happy, aunt, and we will die together." And I think they did. They were the last whom I spoke to in the cuddy, just before leaving the ship. They were then close together, sitting at one of the tables, and the water nearly up to the seat, and not far from the Rev. Mr. Draper.

I often stood that night watching the port-hole in the state-room—

when the ship would take those awful lurches. I would see the water dark and still against the glass of the port ; it would remain so for half a minute or more. I would say to myself, "Is she sinking now, and twenty feet under water, or is she at her old tricks?" Presently I would see the water in a foam against the glass, and then I would say, "She is all right yet."

So the evening wore on—all of us more or less frightened ; with the females, some reading and praying, some their husbands comforting. In one cabin where there were several congregated, one woman had five children : two of the smaller ones were playing about in the bed as happy as could be : some one remarked that their innocence and happiness were to be envied. The children at no time showed much fear—even those of eight or ten years of age did not seem to realize their danger. Several females, still seated on the tables, had never been in bed since Sunday night ; their clothes wet, their eyes red from the hot steam. Occasionally a man would come in from the deck, and his report would be anything but consoling. Our means of getting on deck now was through to the after-part, and up through the cuddy.

About ten o'clock, the purser of the ship came into our cabin. I spoke to him about the water being there. "Oh, you have nothing to complain of," he said, "we are just as bad aft : we have been carrying it out of the state-rooms all the evening." I said it was very wrong that it should be there when it could have been so easily prevented by securing the hatches—not on account of the danger, but for the comfort of the passengers : they had plenty of warning—last night[^] was nearly as bad. He said, "There is no danger of it ; it runs aft to the engine-pumps, and is pumped up." But what was the consequence ? its weight all told with a heavily-laden ship ; it all tended to bring her deeper in the water. In a few minutes after, the fires were out—the engine stopped : what use were their pumps then, and where was the water ? Still there.

While the purser and I were talking, there came some sailors, and rushed past us going to the room where the sails were kept. I heard one say to another, "Let us make haste with a sail, or she will sink." At that moment I heard an order from one of the sailors that all men were wanted on the poop. I knew this applied to the passengers, and felt there must be something very serious now. Immediately we left to go aft, leaving the women alone : only a few men having children remained behind, their wives begging of them not to go. In getting there we had to grope our way through a long dark passage, say sixty or eighty feet in length, and over the top of stores, luggage, &c., that were piled in some places within two feet of the deck. Once through, and in passing the engine-room, we could see there was water rushing down. A short time before, the skylight over the engine-room hatch had been washed off, and this was the cause of the consternation. At this time I was not aware of it, but hurried by to get up on the poop, the place we were

ordered to. There a dismal night presented itself, and one I shall never forget. The gale was at its height. The night was very dark; but from lights held at the cuddy windows to give light on the deck in front, and which reflected up the mainmast, could be seen the half of the main-top-sail still standing, and the other half blown away, the shreds blown straight out at right angles with the yard by the force of the wind. The winds whistling through the wire rigging produced a dreadful sound. Waves lashed the sides of the ship—now and then one breaking over her, she laying over very much. There was a boiling foam level with the railings, and a little farther off could be seen seas ten or fifteen feet above us, with a phosphorescent crest showing through the dark. While standing there, viewing this scene of wild fury, and supporting myself by the companion-way, others were coming up the steps; so I let go my hold, and reached across to catch hold of a railing round the screw-shaft or opening, where it was drawn up out of water when disconnected, but I found nothing to hold on by but a smooth wall. All at once I found myself sliding down to leeward, and nothing to prevent me going over the low iron railing into the boiling foam below, when suddenly I caught hold of something in the dark that brought me up. No one but myself knew what a narrow escape I had—even to the present day it sends a thrill through me when I think of it.

Soon after getting on the poop I saw there was nothing to be done there, and with the others went down again. I then went into the cuddy, which was well lit up; it was full of people. There was a clergyman praying at the time, very fervently, and all joined in with deep and earnest Amens. It was a solemn and trying moment: I remained there about five minutes until prayers were ended, when all arose and with one consent showed a willingness to assist in any way for our safety; even some of the ladies were very energetic—assisting the best they could, and encouraging others. Of course there were some quite prostrated with fear. Very much has been said upon the remarkable coolness and resignation evinced by all, which certainly was the case during the last twelve or fourteen hours: but when our helpless position was first apparent to every one, then fear and excitement showed itself more or less in every face; but there was no raving, no running to and fro but in the way of assisting. Several were advising what the captain should do. I heard one gentleman, a first-class passenger, crying out, "Tell the captain to shut the watertight compartments and run to land." I said to myself, "That request is useless now, as the ship is filling through the openings in the deck; if it were a hole knocked through her bottom, these compartments might be of some use. As for running to land, 'tis too late; we have to go wherever the wind takes us." As soon as prayers were over, I heard one of the officers order more lights to be held to the windows to enable the men to see how to secure the engine-room hatch. I got two swing-lights from the after-part of the cuddy, and took them to the windows. There were several holding lights at the time; a lady came to

us—she was rather tall and exceedingly handsome—and proposed that the ladies should hold the lights if we could assist in anything else. Sails were being got up at the time from the second cabin. I went below 'tween decks to assist with the sails. As I passed along by the engine-room, Mr. Greenhill, the chief engineer, sung out to the firemen below to come up. Soon I saw three men come, who said, "It's useless to try any longer; the fires are out and the water up to our middle." All this took place in a short time—say about ten minutes from the time I went on to the poop, then to the cuddy, and then to the engine-room, 'tween decks. Water was coming down at the time, but the mass of it was stopped by sails, &c. placed over the opening. While I stood by the engine-room holding a light for the men who were seeking sails, I had an opportunity of learning our actual condition from the captain, officers, doctor, and engineer, who frequently met there. They had little hope, though they endeavoured to disguise the actual danger. The engineer, Mr. Greenhill, took a light from me to go down into the engine to have a look. It seemed to me a very dangerous undertaking, as there was water still going down, and I could hear it washing about below. He was a very active and able young man. I did not see him return, and felt very uneasy about him—some time after I was relieved to see him, he had come up without me noticing him. At this time, almost all the passengers were assisting; among them was G. V. Brooke, without coat or hat, working with a will. I then helped with a sail which they were getting through to take up on deck; when it was up, I heard an order to bring mattresses, beds, &c., to put in this opening over the engine-room, to prevent it going down in a body; then afterwards to be covered over with sails. The ladies immediately went into their rooms and turned up their beds to get at the mattress. The conduct of some of the ladies was certainly heroic in aiding, directing, and encouraging. After the mattresses were passed out on deck, I went below again. It was then proposed that the passengers should get buckets and pass up water from between decks, as every little would lighten, though two were coming in for one taken out. Buckets were accordingly produced, and fifty or eighty men were soon employed in passing along buckets of water. Some time after, say half-past one o'clock (Thursday morning, the 11th), as we were arranged along 'tween decks, the captain came to us and said, "Men, put down those buckets, and come and try to secure the engine-room hatch, for that is the only chance to save the ship." It has been thought that there must have been some other leak than the engine-room hatch,—the captain's words do not favour the supposition. Immediately some one sung out, "More sails wanted." A very large one was brought, the last one of the lot (as I was told). It was very heavy, and they had great difficulty in getting it along.

The sails were kept in a store or state-room, on the starboard side abaft the mainmast; they could not be taken aft by the passage-way on that side of the ship, as it was blocked up with freight or luggage;

consequently they had to be taken forward around the mainmast and down the passage-way on the port side, where there was just room enough left to crawl over; and here is where the detention was, a truly painful one at that time. As the sail was thus delayed, some came down to see what was the cause; first the captain, asking, "What is detaining you? hurry it along!" then Mr. Tycehurst, the second officer, singing out, "Hurry up that sail!" then some one else, "For God's sake bring along that sail, or the ship will sink!" I mention this to show how every space was choked up that should have been clear, and also to show the unprepared state of the ship for an emergency. At length the sail was got over (I think the passage-way had to be cleared first), and through on to the deck. There we could best understand our hopeless condition. There was much water in deck, perhaps never less than two feet on the lee side; though she was not taking much over on the weather side, she would roll over and take it over the lee rail; then when she rolled to windward, up would come a tide two to three feet deep, carrying everything before it. It is no wonder then the skylight was carried away, particularly when there was a piece of a spar striking against it.

About fifty men were on deck assisting to put the sail where it was required, and where there were already a pile of them about three feet high. The great difficulty appeared to be in preventing the water from floating up the whole pile of sails and getting down. The one we had just brought up was spread over all the others, and nailed to the deck on the lee side with great difficulty. I saw Mr. Harris and the carpenter driving nails in a foot of water. We were about half-an-hour at this job, and oh, how it did blow, and how cold was the water, and what a medley of dismal noises there was—men hallooing, the sea roaring, and the rigging whistling! At this time I heard the captain give orders that the pumps should be kept going. When the sail was placed over, I went into the cuddy, and passed on down below to assist in carrying up water—fully convinced that the ship must sink. I did not expect her to keep afloat till daylight, and am astonished to this day that she floated as long as she did. I remember saying twice that night to a young man, "This ship will sink before morning, and there will not be one left to tell the tale." My prophecy did not prove true. It was an error in judgment, a thing which few like to own to, but I am happy to do so in this instance.

Again below, I joined in the ranks of those passing buckets of water. Presently Mr. Grant, one of the junior officers, came round raising volunteers for the pumps. At this time there was a great difficulty in getting men to go to the pumps; not but what they were willing to work, but they dreaded going on to the deck—the night dark and cold—and a danger of being washed out to sea. I consented to go, though I dreaded it as much as the others; moreover, I felt very weak and fatigued, having eaten little that day. On my way up, I noticed that the stern ports on the starboard side were knocked in, and the water coming in; later in the morning those on the port side were also stove in. On my way out,

through the cuddy, I noticed that almost everybody had become very quiet. Ladies were sitting together talking, some reading. Those from the second cabin were there also, as well as the children. Men had become much more calm than they were three or four hours previous; there was very little conversation; every one seemed wrapped in his own thoughts. I got to the cuddy door to go out, watching an opportunity when the ship was over to leeward to open the door, so that the water should not rush in. Once on deck, what a sensation it was! Water whirling round you up to the knees—wind piercing cold—night intensely dark. I felt my way along in the darkness, again steadying myself by the ropes, &c. on the weather bulwarks, to about midships, to where the pumps were. I found about a dozen men there. I could barely distinguish figures in the dark, though I recognized a few voices. It required six to turn the wheels that worked the pumps, three at each handle. All were passengers there at the time, excepting two of the officers, Mr. Angel and Mr. Grant. Mr. Angel was placed to see the pumps were kept going—and nobly he did his duty. I saw him there after we had left the ship, still at his post, encouraging and assisting. There were no sailors at the pumps at any time after I went out. I do not think worse of them for this. They had had a hard week of it—most all the time at work—all the time wet; poorly fed for the last day or two. Some were disabled by so much lumber on deck; I saw several who had bad wounds. Mr. Munroe went to the fore-castle once to get men for the pumps, and twenty pleaded illness. The work at the pumps was very laborious. We had to take brief spells, being short-handed; occasionally we would have a fresh hand, whom Mr. Grant had persuaded to come, while others left off, quite done up; and indeed it was a trying place. The seas broke over us so roughly, that sometimes I felt the water up round my neck. At those moments the pumps would have to stop; but as soon as the tide had receded, then would be heard Mr. Angel's voice, "Round with the pumps, keep them going." There was a good deal of talking and encouraging to keep up pluck and make the work go lighter. I felt much happier here, away from the women, for seeing so many frightened made me feel worse, and when inside you did not know how matters stood, whether she was sinking or not; and I had a great horror of being shut up inside when she did go. After being about an hour there we were getting fatigued—wanted a stimulant—and wishing we could get something to drink. One said, "I will try and get some." He went to the cuddy and returned with a bottle of whiskey, which was fully appreciated. It gave us new life. Some time after, Mr. Main, a passenger, and I were sent to the cuddy to raise volunteers, as we were getting worn out. When we got in I saw a good many men sitting there, and asked every one; some went out, some were not well, some sitting beside their wives and children. The mother would say, "Oh, do not take him from me!" Most of the passengers were still below, carrying up water.

Daylight at length came in, and then we could see what a helpless log

our ship was. She was then pretty low at the stern, and when she rolled seemed going right under. The sensation to any one on deck was truly awful. None seemed to blame Captain Martin, and at no time did I hear anybody reproaching him. But the expressions towards the owners were quite different : they were anything but blessings.

The weather in the morning was very dull and unsettled. The wind was not so furious as in the night, but the sea still heavy. A few now talked about the boats, though none entertained much hopes of them,—of those remaining—for the lifeboats were both gone. The last one had been washed away the evening previous, and one of the cutters was stove, and hanging down at the side of the ship by the stern-fall from the davit. The mate to it on the opposite side was still good, also two iron pinnaces, capable of carrying say thirty each, and a small wooden boat forward near the fore-castle. The two iron boats were swung on davits on board. About nine o'clock in the morning, and while I was still at the pumps, I saw them making ready the starboard iron boat. The captain had given orders to get the boats ready. I did not leave the pumps to seek a chance in the boat, although there was one whom I knew who was helping in preparing her for sea. I had previously made up my mind to stop by the ship till the last, in case any vessel should come to our rescue, although we had no distress signals up ; for why, I cannot say. I am puzzled to this day why Captain Martin did not have up signals, as a vessel, if she did happen to sight us, and we not her, of course would take no notice and pass on. Another reason why I was so indifferent about the boats was this : I thought that where a large ship could not live, a small boat could not. I saw the boat lowered, and several jump over the side to get in her. Soon I saw them climbing in again. The boat had been swamped in lowering her, and she sank. I think, but am not sure, that one or two were drowned at that time.

Steam had now been got up in the donkey-engine, which was a house on deck forward, and shortly it was connected with the pumps, and we were relieved. I then climbed up on the poop, where everything presented a gloomy appearance : the boat sinking had destroyed all hope. We had still three boats, but they were on the weather side ; the ship would have to be brought round before they could be lowered. There was no effort made at that time to get them out. People were walking about, very quiet and very anxious. I saw the captain then, also Mr. Tycehurst ; several ladies walking about bare-headed, their hair flying about with the wind, but calm and resigned, and very little being said. They were walking about just as you see people at a railway station when they are waiting for a train. I saw and spoke to the young girl who was so frantic at first : now she was as reasonable and calm as anybody. I then thought, as a good many thought, that we were not long for this world ; death was staring us in the face. I felt loth to give up life ; I enjoy life. There was also the uppermost thought of all, the uncertain hereafter. I said to myself, "Well, I suppose I am as prepared now as I should be twenty

years to come." I regretted most for those I was leaving behind, and whom I had come on a visit half round the world to see; and now to be drowned in returning, and that in such a stupid, unsatisfactory way! There appeared to be no excuse for it whatever. True, we had a severe gale, but I fancied I had seen as heavy a one before. It appeared to me that a new, strong, well-built ship had been thrown away. Had our ship been driven on to a rock, or had taken fire, or met with some unavoidable accident, I should not have felt so bad. I always dread to think, or to get talking on this part of it; for my feelings of sorrow become mixed with feelings of regret and reproach against some one for so cruel a sacrifice.

Whilst on the deck at this time I saw the sailors going about throwing overboard any articles they could—hencoops, useless gear, &c. I then looked about to see what prospect there was of saving myself. Hope had not altogether deserted me. I looked out on to the sea, and asked myself the question, What boat could live there but a lifeboat? There was no vessel in sight. I then turned my eyes to the deck. I saw a piece of a board or side of a hencoop, and said to myself, "I shall keep near that when she sinks." It appears now a ridiculous idea to expect that to save me, then 190 miles from land! I remained on deck about half an hour, and then went below to the cuddy, to see how fared my lady acquaintances, it then being about ten o'clock. Just as I was turning to go down, I noticed the sailors were beginning to get the port-cutter ready, and I heard one say, "This boat is for the captain and ladies;" so any hopes I had from this boat were destroyed then; for I would not try to get in it, and destroy the chance of any of the ladies. So took no notice of it, and passed on below, intending to keep a pretty sharp look-out when she was going to sink, to rush on deck to where my board was.

When I got to the cuddy the usual question was put by the women, as it was to any one coming in from the deck, "What hopes now?" I said, "We are afloat still; and while we are afloat we are alive, is all I can say." At this time I thought it wrong to disguise our actual condition; in fact, the captain did not. He had been in the cuddy some time previous, and told all to "prepare for the worst, nothing but a miracle would save us now!" which dreadful assertion was received with no fresh outburst of terror. All the women from the second cabin were sitting by themselves. Those from the steerage part of the ship were in the cuddy also. No distinction now. There were fathers and mothers, with their families of three, four, and five, grouped around them—the children very quiet. They did not seem to understand why their fathers and mothers were crying so; and, poor little things, many were standing up to their knees in water. The Rev. Mr. Draper was sitting about the middle of the cuddy, at one of the tables, with many round him, reading and praying unceasingly. Now and then would be heard a voice, saying, "Oh, Mr. Draper, pray with me." There were also to be seen men by themselves, reading the Bible. I remember seeing a newly-married couple sitting by themselves, weeping bitterly. He had lately returned from Australia, had

got married, and had induced many of his relations to return with him. They were on board—in all nine, I have since heard. He appeared to be reproaching himself for having taken her away from her home. She was consoling and comforting him as best she could, saying she was happy, and they would die together. One poor young girl was writing a message on an envelope. I little thought I might have been the bearer of it. She probably intended putting it in a cask or keg that was being got ready by a friend of hers, as I learned afterwards. A young man whom I know was instrumental in starting it; his name was Row, of New Zealand. This keg has not yet turned up.

I conversed with many I knew; every one seemed fully to understand that there was no chance of being saved. A few clung to the hope that a vessel would yet come. Some of the sailors circulated a report that a vessel was in sight, to quiet them. I remained there until say twelve o'clock. Matters getting worse and worse, I could not remain below, but went up on deck again, bidding some whom I knew good-by. As I went to the door to go up the steps I found a number of people standing on the ladder-way, apparently bewildered. I turned round and took the last look I ever had of the cuddy; the sight is indelibly stamped on my memory. I found some difficulty in pushing my way through the crowd to gain the deck. The day had brightened up a little, the sun would occasionally show out. The wind and sea were still heavy, but I think had abated since morning. I noticed the sailors were still about the same boat, intending soon to lower it; but as I had previously heard this was for the ladies and captain, of course I never looked to it with any hope for my safety. I glanced at the state of the ship, wondering at the length of time she kept together—which raised false hopes with many, not that she would ever get to land, but that she might live long enough for a vessel to come to take us off. For my part I thought she might keep afloat four or five hours yet (at this time I would not ask anybody's opinion for fear of being misled), and concluded I would go down to my state-room to put on a dry coat. I thought I might as well live comfortably for a few hours, if I had to die then. Before going, I satisfied myself she would not sink while I was below, as I had a long distance to go, and had a particular horror of being closed in. I went down the companion-way to the cuddy-deck, then around and down to between decks. At this time the passengers had ceased with the buckets, thinking their labour useless. There was no one there at the time but the captain. He had been having a look at the engine-room. I spoke to him, and asked him if he thought it any use to still continue carrying up water; if so, I would go and try and get them together again. He did not care about answering me, and walked back again to the engine-room, and I with him. We looked down, and a frightful place it was: the water coloured black with the coal, and washing about and breaking up the iron floorings or platforms, and producing an unearthly noise. And a great pool of water it appeared to be. We stood looking for a minute or two. When he

turned to go aft, I said, "Well, captain, what do you say?" He replied, "You may, but I think it's no use." We then went up the steps on to the cuddy-deck. There was a division between the after state-rooms and the cuddy. In passing these rooms we saw some sailors and firemen in there opening cases of liquor, and some with bottles of brandy in their hands: there were several drunk at this time. The captain said to them, calling some by name, "Don't do that, boys! don't die cowards!" I saw a sailor down on his knees, feeling about in a foot of water for a sovereign he had dropped out of his mouth: he was as cool and eager looking for it as a street Arab would be for a sixpence he had seen fall. I saw standing at the cuddy-door a first-class passenger with a life-preserver strapped round him. I then turned and went down again to go to my room, opened one of my trunks, took out a coat, saw my watch and purse; thought to myself, well, I may as well take them; laid them out, shut the trunk, was particular in locking it (such is the force of habit): then put my watch in my pocket. At that moment the ship gave a roll, the water covering the port, which darkened the room, and in picking up my coat, my purse fell into the water. There was about a foot and a half there at the time. I put my arm down, and felt for half a minute, like the sailor for the sovereign, but could not find it: then walked out into the cabin; there were about half-a-dozen there at the time. I saw a Mr. Lemmon, of Melbourne; I spoke to a Mr. Harding,—he shook his head as much as to say he did not wish to be interrupted then: some sitting with their heads resting on the table—almost all preparing for death, and patiently waiting. I saw an elderly person strapping up a railway-rug into a bundle; shortly after he was seen on deck with it, when the captain, with a faint smile, asked him if he intended taking it with him. I have since been told by friends of this gentleman that he had a thousand sovereigns with him; and probably these were in the rug. On my way back to the engine-room, I was alarmed at seeing that a serious change had taken place—a deal more water was rushing down. From what I saw, I thought the pile of sails over the opening above had floated up, the water pouring in underneath. I looked over into the engine-room below, and noticed that the water had increased considerably since the captain and I were there: it was now within two or three feet of the deck on which I was standing. I got on the poop as soon as I could, knowing now that the end was near. I had some difficulty in getting up the staircase between the cuddy and the poop, as it was crowded with people, who were all mute. It was then about one o'clock or half-past one in the day, Thursday, 11th January. Just as I got on to the poop I saw an elderly couple, man and wife, with three children, two little girls about eight to ten years of age, and an infant. I am not sure, but I think they were the same who were wrecked a short time previously in the *Dunbar*, and this was the second, if not the third, attempt they had made to get to Australia. The mother and the two girls were sitting on the lee-side, close to the mizen rigging, and the father alongside of them,

holding an infant in his arms, and shielding it from the spray that was blowing clean over from windward. I took the mother and two girls up, and set them midships in the lee of the after companion-way. In about half-an-hour after, and just before we left the ship, I saw the mother and two girls washing about on deck, drowned. When I got on deck this last time, I found the ship being put round to bring the boats on the lee side, so that they could be lowered. The sun would show out occasionally—very heavy and troubled sea yet—people still walking about, calmly watching the scene. The captain was walking up and down the poop with a long mackintosh coat on, and a cap of same material tied close down under his chin. Poor man! I pitied him. It was a trying moment to each of us, but how much more must it be to a captain at a time like that, when every one looks up to him as their head; when ladies come up to him and ask if there is any hope, and he has to say No; when one or more asks him if he would advise them to go in the boat, he has to tell them, "I think there is no hope for you," which amounts to saying, "No, you had better remain here, and be drowned at once." I felt very much for him situated at that moment; I felt at peace with every one, even the owners. The ship at this time was nearly on a level keel, and very low at the stern, and rolling much like a log—not those sudden tosses and jerks. There was no one at the helm, it (the wheel) was lashed with a rope. I looked around to see what prospect there was of being saved, and saw that the small wooden boat near the forecastle had been got out to the ship's side to be lowered, the bows were just over the railing. At this time, nor at any time after did I see any men near it for the purpose of launching it. The port iron pinnacle was still hanging in its place; no order was given that I heard, nor any preparation made for lowering it. I saw a young man in it trying to do something, but he knew nothing of a boat. There was only one boat being got ready—the same one I have mentioned before—that for the captain and ladies,—the port cutter, a fine wooden boat, and still hanging in the davits, with several men in it. I stood by for a time watching the proceedings, when it gradually dawned on my mind that the sailors had this boat in their own possession, entirely under their own control. I never saw any of the officers giving any orders or directions; and as for the ladies, I saw no preparation towards getting any on board. The facts of the case were, as I afterwards learned—that after the first boat swamping in the morning, there seemed not much chance of any getting lowered and cleared from the ship with safety; which would account for the captain's not having his first order in the morning carried out,—of getting the boats ready; for if he saw reason to get the boats ready then, surely he must have seen more now. But a few of the sailors were evidently men who knew what could be done with a boat at sea, and agreed among themselves to fit out this boat, and have a trial for their lives. They got her ready with oars, compasses, bucket, bailer, life-buoys, biscuits, &c. The captain may have directed, but I never understood so; and, for the half-hour or more that

I was on deck at the last, I did not see him interfere, and I was near the boat all the time. So when I saw how matters stood with regard to this boat, I then and there determined to get in her if possible. Once that boat is in the water (thought I), I will jump in, and I don't think they will put me out. Presently I saw a sailor step over, and get in the stern of the boat, which was still hanging in the davits; he was one of those who had helped prepare her, and one I knew by sight—the only one on board. Our acquaintance was very alight, and made by chance. When on my way from Fenchurch Street to Tilbury, he got in at Stepney, and sat on the same seat with me, and from that circumstance we spoke once or twice on board. I then went up to the side of the ship, and spoke to him in a free sailor-like way. Though not a seafaring man myself, I had been thrown during my life very much amongst sailors, and fancied I understood them pretty well, and knew their dislike to ceremony or to a line of distinction being drawn between them and the rest of society; so I asked him in an off-handed manner, wishing to establish a fellow feeling. It had the desired effect. He said, "Yes, but take your chance when she is in the water," which was all I wanted; for if I had been allowed to have got in before, I think I would not, as I was afraid she might upset in the lowering, as the first did. I soon found that my plan for guining a favour at that time was decidedly the best, as I heard men beseeching of them to let them go, also offering large amounts of money; the answer was, "We don't want your money." When my friend the sailor gave me permission to go, I thought of the ladies; and asked myself the question, "Am I robbing them of any chance they might have?" and said to my friend in the boat, "Well, I do not like going and leaving those behind," pointing to some that were standing near the mizen-mast. Not that I thought many could be saved; but should like to have a few in the boat, in case we were saved, to show we were not selfish. He said, "I am as sorry as you, but it can't be helped; try and save yourself:" which nerved me, and also showed to me the impossibility of saving any, unless they jumped after the boat was lowered. Anybody would say, "Why not lower them in the boat?" but that was where the danger was, in case she upset, as a great many expected she would. If this sailor had said to me, "Yes, get one or two, and put them in the boat," I would not have done it; for I could not have advised females to go where I was afraid to go myself. Many at this time were standing near; some passengers and some of the foreign sailors were trying to get into the boat, but were prevented by one of the sailors whose duty it was to see she was not overloaded, for if so they could not lower her with any safety. The assistant-surgeon was pleading very hard for himself and a young lady, and I heard one say to him, "Keep your money, and as for a doctor we don't want one." By the remark I judged he had been offering money, and I heard him say, "You must take me, you will want a doctor." This same young lady I saw soon after talking with one of the sailors; I heard after that she offered him 500*l.* if he would save her. I do not know her

name. She was about middle height, and I think fair complexion and very pretty. He was anxious to save her, but I suppose he thought as others that it would not be advisable for her then to get in the boat. There was another young lady, also very pretty. She came to the side, and said to this sailor-friend of mine—"Young man, will you save me?" He said, "Yes, you jump as soon as you see the boat in the water all right;" and when the boat was in the water he held up his arms (she was then holding on by the mizen-rigging), and told her to jump, but she would not. Often during the night after I heard him regretting that she did not jump. In the troubled state of the sea at that time, it was a very dangerous jump: if you fell into the water, then good-by; no one would pull you in. I foresaw this difficulty, and provided against any such contingency, by asking my friend in court if he would pull me in in case I should fall into the water, which he promised to do; luckily I did not have occasion to test his honest intentions, which I never for a moment doubted.

By this time, say five or ten minutes before the boat was lowered, and about half-past one or nearly two o'clock of Thursday, the 11th, the ship was settling gradually by the stern. Any one who was keeping a sharp look-out could not but help seeing there was a great change within a quarter of an hour. People were still walking about—the number on deck increasing. I saw the captain amongst them, apparently giving no directions; now and then a lady would speak to him. A good many were standing in a group near the companion-way, scarcely a word being said. I saw some of those I knew, but did not even exchange a word with any one, excepting Munroc, when once he came near me. I said to him, "I intend to have a trial for this boat," not with the purpose of wishing to influence him, as I could not advise anybody at that time, but I wished to get his opinion as to the probability of a boat living in such a sea. All he said, "Are you?" and walked away. I began to fear that the ship would go from under us before the boat was lowered, so said to my acquaintance in the boat, "Unless you lower soon, you will be too late." He said, "We can't lower till King comes." He was one of their party, who had gone below to see if any water could be got to take with them; presently he came up, and they told him to come in, and they would lower. He then walked a short distance to where Captain Martin was, to ask him if he would go with them. He declined, saying (which I did not hear, being too far away), "God speed you safe to land." Then King asked him for the course and distance to land; he said, "E.N.E., ninety miles to Brest." King must have misunderstood him, as we were then fully 190 miles off. King returned and jumped into the boat, and immediately they lowered, being about a dozen in her. I got on to the rail, holding on to the mizen-rigging; as soon as I saw that she was safe in the water, I stepped down on to the mizen-chains, then watched my opportunity when the boat rose on the sea, and made a cautious leap right into her stern. I did not have far to jump, about four or five feet, by waiting until a sea lifted the boat. Immediately that I was in, I saw the boat was drawing under the channels

of the ship, and was in imminent peril. I at once got out an oar, as did two others, and we pressed the boat off. When the sailors saw that the boat was safe, and there was a chance of getting away, then they were anxious to have a few women. Mr. Munroe was at the side intending to leap, when they sung out to bring a lady; he turned round and ran his eyes around the few to find, naturally enough, one he knew; not seeing one, he made a few steps to the middle of the deck and asked the nearest, a young girl of sixteen or eighteen, if she would go. She said, "Yes." They went to the side to jump; but when she saw the fearful sight below, the little boat being tossed about, and a prospect of being smashed at every heave of the sea against the iron wall of the ship, she said, "I can't do that." There was no time for delay or consideration; as she would not leap, Munroe, seeing the boat shoving off, leaped in himself. All this took place in about a minute or two—that is, the lowering and getting away. After the boat was shoved off the first time, she drew in again. There appeared to be a suction at the stern, and I saw when she drew in this time that she was drawing right under the stern—which would have been sudden death to us. The oars were again brought to bear against the side of the ship; we were then, I think, more in dread of being lost by getting under the ship's side than in fear of too many jumping. At that time there was no attempt made by any to prevent any one from getting in—all on board could have jumped. There was only one man prevented getting in, and that was one of the foreign sailors: he came down by the falls from the davits, and some one pressed them on one side so that if he dropped he would go into the water. The boat was apparently crowded full, and I heard one remark (which was very true), "Why don't they go and get out the other boats? why all look to this one, as if there was no other on board?" It still is an unaccountable thing to me why Captain Martin did not see and have those boats got ready, properly manned and officered, and then tell some of the ladies, "There is your only chance; accept it, if you choose." The second time the boat was shoved off her bows were got round, and soon we were pulling away on the port side, and running before the wind. Just then a heavy sea was seen to break over the ship's stern, and wash the people about the deck; but just before we saw a good many, both men and women, standing on the lee-side of the forward part of the poop, waving handkerchiefs and cheering. The sun had just shone out at that time, which made the scene appear worse to me. I thought dark and gloom more suitable for such a sad moment, and more in keeping with the feelings of those on board. Not that I rejoiced over my position, or considered myself much better off, for we did not know the moment we would be swallowed up.

I saw distinctly Mr. Angel still by the pumps; many with their eyes turned towards us. The foresail was still standing, also the half of the maintop-sail. The mizen yards were swinging about, not braced; the wreck of the foretopmast still hanging, and swinging to and fro; the gang-

ways knocked out, the bulwarks all standing as good as when she left the docks. The stern very low in the water, the bows pretty well out of it, so that we could see the red painted bottom, or coloured iron by rust; the jibboom gone. Soon we ran down in the trough of a large sea, and were hid from sight of her. When we came up we could see she had changed her position very much; we could not see the after-part of the vessel—whether under water or hid by a sea, I cannot tell; her bows were high up out of water, and by the pitch or rake of the mast we could see that she was sitting at an angle of about 45 degrees. Soon another wave came, and we ran down in the trough of another sea: when we came up, there was nothing to be seen of the *London*.

Thus ended this fine ship and all in her. When we were lifted on the wave this second time, and found that the ship was no more to be seen, it cast a gloom over our little party, though pretty well prepared to expect it. We still continued looking in the direction where we last saw the ship, to see if anybody would be seen clinging to a spar, boat, or anything; but nothing whatever was to be seen. Although there might have been one or more there, and we not able to see, even so they could not have survived long, from the spray that was flying.

One of the sailors (King)—then I did not know the name of any—now sang out, "Boys, the *London* is gone, and there is no help for those gone with her, so let her drop for the present. If we don't mind what we are about, we'll soon be with them. Say nothing more about her, but attend to the boat"—which was certainly a wise proposition, as our boat was in a similar condition to our ship at starting—too heavily laden. She was a fine, light, square-sterned boat, about twenty-five feet in length, six in breadth in the widest part; her right complement I was told was twelve, and there were now nineteen in her. Our party consisted of three engineers, one fireman, one young midshipman, one carpenter, eight seamen, one steward, one boy, and three passengers. We had been thrown together mostly by chance, and were almost all unknown to each other, but all bound together by the same tie; for if one sunk all must sink too. We were entirely on our own resources, with no one to look up to, no captain to depend upon, and no officers to navigate to land. But we had what was far better, and the only thing to save us at that time: we had cool, skilful, and excellent boatmen; and, had we not, we would not have lived half-an-hour. I never had much experience in boats, and had no idea of what they could go through. No one could ever have made me believe that a boat could have withstood what ours did. I think some of our men must have been born and reared in a boat. Smith, a seaman, was the first who took the helm, and we all agreed to obey him, as there were now a good many giving orders. There were also other arrangements made: those who understood rowing were to work by spells, those who did not were to bale. I was one of the latter; two or three were to be on the look-out for vessels, one to be constantly watching behind to see when a wave was coming that had a

crest on it, and tell the helmsman. Those were the waves we dreaded. And here was where the skill and judgment was displayed. One time we would have to back water so as to let the large sea break just in front of us. At other times the order would be pull quick, to get out of its way until its force would be spent; when along it would come and raise us up on the top, and as it would pass by would invariably give us a dash; then we had to bale out quickly. Three oars were out for the first few hours—as much to assist in steering as pulling. We were running before the wind, and the chief study was to let the seas meet us square on to the stern, for if the boat was allowed to broach to, or meet the seas on the side, she would fill or upset at once. As one sea would pass, then another would be seen coming from another direction, perhaps on our quarter. These were the cross seas, and the ones most likely to catch us; immediately the boat would have to be brought round to meet it. As the rudder could not bring her round in time, or it might be up out of water at that moment, then would be heard the man at the helm singing out, "Pull on the starboard, and back on the port—quick, quick." The next moment it would be, "Pull on the port, and back on the starboard," as a cross sea would be seen making for us. Then the next cry would be, "Pull, pull, all," that was to get out of the way of a sea that was going to break. After it had passed, then it would be, "Back, back, all." Sometimes all four orders would be given within the minute.

We also made arrangements as to the provisions, which consisted of about fifty pounds of biscuit; when anybody took a piece, all were to have alike. Soon we discovered that our little supply of water was mixed with salt. The cask was therefore thrown overboard to make more room, for we were very much crowded. After that the allowance of biscuit was restricted—they being so dry increased our thirst. Not long after getting away I learned that they had some brandy on board, which I thought was a fortunate provision, as the weather was dreadfully cold, with water splashing over us every little while. On second thought I feared it might prove to our disadvantage, in case they should take too much at once, but my fears were soon set to rights when I found that all we had was three bottles. One was got out and despatched, but it was only a mouthful to each. The second bottle was drank in the evening. The next morning when we most wanted the ether, it could not be found. There was also one bottle of champagne, which was the amount of drinkables on board. About two or three hours after being at sea, our helmsman had to resign his post, as one of his hands was sore, or frost-bitten as he thought. Steering was most trying work for the hands, there being no tiller to the rudder—he had to work the rudder by his hand, consequently one hand was almost all the time in water. King, another seaman, then took his place, which he kept until about three o'clock next morning. Just before dark, we sighted a vessel. We at first thought to run for her, but soon we found it impossible; she was out of our track, and we had to keep fair before the wind. Our chief study was to keep

about, no matter where we went to. We had two of the ship's compasses on board, but they proved of very little use to us. I heard King say in the night that he could not steer at all by them, even though the sea would permit us. They had been adjusted for an iron vessel, which may have been the cause of their not working properly now.

Night was now coming on : I dreaded to look forward to it. Asked myself the question, how are we to see those curling seas that we so much fear ? The sky looked wild ; the wind still strong and very cold—the seas still very heavy. It was what you might call a troubled sea. All of us wet, cold, and hungry, and nearly worn out by the constant exertion, anxiety, and fatigue of the two previous days. I considered it about one chance in a hundred that ever we saw the morning. True, I was beginning to have more faith in our little boat and the good skill of our crew, but those high-crested waves in the dark rather shook my hopes. I could not see any possible way of escaping them, and I was rather puzzled to see that the sailors did not entertain any more fear of them in the night than day—that is, they did not speak of this great difficulty that troubled me. Presently the night closed in, and the mystery was solved by the phosphorescent tops of the waves, which, shining through the dark, showed pretty well their position, and the way they were coming. The first of the evening was rather clear ; the stars shone out occasionally ; by them we could guess pretty nearly the direction we were steering. Up to about nine, we thought we were going south. I said to King, "At this course we will not fetch the Spanish coast, much less the French coast—we shall go wide of Cape Finisterre." He said, "I can't help it, we must go where we are compelled to—the wind may change soon." And so it did. I had certain stars as guides, and by them I could see that we were coming round gradually, and by about midnight were going pretty nearly east. We knew that any course that had east in it would bring us to land, which at this time we thought was only ninety miles distant. But our chief hope was in falling in with a vessel. As the evening wore on, I found that we got on pretty nearly as well as before dark, but great watchfulness was required ; and King, who was then steering, was continually singing out to pull first one way, then immediately the other way, or back water. Then the next order would be, "Bale her out, keep her dry. Who is baling now ?" So in that way he was constantly talking and encouraging us, which was needed, for, cold as the night was, and drenched as we were, we were drowsy ; in fact, we were quite done up with fatigue. I myself had had but three or four hours' sleep since Sunday night, and no doubt there were others who had no more. At times, while baling, I would be half asleep, but still dipping out the water. When in that state I could always see a vessel before me with her stern under water—her bows well up—her jibboom and foretopmast gone, and her foremast shaking in the wind : it was the *London* as she last appeared to me. At any time during the night if I were to close my eyes, if only for a minute, the ship was always before me in this form.

A few hours after dark, King asked, "Who had the time?" I had. I had set my watch going at four o'clock. I pulled it out to look, but could not distinguish the hands in the darkness. By-and-by, I was asked about the time again; we thought it must be getting on towards daylight. I opened my watch, felt the hands, and found it was only eleven o'clock. And so the long dreary night wore slowly on. We thought daylight would never come.

About midnight the weather became more squally. Heavy black clouds came down upon us, and sometimes we were running, as it seemed, right into a black wall. It was difficult even to discern the figure of a man sitting alongside. It was a night remembered in London for a heavy fall of snow,—the heaviest of the season, when the telegraph wires were broken down in many parts of England, and vessels were being wrecked by scores in Torbay. About this time, and a time that will never be forgotten by any in the boat, we experienced the most narrow escape of any during the whole of our disaster. A large sea was seen close behind us, and on the point of breaking, and it was impossible to get out of the way in time. There it was, eight or ten feet higher than our stern, and the next moment we should be all engulfed. Some quietly remarked,—*"It's all over with us now."* I myself thought the end had come at last. Over came the wave, burying the after-part of the boat completely. She trembled, and up she came; the sea had passed on and left us in all but a sinking state. The water in the boat was about a foot and a half deep; a bucket would dip in it. Immediately King sung out, *"Don't move—bale out quick—we are safe yet!"* At once the bucket was going, and in a few minutes she was lightened, and on we went again. It was some time before we fully recovered from that shock. It was a providential thing that we had no more in our boat at this time, for I think the weight of one man more would have taken us down.

After many weary hours of anxious looking we at last saw the sky in the east lighten up a little. We at first thought it to be daylight breaking, but it proved to be the moon rising. It was then about four o'clock. Daniels was now steering; he relieved King for about three hours, when of a sudden the lights of a distant ship were seen. We watched her intently for a short time, and discovered she was nearing us. Presently she was abreast of us, and only a short distance off. We dare not row towards her, the sea would not permit that. The order was then given for all to sing out at once, and lustily we obeyed; it must have sounded terrible to those on board of the vessel—our voices above the roar of the sea and wind. We soon had the gratification of knowing they had heard us, and were putting the vessel about to run for us. We could now see her—a small vessel of two masts. She ran across our bow, a short distance ahead of us. We could see her, but they could not see us. They were evidently looking for us, and we bellowed as loud as we could. We also tried to light matches, but they had got wet. We could see the ship run first to one side, then across to the other. Then a squall

would come, and she would be hid from view ; when it passed we would see her again, perhaps in another direction ; on which there was another cheer and another cry. Presently we could see they had lost the run of us ; and how tantalizing that was when we were within three minutes' row of her, and dare not deviate from our course. Now we could only see her occasionally through the gloom when we rose to the top of a wave. At last she was out of sight ; all hopes of safety from her were now gone. It affected the spirits of all. We were beginning to suffer from cold, exposure, and thirst. The latter I felt the most ; when baling, could scarcely resist the temptation of putting the dipper to my mouth. When we could see the vessel no more, we decided upon not going any faster than we could help, hoping to see her when daylight came in : which did happen at last—in hail and rain. Then the sun shone out for a few minutes ; we scanned the horizon, but could see nothing. By the sun we judged we were making the course that Captain Martin had given us, and had a strong idea that we were within forty miles of the French coast. It was just as well we did not know our actual position. When picked up, an hour or two after, we were then 140 miles from land.

Again the cry was raised, "Ship in sight!" We could just see her off on the port-quarter, apparently making towards us. Presently we sighted another, more in our track, on the starboard bow, but at a great distance. We could only see the tops of the masts, like three fingers above the water. Hope revived again ; we were in the track of vessels, and rejoiced to find there were some still floating.

On we went for half-an-hour, with occasional sunshine, then a shower and squall, the sea still rough, the same constant attention required always. Those on the look-out reported that the vessel was not getting any nearer to us. Some proposed to King, who was now steering, to put about to run for her. He strongly objected : saying the boat would surely swamp in going round ; and then we had a good distance to row, nearly to windward, before reaching the vessel. The men by this time were getting impatient, and willing to risk a good deal to bring this boating trip to a termination. My only fear was that they would end it too abruptly in trying to reach a vessel. They were also getting irritable ; there was not that friendly feeling as existed at first—would answer each other sharply. Of course this was owing to exposure and want : all were complaining of thirst. There were a few raw vegetables that by chance had been left in the boat ; we now got eating them, and found them a great relief. By this time, say 9 A.M. (Friday, 12th), a dispute arose, and words were running pretty high as to the advisability of putting round to run for this vessel on the port-quarter. One who was holding the signal of distress (a shirt on an oar), said to King, at the rudder, "If you don't put her about, I will put this oar through the bottom." I was beginning to feel frightened. Of course every allowance must be made for a man under these trying circumstances. I myself do not entertain any ill-feeling towards him whatever for his threat. Immediately somebody

proposed that we should run for the vessel on our starboard bow, not so much with the hopes of reaching her, as to prevent the boat being put round. I seconded the proposition by saying that it was certainly the best plan; that if we should miss her, we would still be making our course good to land; that it was not more than forty miles off, and by keeping on we would sight it before night; that it was early in the day, and most likely we should see other vessels; that we were in the track of them, we having seen four already was proof. The proposition was then put and carried in parliamentary style, though some of the language used might not be considered parliamentary. The oars were doubly manned, the course of the boat slightly altered. Soon everything was going pleasantly, and all seemed well satisfied with the new arrangement: all they wanted was to be going towards some vessel. The sun at that time was shining, and our little craft sped along bravely. She quite astonished the most sanguine,—everybody expressing great affection for her. The man on the look-out, the only one allowed to stand up, and who was also supporting the oar with the signal of distress, reported that we were nearing the ship. Still great caution was required to manage the boat. The vessel not being directly in our track, we of course had to make good a few points to the wind; and this is where the difficulty was. Whenever an opportunity offered, we would steer to windward of the vessel, knowing we could make leeway at any time. Whenever a crested wave was seen coming, then would be heard, "Look out, King, here is one;" when round would come the boat. We would turn tail and run with it until it had passed, when up she would come again to windward of the vessel. In the course of half-an-hour we were getting pretty near her. Soon we could see her hull, and when within half-a-mile of her, we were rejoiced to find that they had got sight of us, by their taking in some sails, and bearing away to run for us. We then intended to run up to windward, and come round under her lee. Just at that moment there was seen a terrific squall, with its high wall of white foam coming down fast upon us, as if to totally annihilate us just at the moment that succour was at hand. In a few minutes we would be up abreast of the vessel. But on came the gale. Of course we had to turn and run with it. By the next two or three minutes we found ourselves right down to leeward, and being carried fast away from the ship. Our great fear now was that we would be shut out from sight of each other. Many then sung out to King to put about, and some not to. He said, "She will certainly fill, if I do; and I will not; and don't you see them running for us." And so they were, and hallooing, and directing with their hands in the wildest state of excitement, which very much bothered us, and tended to increase our embarrassment. I suppose they were trying to make us understand to run on with the wind, and they would follow. After the first shock of the gale had passed, the boat was brought partly round, but in doing so we had a narrow escape from being swamped, as she shipped a heavy sea. In a few minutes we were running up to the stern of the vessel (a barque

of about 400 tons), when a line was thrown to us with remarkable accuracy. It was caught; soon a rope followed; and we were at last by the side of the barque. She had come round to the wind, was rolling very much, and we were thumping against her side by the main chains. All order now was broken through—each one grasping hold of anything he could lay hands on, and scrambling up, some assisted by those in the vessel. I saw directly before me two iron bolts by which the main rigging was secured; they looked very tempting; I sprang and caught hold of them; at that moment the boat was taken from under me by the roll of the vessel, and I was left hanging by my hands. I could see others on each side of me; in a moment, up rose the sea and boat again lifting us up, when I caught another hold, and was soon on to the rail. All were out of the boat but one,—he had hurt himself the day before, and was not able to get up: a rope was got over, and he was drawn up. How thankful I felt to be once more in safety, and with a prospect of having plenty to eat and drink! The ship was Italian. We were kindly welcomed by the captain, who was serving out geneva when I got ast. He was a fine jolly and burly old fellow, with a most benevolent countenance, and with his crew were doing their best to assist for our comfort; only we could not understand each other. It was now about 10 A.M., and we had been about twenty hours in the boat. In a short space of time we were all arrayed in warm dry clothing, and in possession of the captain's cabin; they soon got us warm tea and biscuit, and we saw preparations for something more substantial; some fowls were killed, which were served up in the evening in the shape of a stew. After the first meal was over, we then began to move about—to learn something of our preservers, and whereabouts we were. She was an Italian barque and crew of Genoa, bound from the Mediterranean laden with wheat, to call at Cork for orders; her name was *Marianopolis*, Captain Gion Batta Cavassa. Her position this day at noon, N. lat. 45° 54', W. long. 7° 18', Greenwich meridian. She had experienced pretty heavy weather, and had been obliged some time previous to throw overboard some of her cargo, but at this time was safe, dry, and snug. We now felt very comfortable, and quite at home. We could talk freely, and began to realize more fully the dreadful catastrophe we had witnessed. It appeared more terrible to us now than at the time, or during the night, as our own safety then was very doubtful. In the afternoon I laid down and had a sleep, and a troubled sleep it was. I passed through all the horrors of another shipwreck. And for many nights after, and I may say many weeks after, I had to go through the same ordeal. At night, I can't say we went to bed: most of us lay down on the wheat, which was loose in bulk, and covered ourselves with sails, and felt very comfortable: such a happy change from last night.

The next morning we found ourselves all very sore, particularly our hands. Having sat so long in one position, our knees and legs got stiff, and some could barely manage to crawl about. The weather was still boisterous. About noon we had quite an alarm. The rudder-head was

carried away, and of course the vessel became unmanageable; the seas thumping against her sides most unmercifully. We had a carpenter in our party; and he and some of the others rendered the Italians great assistance. In the course of half-an-hour all was secure again. The day passed, and another night came. Next morning (Sunday) we found the weather still unpleasant—wind unfavourable—with no prospect of getting to land that day. We were now getting uneasy, longing to see land again. The captain gave us to understand that he could not land us at Brest; but would go on to Falmouth, which was just as agreeable to us as the former place.

So another, the third, night came, and we really hoped that we would get on to land to-morrow. When it came, which was now Monday, it was fine, with a fair wind. We were now in the English Channel. About 10 A.M., sighted land—the Scillys or Land's End. How rejoiced we were once more to behold it! We were now all alive and happy with the thoughts of being on shore at night. During the afternoon were anxiously looking out in hopes a pilot would be got to take us in. Evening came and none was to be seen. The wind increased, and we were in doubt if we would get in before night after all. The two Lizard lights bore nearly ahead of us, and we running towards land. About 10 P.M., the vessel was put about to stand off for the night, and by twelve o'clock the wind had increased to nearly a gale, blowing dead on shore. The captain with his crew on deck all the time, apparently very anxious; we could not communicate our fears, or learn anything of our state. They were continually singing out and directing; and we not understanding them, rather tended to increase our fears.

But our little barque held her own. Between three and four in the morning, she was put about to run slowly to land. The day broke with a fog; soon it rose, and then was to be seen the land close by, and we running along, with Falmouth harbour fair before us. Three cheers for our captain! We ran in and dropped anchor. Shortly after, an agent or interpreter came on board. Our history was made known to him. When he returned to shore he took three of us with him, including the chief engineer, who then made his report, and the news was soon telegraphed to London. I could scarcely believe my good fortune when looking back to five or six days ago; then it appeared too much to expect—and now that I was commencing a new existence. On Wednesday night, on board the *London*, there seemed to be so little possibility of any ever being saved, much less me; and I so fully expected to meet death.

We had to remain on board a few hours until noon, when a steam-tug came alongside. The captain took us on shore, we said good-by to our Italian preservers, and with many cheers from them we parted. I need not carry the history of the adventure any further; but am pleased to add that, when the facts were made known to the Board of Trade of London, a gold chronometer, with a suitable inscription, was awarded to Captain Cavaana for his noble and humane conduct towards us.

Thought and Language.

(AN APPENDIX.)

THE paper under the title "Thought and Language," which appeared in this Magazine for May last, represents, it is presumed demonstratively, that the development of thought by language is a very different process from what it is believed to be. A brief appendix is now proposed, in order to indicate some of the effects which that representation, if admitted, must have on certain dogmas in works of education, on certain undetermined questions in speculative philosophy, and in aid of a science lately set on foot under the name of the Science of Language.

First, it removes from logic the dogma of three operations of the mind, making them out to be distinctions without a difference: for that under a term, and under a proposition, and under a syllogism at full, the act of the understanding is always the same, a conclusion from premises. It is true that a term gives the conclusion, but does not give the premises; for the premises are presumed to have produced their effect, and not to need repetition. So we drop the premises of a syllogism at full when they have yielded their conclusion, and take our next step without them; so again, when the terms of a proposition have yielded the one meaning which springs from them, the expression is also one, and we cannot divide it: we can but go back to the two meanings of the grammatical parts before they specialized each other, and thus fused into one.

As to grammar, the effect of admitting the views unfolded in the previous paper, will be to unfix almost all its distinctions and definitions by showing them to be unsound. Grammar is the handmaid of Logic. She has to fashion the materials which he supplies, and put them together with seemly junction; but that is all. She is not responsible for the sense they are to yield; but only for the correctness of the structure which will contain it. The criterion, therefore, of a grammatical element is its form, and only its form. Thus we know that *John* is a mere grammatical element, because by its form it calls on us not to rest satisfied with it in its separate state, but to wait for another part which will join and make sense with it; and if sometimes this other part is not added, then *John* means other than *John* simply, inasmuch as no rational being ever utters the word *John* without saying or meaning something which *John* by itself does not mean. Thus again we know for the same reason that *idle* is a part of speech, and wait for the part which is to make sense with it. Let that part come in the shape of the word *John*, and we have a constructed noun, one of whose parts we call an adjective and the other its substantive. And why do we call them so? Because (so it will probably be answered)

John is the name of the thing, and *idle* only indicates a quality of the thing. This, though the fact in this instance is so, will not do as the ground for a grammatical definition. The proper ground, and the only proper ground, is difference of form; and when, detached from context, a part of speech should happen to have no form by which it can be known, we have to wait for the known form of the part to which it is joined; or if this should fail, which in our language is often the case, then we must be guided by the relative position of the two parts, as in determining the adjective and substantive in the constructed nouns *chestnut horse*, and *horse chestnut*. That it is quite beside the mark to call a word an adjective because it signifies a quality, will appear the moment we give it the form of a substantive, as in the conversion of *idle* into *idleness*. This is now capable of an adjective, as *habitual idleness*, which is a constructed noun. Again let the substantive become an adjective, and the part of speech we join with it must take the form of an adverb in order to agree with it grammatically, as *habitually idle*, which is a constructed adjective. Along with this adjective put the substantive *John*, and we have a constructed noun. But a noun, whether constructed or unconstructed, is still but a part of speech, and always awaits a verb. Let us then add a suitable verb, that is, a verb in the third person singular, which is all that grammar requires, leaving to logic the care that it make sense also, and we get the completed construction or speech, *John is habitually idle*. Now here arises a problem which puzzled one of the acutest grammarians that ever lived,* and he left it unsolved, though Lindley Murray and the fry of grammarians before and after him find no difficulty in the matter. Before attempting a solution we may be sure of this, that the meaning of a verb has nothing to do with its function as a verb. It must in some way be the amalgamator of all the parts of which itself is one of the parts, so as to make them the completed one expression with one meaning, for which we were waiting while the parts were in progress. In point of fact, the completed expression is the verb—the one word with the one meaning, which we could not convey without reference to abstract meanings from which, as from premises, that one meaning was to flow. And the function of the grammatical verb is, to draw all the other parts immediately or mediately to itself: for instance, in the example just given, *habitually* and *idle* being fused into one meaning are drawn to the part of speech *is*, and with it they make—not yet the completed verb—but a verb that wants only a nominative to be complete. This uncompleted verb draws to itself the nominative *John*, and the logical, in contradistinction to the mere grammatical verb, is now built up. But even here we may have only completed a step with a view to another: the logical verb in which we mean to rest may require part after part in the shape of periods, and paragraphs, and chapters, and books. We mean this, if we mean anything, when we call the Bible the word of God, implying that no one part is to be understood by

* See HORNE TOOKER'S *Diversions of Purley*.

itself, but interpreted according to the spirit or sense that flows from the whole. And as to any completed construction, grammar, if we choose, can always furnish contrivances to render it incomplete. Thus, our last example, *John is habitually idle*, becomes a constructed noun when we say, *John, who is habitually idle*; for what was previously a grammatical verb agreeing with *John*, now agrees with *who* as its grammatical nominative, and the effect is that this construction, though complete, serves, when complete, only as an adjective to the substantive *John*.

The distinctions and divisions laid down by the ordinary grammarian agree very little with these views. If its peculiar function in building up the construction is to be understood as the sole ground of difference between one part of speech and another, why is an article made a distinct part of speech from an adjective, or a pronoun from a noun? There may be a convenience in distinguishing them by those special names; but to arrange them as if distinct in *genus*, is proof of ignorance of what is fundamental in grammar. It is ignorance of the same kind which, when a name has been given to a part of speech in one shape, insists on retaining the name when its shape and function are different. A noun or pronoun in the genitive case, as *John's* from *John*, *his* from *he*, may be so described; but then it should be added that it ceases to be a noun or pronoun, and has the function of an adjective. Conjunctions and prepositions are imperfectly described by any definition which does not show that their use in speech is to construct adjectives and adverbs, and that the sole difference between the one sort of connective and the other is, that in our language a preposition always makes sense with, or as the grammarian properly phrases it, governs an accusative, and a conjunction does not. We say, for instance, *She with me is invited*, but *She and I are invited*. Now in the former example, *with me* serves as an adjective, *she* being the substantive word, and the constructed nominative hence arising, is a nominative of the third person singular; while in the latter example, the conjunction *and* has the function of an adjective, *I* being the substantive word, and the result of the union of this constructed nominative with *she* the other nominative, is a nominative plural of the first person; for the verb *are* is equivalent to *sumus* and not *sunt*. Let us now change in both examples, the position of what is added to *she*; let us say, as to the former example, *She is invited with me*—*with me* must now be considered a constructed adverb; let us say as to the latter example, *She is invited and so am I*,—*and* must now be considered an adverb awaiting a verb to make sense with it, and when the verb *so am I*, is added, the two parts construct an adverb; for the vague general meaning of *and* is made special by what follows it. In this manner do both the examples in their latter arrangement divide into the same grammatical parts, verb and adverb, just as does such a simpler example as *He fares sumptuously*.

Grammar and logic are arts whose place in the circle of learning cannot be questioned; and we reach their full value when we ascertain the true foundation on which their principles rest. This kind of service

is what our investigation is meant to render. But there is a department in the circle of learning which, we venture to say, would not be there at all, at least with the pretensions it holds forth, if its promulgators had been aware that the ministry of language to thought is such as we have shown it to be when its ministry is not abused. For it has been demonstrated that in the deductive process or development of thought every part of speech is destined by union with another part to lose the meaning it has while separate—while abstract—and to yield with that other part a single more special meaning,—nay, sometimes a meaning quite the reverse of the previous meaning of one of the parts. Now to set up these terms in their abstract state as things, or the names of things which have existence elsewhere than in our thinking selves (existing here only as means to an end), is to set up subjects for inquiry or discussion concerning which our inquiries and discussions can never come to a conclusion; because, when we have incautiously admitted the existence of things answering to those abstract terms, and allowed a chain of reasoning to follow which in itself is incontrovertible, there will always be ground for difference of view and difference of opinion as to the things about which the reasoning has been held. It is only in the metaphysics of quantity that such a course can be taken without this result. Here, indeed, from a point, a line, or a circle, we can abstract what is common to every point, to every line, to every circle, as it exists in reality, and dropping the differences of the real individual things, we can set up the abstractions in place of the things. So from things which are capable of being counted or calculated, we can abstract the calculus itself without reference to the things, and operate with it to an indefinite extent and to results unattainable without it. In both these cases we know not only that the process brings with it the utmost certainty, but that it is of unquestionable practical utility? And why? Because, when it is at an end, we have before us the real things from which, and for the sake of which, the abstractions were set up; and because our conclusions, though allowances may be necessary, can always be applied to them as they exist in nature.

See now how different is the case with all metaphysics but the metaphysics of quantity. From man, admitted on all hands to be a reasoning, thinking creature, obvious to external sense as having size and weight, we abstract the one property and call it *mind* or *spirit*, the other property and call it *body* or *matter*. The distinction is useful, perhaps indispensable, for the ends of discourse, and for still higher ends if we do not go back and raise the question whether things exist or can exist separately in correspondence with the abstractions. Here human science fails, and we do wrong to the modesty of science when we presume the contrary; nor do we escape penalties for the wrong. Witness the impostures and self-delusions which have sprung from it in every age, our own by no means excepted; witness the endless speculations in what is considered the highest philosophy, speculations ever changing their shapes like the figures in a kaleidoscope.

Nothing is certain amid all this, but that man is a reasoning, thinking creature, and that he needs, for the sake of his morals and his happiness, a firm belief that after the sleep of death he shall in some way rise again. We may accept this truth as Plato teaches it, or as Paul; but in neither case is it a truth arising out of human science.* Human science confines itself to what can be known by human faculties; on the unknowable it looks and should look with awe and reverence, but there it stops. Not so the metaphysician. He insists that man is mind, teaching us at one time, say in ancient Greece, that mind is immersed in matter only to be let free again; at another time, say in modern Germany, that matter is poured into mind through its receptivities of time and place, and then moulded by the understanding, apart from the pure reason, into the phenomena of the sensible universe; that when these phenomena are no longer present, it will be because he will have left behind him the region of the contingent, the finite, and the conditioned, and reached that of the absolute, the infinite, the unconditioned; that there, all things were phenomenal; here, they are what they are in themselves. Science is incapable of these flights. It defines man as a rational animal, and affirms the things amid which he is placed, to be, for him, what they are experienced to be, regarding further inquiry into their nature as fruitless and therefore idle. It considers the terms absolute, infinite, unconditioned, as terms that veil the unknowable; terms easily invented for that end, because, since by joining an abstract negative to other words, we get new abstractions which are reverse in meaning to the previous abstractions, as from *just unjust*, from *gratitude ingratitude*; so by joining the same or a similar negative to the words *contingent, finite, conditioned*, things we are well acquainted with, we get the words, though strangers to the things, *uncontingent or absolute, infinite, unconditioned*.

And if we have rightly interpreted the ministry of language to thought, and the interpretation must, when admitted, have the effects on the departments of learning which have been thus far referred to, there is another department, a science of late institution, of which it claims to be a constituent part—the science of language. It is the purpose of this science to ascertain what languages are of one family, and to trace all of the family up to a common parent. How much of collateral interest goes with inquiry of this kind, may be judged by the papers on the “Study of Celtic Literature” which have recently appeared in the pages of this Magazine. The science has reached this fact, that there are three families of language, and it is strongly surmised that these three have a common origin. Whether this shall be proved or not, surely it is important, while the inquiry is being pursued through the labyrinths of comparative etymology, to place by its side a true account of what all language must be in its relation to thought, why men in a state of society must be *μῆποις*, or voice-, that is to say, verb-dividers, and how the first rude effects of this necessity must ripen, by time and the pressure of inevitable circumstances, into language or languages such as now exist.

I. Visit to Santorin.

A **LONG** rocky isle sloping from a peak on the east, almost to the sea on the west, from behind which rose two columns of vapour, thin and writhing, one brown as coal-smoke, the other white as the spray of some cascade in the sun; both accumulating in the upper air, in a huge cumulus, which drifted slowly away to the east. Such was our first view of Santorin, as sunrise brought us out of our beds on the good yacht *Albanian*, which had brought us from Crete, and was beating up against a light north-west wind. Then, as we came closer, say five or six miles, we began to hear the roar of escaping vapours like some huge steamer letting off steam, not constant, but in occasional and irregular gusts, each accompanied by a gush of smoke, alternating brown and ominous with white and fitful.

The *Albanian* made her last tack to the eastward for that voyage, and we ran past the southern horn of the crescent isle, and entered the bay, bottomless, in the midst of which mythological Vulcan was getting to work again. What we saw resembled more two colossal coal-heaps than anything else: black, formless, streaming and smoking; while the intermitting roar of steam was almost deafening. Everything about it suggested Birmingham, except the blue sea, and bluer sky, cloudless except for the product of this great furnace. If one had seen this in England, he would have said that some huge dépôt of coal had caught fire, and that, after days of useless fighting the fire, the owners had turned a small river on, and left the two to determine the question of victory by themselves. But now and then a larger burst of the denser smoke, or of the white steam coming out with a roar or shriek, showed that somewhere beneath there was higher pressure than all Wall's End afire would breed. Drifting slowly thitherward, we entered the current of stained and sulphurous water which set out from the volcano, and, running as close as the panic of the Greek sailors would permit, we made more leisurely acquaintance with the phenomenon.

As everybody in general knows, the two original islands of this eruption are not only united with each other, but with one of the older results of the subaqueous workings, Neo-Kaimene. The so-called *Aphroessa* is now a rounded hillock in the midst of a field of black rock, emitting incessantly a yellowish brown vapour, varied with occasional puffs of the same, which rise and open out into the sky, as volcanic puffs always do; while George 1st—as the hasty patriotic ambition of a Decigala named the first appearance of a new extension in the Grecian domain—is only an addition to the last-formed island, and, like *Aphroessa*, is a heap of rocks in the midst of a field of the same, but differing from the other in several

curious details. The effusions of George 1st are ordinarily steam, with occasional eruptions of ash-coloured smoke, and intermittent—at times scarcely an appearance of vapour issuing from the crater; while Aphroessa emits only smoke, and with comparatively little sound, and with no absolute intermissions. Aphroessa again is a regularly rounded hillock, showing the action of a constant force; while George 1st is irregular in form, is inconstant in action, with fissures all down its sides and around its summit, pouring forth steam and sulphurous vapours, from which sulphur crystallizes over all the rocks around the fissures. At the water's edge, too, around the latter, are openings from which steam in great quantities escapes; and from the principal crater the steam and hot air issue with a whistle like that of a locomotive: of which more anon. Stones one rarely sees, though they do occasionally fly to small distances.

Passing to windward of the volcano, the air was strongly sulphurous, though no currents of hot air were perceptible. We came to anchor on the rocky shoal, which they say who know more of the secrets of the sea than I, was once a subaqueous volcano. We sent the boat ashore for pratique, and after a hasty lunch landed on the southernmost point of Palaio-Kaimene, with my photographic traps. The ancient and unconquerable fire was in excellent order; at almost regular intervals one heard the roar, dull and heavy, of Aphroessa, and the rush and shriek of the masculine-named crater; and the great columns of smoke, pitchy or snowy, with nearly exact alternation, climbed up into the still air with extraordinary swiftness. I pitched my tent and got my quickest objective to bear on the phenomenon, in hopes to catch some of its graver manifestations, stood all ready with my hand on the shutter until my plate was in danger of spoiling, and then took what came, developed, and got ready again, &c. &c. But nothing came beyond these regular jets of gases, sometimes small in quantity, and at times gushing out like a huge mushroom, spreading, growing, vanishing away. Then a few minutes' silence, another shriek, followed by another rush of steam and smoke, and so on, until the light waxed faint and useless for photographic purposes, when I packed tent and we left for the yacht, taking the route nearest the volcano which the fears of the sailors permitted. These fears were droll. They were not of the stones or of the sulphurous air, but of the hot water and the acids in it—of the former's melting all the pitch out of the seams of the boat, and scalding them to death, or of the latter's eating all the copper nails up, and letting us dissolve in the corrosive element. One of the sailors kept trying the water with his hand, and the moment it was found to be warm enough for a warm bath, round they pulled out to a safer distance, and nothing would induce them to go nearer.

We loitered along, and it was past sunset ere we came under the lee of the volcano, which now began to show its flames from both craters: not a generous fire, but little flickering flames lapping out of the crevices of the summits from incandescent interiors, like great packed-down coal fires.

The smoke of Aphroessa as it came between us and the sunset sky was of a beautiful golden brown, like thin bitumen spread on glass, and the cratress "mingled her flames with twilight," where golden, crimson, and purple tints were gradually following the sun down the western sky with every promise of a pleasant morrow.

All night long the rumbling and roaring awaked us at intervals, and brought us up to look at the fires. The red light illuminated the smoke of Aphroessa, and the flitting, coming-and-going masses of white vapour of George 1^{er} but only suggested the more strongly a forge. The whole thing looked so purely like a colossal smithy, that the absence of the hammer-wielders was more noticeable than the presence of anything which was.

The next morning we proposed to make a nearer acquaintance, and having procured two strong-backed Greeks from Santorin, I planted my tripods on the summit of Micro-Kaïmene, looking down on the volcano from nearly half a mile. This is an extinct crater, yawning with incoherent rocks, a pit half filled with *débris*, as if it had suddenly stopped work, and had never been cleaned out since, the slag and cinders protruding from the inner slopes. I took post on the edge of the basin, my tent sheltered slightly from the morning sun by a huge mass of rock, and was not long in getting to work. The roar here was sometimes almost deafening—the volcano evidently a little more active. Ever and anon huge bursts of ash-coloured smoke, like a stone pine in shape, rolled up from George 1^{er}, and Aphroessa made several magnificent eruptions. I didn't succeed in catching one of the fine ones, only several of the smaller sort, and some tolerably satisfactory long-focus views. It had not occurred to me that there could be danger, and I stood quietly developing a view, my head and shoulders buried in yellow calico, when I heard an unusual roar, and immediately my Greeks, with many exclamations, among which I distinguished "Stones, stones," began to use that classic precaution of which Ulysses set so notable an example under circumstances which I imagine would be found, if truth were arrived at, not so very dissimilar to ours; and of which Turner, I imagine, would have given a different version from that of Trafalgar Square if he had been in my place, with his head in a cube of yellow cloth, and the possible alternative of ruining his negative or of having his bones and head broken by a flying messenger from the Cyclops working at the fires underneath Aphroessa. I finished developing my negative, however, and then looked out. The smoke in extraordinary mass had already climbed a mile high, and threw a shadow over the whole group of Kaïmene, but the stones, if any had been thrown up, had of course long since fallen. The incident had numerous suggestions of unpleasant consequences; and I frankly confess that I felt nervous during the remainder of my stay on Micro-Kaïmene. I didn't retreat, however, until the sun, with perhaps a little assistance from the volcano, had made the hill-top too warm for comfort, and R—— had finished his explorations in the neighbourhood of the new land, and

was calling me from the water's edge, to get back to the midday meal. The position was tenable but uncomfortable, and, to add to my embarrassments, my bath—one I had made myself in Crete out of plates of glass, of the shape known technically as "flat"—had begun to leak, and I was obliged to bottle the nitrate abruptly.

Lunch over, I took the boat, and making the circuit of Neo-Kaïmene, landed on the further extremity of Palaio-Kaïmene, and proceeded to expose some dry plates, during the intervals of which I explored this point of the island. The geological formation of this individual of the group tells, as well as the tradition, that it is the oldest; and, in fact, the great mass of it is evidently the result of upheaval. But the point on which I had landed was a huge peninsula of scoria, of which one saw the source in a little crater-shaped pond near the more solid rock. To a geologist, Palaio-Kaïmene must be a most interesting study; its contorted, upheaved, massive beds of rock, with peninsulas of later growth, having, doubtless, a curious story to tell to those who know its language. I do not, but I could guess at something. The view of the present field of operations from this point was interesting. Aphroessa in front, pushing out two long points of rocky islet, and behind, scarcely visible, George 1^{er}; at left and right two subaqueous openings, emitting masses of steam, and, beyond all visible terrene action or effect, the water seemed boiling and discoloured, even to half-way across the channel, between Neo- and Palaio-Kaïmene. Behind the new formation was the truncated cone of Neo-Kaïmene, whose long peninsulas of black rock pushing off to the northward, showed, in their forms and material, the identity of the action which produced them with that now at work.

My day's record would not be complete did I omit to say that, when I came to develop my plates at night, I found that the curiosity of the men in the boat had given me another illustration of the vexations which dry-plate workers are subject to. One of my double-plate holders had been opened, and both plates bore the marks of fingers on the collodion. I was divided between the desire to punish their impudence, and to laugh at the disappointment they must have experienced in finding nothing but a plain piece of glass, when they expected to find pictures ready made; but it is needless to say that the former desire was the strongest by far.

The following day I took some dry plates and the pluckiest man of the crew, and mounted upon Neo-Kaïmene. From this point the spectacle is magnificent, and the revelation complete. There seems to be no proper crater, but a mass of broken rock, from the fissures of which issue jets of steam or smoke from one or the other crater. From all around columns of steam arise without any sound, or at least none perceptible in the roar of George 1^{er}, which was at times almost stunning. The great mass of steam seemed to come from an opening half-way between the two craters, and out of the midst of this I saw a little fountain of black sand spurting up at short intervals above the white chaos. But his Majesty was the chief point of interest. At intervals we could hear, beginning far down

in the bowels of the earth, a whistle precisely like that of a locomotive, only of Titanic force, which, rising and growing stronger, came shrieking out of the crater, followed by a roar like that of an immense high-pressure boiler letting off steam. This was accompanied by a jet of hot air, through which I could see clearly but tremulously, as one always sees through hot air; then came a rush of steam, and at long intervals the ash-coloured smoke. The sound during the emission of the steam was so loud that we could not hear each other's voices even from near. Flames we saw not in the daylight, but all over the hillock arose little jets of smoke or steam, and over a large portion of the surface the stones were covered with sulphur like a gilding.

The increment of the volcanic land is not by eruption, for the stones thrown out are an insignificant part of the amount, but apparently by an action similar to that of the glaciers. The internal pressure forces out the plastic, not liquid matter, which, pressing down on every side, pushes off, wherever the nature of the ground makes it most easy to flow, streams of the black crumbly rock, fragments of which you see tumbling down continually as they are pushed beyond their poise. Nothing illustrates it so completely as the movement of the glaciers, and as for the material, I have compared it to a half-burnt coal-heap; and do not know what more I could say to any one who knows what coal is.

My view from the summit taken, I descended the slope which lay between me and the base of the volcano. Here was a chaos of black rock piled and pushed up into fantastic forms, yawning clefts, and crumbling masses on which one feared to step; the most of it a half-fused crystalline rock, which I doubt not had once been granite. Here and there specimens were fused into pumice, and others were almost vitreous, but everywhere all appearance of structure was destroyed. I climbed the side of the volcano as far as the blasts of mephitic vapours made it safe to go, and made a small package of newly crystallized sulphur, which filled in some places the crevices between the stones where the vapour issued. The stones were so hot that my feet felt their heat through my thick-soled shoes even uncomfortably, and I dislodged some specimens which were too hot to hold, covered with sulphur, with drops of the mother liquid standing on them. One wonders at first that the sulphur should not be burnt up in that intense heat, but afterwards remembers that oxygen is necessary to combustion. At one of these orifices where the steam was issuing scalding hot, I found a brilliantly coloured lichen growing, yellow, purple, and brown, with shades of the latter approaching intense red. The ground there was too hot to stand on, but on the nearest cooler rocks, nor indeed anywhere else, could I find anything resembling vegetation. I secured half-a-dozen specimens, which I still have, though one of the finest afterwards unfortunately got wet and partially dissolved, forming a gelatinous substance, which, when dry again, had lost all of its original appearance. The other specimens preserve their form and nearly their colour, only less brilliant.

My plates being all used up, I beat a retreat, my pockets full of specimens, and several, which were too large for these receptacles, in my arms ; and drenched and dripping with perspiration between the solar and terrene fires, I regained the summit of Neo-Kaimene to find that my attendant had retreated to the yacht, leaving me to lug back traps, specimens, and all, alone.

I remoistened my half-desiccated body with a bottle of Bass's ale, and after a short repose moved my tent up into the ruins of the village demolished by the early eruption, and pitched it in the little Catholic chapel, which like its neighbour, the Greek, had suffered severely from the flying stones. The floor was covered by the *débris* of the walls and stones that had broken them in. A mass of rock of three or four tons, which had evidently been half-molten when it fell, had gone through the roof, and fallen on the stone altar, effectually demolishing it. The houses of the village were battered as if by a bombardment, apertures yawning, and walls and ceilings crumbling everywhere : of some walls only the foundations were visible, and stones of several feet in diameter were lying amidst the ruins. A more extraordinary picture of desolation and destruction I never saw. No green or living thing (except ourselves) was visible. The sea steamed like a cauldron, and above, that great black glacier seemed moving down to cover and hide for ever the ruins of the village ; ever and anon a mass of its rock falling down its slope, smoking like a petty avalanche, and marking its slow progress. One could not help thinking of Pompeii, though the contrast between the iron shroud slowly enveloping this little village, and the snow of ashes which silenced the Roman city, was strong enough.

People have asked me since my return from Santorin, if there was any danger for that island ; but looking down from Thera on the volcano, one could scarcely ask the question, so immense is the bay and so insignificant the work being done by the fires. This eruption is evidently one of many which have raised the island group, and which will probably end as the others ended, in a little increase of the territory of Hellas. The amount of land hitherto formed bears no comparison with that formed by the last eruption, though it seems likely that this one may end in the union of some or all the islands, and the production, some ages hence, of a new brand of wine even better than the Santorin I brought away with me.

Parsonism in Earndale.

I NEVER thought my parish what the teetotal lecturer terms it, "A Pandemaynian;" nor did I ever quite endorse friend Jolly's apothegm, that "Earndale is as near paradise as earth can be," though there have been times when, under vexation or the reverse sentiment, I have oscillated towards one or other of those contradictory descriptions. But the laity of Earndale are really not different from laity elsewhere: whether the powers clerical are, can only be decided by those who examine the phenomena. In the present age of secularisation of politics, the parson is relieved of many a burden which formerly brought odium on the office, especially in the case of those energetic parsons who would not, like their neighbours, transfer to others the responsibility of thought and action which in the way of duty devolved on them. And my experience of parsonism in Earndale is, that we are clergy of clergy average. We are not hyper-excellent, nor are we in danger of lunacy from much learning. We are not odious, we are not so harassed with care as to sacrifice the intellectual in a routine too hard for flesh and blood and intellect. We are not so aristocratic as to keep down the squirearchy, nor so statesmanlike in our views as to consider our orbits the satellites of a central sun. We are simply Earndalers. The rector is head of the staff, and his authority compensates for the surveillance enjoyed by ecclesiastical powers in the Southern Province.

But the parish of Earndale is not such as are the parishes of that sunny Primacy. It is long and straggling, and extends over miles. In the early time when all England was divided into parishes by Archbishop Theodore, we in Earndale disdained any such division, and our king of Strathclyde bore us out in our contumacy, for did not John the Baptist himself found Earndale Church, though ecclesiologists may ignore that fact? But our forefathers, seeing the advantage of the archbishop's system, framed their own parish, rich in glebe and tithe, and embracing twelve villages. The extremities of the parish were washed on one side by the sea—marked on the other by a rude cross on the summit of a bleak range, where moor-fowl and poachers are the only parishioners.

The old church was not long the only place of worship. Chapels sprung up in the hamlets, which yet bear marks of their subjection to the mother church by the want of tower and bell. Most of these have been supplemented with endowments, and are called chapelries. We have, too, an old Roman Catholic chapel, attached to a manse in which remains the hole to hide the priest in a time of search. There is a Quaker's meeting-house, built in the time of George Fox himself; and since I have been rector,

two new churches have been built—handsome ones, very, but their stipends are anything but handsome. I coax stray shepherds to these folds, but I am ashamed to encounter them : they are merely bags of bones—their skins simply serve to crate them together. Good men they are, but untalented, for they lack that nineteenth-century characteristic—conceit.

Of the predecessor rectors one was hanged ; not by law punitive, but by the Scotch, when they made a border raid as far as Earndale, and burned his church a little before the battle of Flodden. His successor was a member of the militant church, and accompanied Lord Surrey's army in the hope of recovering part of the church's plundered spoils. There yet hangs in our chancel an old helmet, said to be a trophy of his personal valour on that memorable field. The next I have heard of served the church throughout the vicissitudes of Edward VI., Mary, and to the fifteenth of Elizabeth, with a conscience as complaisant as that of his contemporary Dean of Canterbury. Later on we had a good, learned man, who made the Sunday service the institution of Earndale, as my young brethren now do penny readings and sabbath-school excursions. In those days, when there was scarcely any exit to a wider world, people were glad to go to church, and at the rectory hospitality was rectorial. Tables were spread in the hall for the neighbours from a distance, and food provided on the feast day, for their bodily needs, as well as a lengthy logical discourse for their spiritual wants. The remnants of recusancy were driven to the chapel, in those days kept snug. In the great rising of the North the rector was arrested by the rebels, but his jailers being his own parishioners, he did not meet with ill-treatment, only his goods were wasted, and he could obtain no remedy from the commissioners sent down by Walsingham. In the reign of Charles I., the rector was of course loyal, but being a good lazy soul, hoped to escape the harrowing of either party. So he did, till "The Triers" came,—gentlemen (no, they weren't gentlemen, but "spiritual men") who ejected poor Rector Jolf because he rode a nag which he called "Bishop," out of regard to its former owner, a real lawn-sleeved prelate: It was enough—the prelatic nag ejected his master from the rectory : besides, that rector understood, though but lamely, three languages, Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, "which," it was sagely remarked, "was never no good; they were once in mockery set a-top of his Master's cross." So ejected was Jolf, and Ephraim Stiles was injected, whose energy produced an intestine revolution in Earndale. The congregation (which had begun to wax lazy, and instead of observing the rule prescribed in *Eikon Basilike*, "half Sunday at church, half at bowls and games," had got into the habit of slumbering the first half, but religiously observing the exercises of the latter half,) were drawn to church, galleries were built in pile above pile, and because the noble endowment had suffered in Edward VI.'s reform, the ecclesiastical commissioners of the day fined the Popish recusants of the parish a good round sum to be paid to the rector to eke out his scanty income. Meanwhile at Hartrigge, one of the chapelries, there was a cavalier squire who simply set the major-

general of the district at defiance. He *would not* allow a "painful brother" of Rector Stiles to officiate in the chapel, and at length the "painful brother," finding no congregation, and being once shot at by a retired follower of Prince Rupert, who had taken refuge at Hartrigge Hall, and confronted by early "friends," who heaped on him the epithets he had been in the habit of heaping on the episcopal clergy, forsook Hartrigge for a more Hermon-bedewed sphere. And then the squire sent to Oxford for a dutiful doctor, and the doctor (afterwards a dignitary) used on Sunday to recite from memory the Church Service to a crowded congregation. Good old Stiles, true as he was to his tenets, not only bore with all, but was said to have paid visits to the county jail, where he relieved sundry unfortunate rectors in durance vile, for doing what at Hartrigge was done with impunity.

Presently came the change, painful Stiles was driven out, and a new rector was installed, but without the remittances from recusants. I know little of the state of things then, save that at a confirmation the candidates were ranged in twos in the churchyard, and the bishop passing down laid his hands on each, repeating the words to threescore at once, and then going on to "bishop" others. After the confirmation was a bull-fight. We had a legacy to maintain that disgraceful spectacle, and a sermon on the same day, bequeathed by the same individual. I have heard that John Wesley came amongst us, and said we were a hard-hearted lot; that must have been early in his career. In 1745 the Pretender's men burned my church registers, scratched out the name of "King George," and wrote in "King James" in the parish prayer-book, from which their chaplain read the service in Earndale Church.

Rector Derwell was a magisterial character, and headed a charge of yeomanry when the riots of 1780 raised a sympathetic movement even in our quiet valley. His passion for hunting was great, so that on a Sunday he had been known to ride off to a meet, and wonder what the throng of people churchward-bound meant. During his incumbency the devil made his appearance in Earndale, and bewitched a young woman. Derwell ridiculed the creed of his parishioners, said young women were always bewitching, and often had a spice of that inspiration about them. However, he was prevailed on to try exorcism; so a great crowd gathered and stood about the woman's house. The feat of entering it was reserved for the rector, but he found the fiend too much for him, and was bodily chased by the damsel into the mob without, minus wig and band. Still he took credit from this attempt, for within the year the same Mary — came to her right mind, as an entrance in our marriage register remains to prove.

But laymen of that age were not such as they are in this generation of commissions and penny press. Magistrates used to decide by shrewd common sense, and if laws were appealed to, sometimes the justice's wife was sent for to read and explain what her lord's capacities and acquirements failed to comprehend. The treatment of idiots was disgraceful.

They were insulted, chased, and pelted by rude boys. Lunatics were chained without clothing in damp cellars, and the ravings of delirium quieted by the lash. The sick, if their disease was infectious, were carried to a pest-house, far from friend or relative, and left to the kindness of old hags, who thought it a charity to stifle under a blanket the spark of life which could but for a little longer scintillate in misery. The children of the parish—boys and girls—all went to the one school—low, narrow, and damp, in a filthy yard. They were a defiant and mischievous lot, and the training to which they were subjected made them so. At Easter a main of cocks was fought in the school, the master holding the stakes. The church gates at a wedding were besieged by urchins demanding henn-money; and unless forthcoming to their satisfaction, the bride and bridegroom were pelted. In school the Bible was the text-book for all, and the upper classes learned Latin enough to translate Virgil and the dialogues of Erasmus, or the Testament of Beza. Boors as they were in manners, such an education carried in it seeds for future harvest. In the decline of his years the retired tradesman had merely to rake up his school lore to find sources of interest after his figures and routine ceased to charm.

In the townships or chapelries the clergyman was generally son or brother of resident yeomen. Sometimes he resided with the farmers, and worked in the field by day, and at night taught the children of the household in return for board and lodging. A congregation of three was considered a quorum, but if the weather prevented even that muster, a psalm and a prayer were read, and then the news of the day discussed. Sometimes a newspaper would be produced and read to those who could not decipher its contents. Sales and auctions were proclaimed in the churchyard after service, and busy women coming to church brought their knitting with them, and at stated times took up their work or laid it down as the officiating clerk directed. One of the Dales' clergy had to encounter opposition and unpopularity because he first introduced the turnip into Earndale. Another was famous for skill in draining. Another, like divines now-a-days, was a celebrated and successful bee-master. Another was banker and lawyer for the neighbourhood, made wills and leases when in demand—for in Earndale to this day agreements by word of mouth are the rule. Such men were not expected to write sermons, far less compose them. They laid on the pulpit-board a volume of Tillotson or Smallridge, and read it through on successive Sundays. One instance may testify to their simplicity. Corresponding with the lord bishop, the curate of Shorncliffe assumed the style and title of his cure, because he observed his lordship assumed that of his see.

Yet all was not always peace in the Dales; on a small scale the feud of Guelph and Ghibeline raged in Earndale. The Becket of the Dales was curate of Berrywell, and a sturdy champion of his name. There are old men who remember, and relate with zest, the story of the mill in the chapel-yard, when the parson and the churchwarden (who represented the

laity) had seven rounds in style within the sacred precincts, and the warden received a thrashing which kept him in bed for a week, and the parson a black eye, which drew a larger congregation than the best sermon ever heard in the Dales. It was a process of settling difficulties less expensive than by a suit in the Court of Arches, and quite as satisfactory. The particular grievance was, that the warden persisted in sitting in the vestry before service, to see that the parson didn't then and there take a glass, which surveillance the clerical man resented.

The annals of a later time—quarrels with tithe or school commissions—must be left untold, only I will remark that all such authorities have *their* way of looking at things, and we in Earndale *ours*, and hence our occasional collisions. There is, however, one bright page I am proud to remember. Not long ago Earndale was agitated to its core by the question: "How shall the rector be honoured?" A service of plate was proposed, but the funds would only furnish a teapot. Teapot the rector would have none, and the difficult question remained unsolved, till some genius hatched a proposal which recommended itself to all parties. There should be a concert given in honour of the rector by the amateurs of his flock. So there they came in troops, men with fiddles big and small, and maidens and matrons in white, and long blue streamers and dainty wreaths. They sang glees, the jolly old glees somehow banished, but now in favour again; and duets and solos were performed by ladies who had their share of admiration (if any limit thereto belongs), and by young gentlemen who died away with the pathos of the strain, or growled in jealous fury, or caracolled in cavalier style; and before we sang "God save the Queen," all, save the rector, stood up, and a rhythmical chaunt, setting forth the praises of the individual in the garlanded chair, was performed in full chorus. It was not a lullaby; it was not to the strain, "See the Conquering Hero." It was a pure Earndale composition, music and words, and sung with Earndale expression till the rafters rang again, and the rector's heart glowed and swelled, and his feelings were too strong for him to shape in articulate language the sentiments which that loud-voiced harmony of a united Earndale stirred.



CAPTAIN CLARENCE MAKES HIS FIRST ATTEMPT

The Claverings.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RIVALS.



ADY ONGAR sat alone, long into the night, when Harry Clavering had left her. She sat there long, getting up occasionally from her seat, once or twice attempting to write at her desk, looking now and then at a paper or two, and then at a small picture which she had, but passing the long hours in thinking,—in long, sad, solitary thoughts. What should she do with herself,—with herself, her title, and her money? Would it be still well that she should do something, that she should make some attempt; or should she, in truth, abandon all, as the arch-traitor did, and acknowledge that for her foot there could no longer be a resting-place on the earth? At six-and-twenty, with youth, beauty,

and wealth at her command, must she despair? But her youth had been stained, her beauty had lost its freshness; and as for her wealth, had she not stolen it? Did not the weight of the theft sit so heavy on her, that her brightest thought was one which prompted her to abandon it?

As to that idea of giving up her income and her house, and calling herself again Julia Brabazon, though there was something in the poetry of it which would now and again for half an hour relieve her, yet she hardly proposed such a course to herself as a reality. The world in which she had lived had taught her to laugh at romance, to laugh at it even while she liked its beauty; and she would tell herself that for such a one as her to do such a thing as this, would be to insure for herself the ridicule of all who knew her name. What would Sir Hugh say, and her sister? What Count Pateroff and the faithful Sophie? What all the Ongar tribe,

who would reap the rich harvest of her insanity? These latter would offer to provide her a place in some convenient asylum, and the others would all agree that such would be her fitting destiny. She could bear the idea of walking forth, as she had said, penniless into the street, without a crust; but she could not bear the idea of being laughed at when she got there.

To her, in her position, her only escape was by marriage. It was the solitude of her position which maddened her;—its solitude, or the necessity of breaking that solitude by the presence of those who were odious to her. Whether it were better to be alone, feeding on the bitterness of her own thoughts, or to be comforted by the fulsome flatteries and odious fulsenesses of Sophie Gordeloup, she could not tell. She hated herself for her loneliness, but she hated herself almost worse for submitting herself to the society of Sophie Gordeloup. Why not give all that she possessed to Harry Clavering—herself, her income, her rich pastures and horses and oxen, and try whether the world would not be better to her when she had done so?

She had learned to laugh at romance, but still she believed in love. While that bargain was going on as to her settlement, she had laughed at romance, and had told herself that in this world worldly prosperity was everything. Sir Hugh then had stood by her with truth, for he had well understood the matter, and could enter into it with zest. Lord Ongar, in his state of health, had not been in a position to make close stipulations as to the dower in the event of his proposed wife becoming a widow. "No, no; we won't stand that," Sir Hugh had said to the lawyers. "We all hope, of course, that Lord Ongar may live long; no doubt he'll turn over a new leaf, and die at ninety. But in such a case as this the widow must not be fettered." The widow had not been fettered, and Julia had been made to understand the full advantage of such an arrangement. But still she had believed in love when she had bade farewell to Harry in the garden. She had told herself then, even then, that she would have better liked to have taken him and his love,—if only she could have afforded it. He had not dreamed that on leaving him she had gone from him to her room, and taken out his picture,—the same that she had with her now in Bolton Street,—and had kissed it, bidding him farewell there with a passion which she could not display in his presence. And she had thought of his offer about the money over and over again. "Yes," she would say; "that man loved me. He would have given me all he had to relieve me, though nothing was to come to him in return." She had, at any rate, been loved once; and she almost wished that she had taken the money, that she might now have an opportunity of repaying it.

And she was again free, and her old lover was again by her side. Had that fatal episode in her life been so fatal that she must now regard herself as tainted and unfit for him? There was no longer anything to separate them,—anything of which she was aware, unless it was that. And as for

his love,—did he not look and speak as though he loved her still? Had he not pressed her hand passionately, and kissed it, and once more called her Julia? How should it be that he should not love her? In such a case as his, love might have been turned to hatred or to enmity; but it was not so with him. He called himself her friend. How could there be friendship between them without love?

And then she thought how much with her wealth she might do for him. With all his early studies and his talent Harry Clavering was not the man, she thought, to make his way in the world by hard work; but with such an income as she could give him, he might shine among the proud ones of his nation. He should go into Parliament, and do great things. He should be lord of all. It should all be his without a word of reserve. She had been mercenary once, but she would atone for that now by open-handed, undoubting generosity. She herself had learned to hate the house and fields and widespread comforts of Ongar Park. She had walked among it all alone, and despised. But it would be a glory to her to see him go forth, with Giles at his heels, boldly giving his orders, changing this and improving that. He would be rebuked for no errors, let him do with Enoch Gubby and the rest of them what he pleased! And then the parson's wife would be glad enough to come to her, and the house would be full of smiling faces. And it might be that God would be good to her, and that she would have treasures, as other women had them, and that the flavour would come back to the apples, and that the ashes would cease to grate between her teeth.

She loved him, and why should it not be so? She could go before God's altar with him without disgracing herself with a lie. She could put her hand in his, and swear honestly that she would worship him and obey him. She had been dishonest;—but if he would pardon her for that, could she not reward him richly for such pardon? And it seemed to her that he had pardoned her. He had forgiven it all and was gracious to her,—coming at her beck and call, and sitting with her as though he liked her presence. She was woman enough to understand this, and she knew that he liked it. Of course he loved her. How could it be otherwise?

But yet he spoke nothing to her of his love. In the old days there had been with him no bashfulness of that kind. He was not a man to tremble and doubt before a woman. In those old days he had been ready enough,—so ready, that she had wondered that one who had just come from his books should know so well how to make himself master of a girl's heart. Nature had given him that art, as she does give it to some, withholding it from many. But now he sat near her, dropping once and again half words of love, hearing her references to the old times;—and yet he said nothing.

But how was he to speak of love to one who was a widow but of four months' standing? And with what face could he now again ask for her hand, knowing that it had been filled so full since last it was refused to

him? It was thus she argued to herself when she excused him in that he did not speak to her. As to her widowhood, to herself it was a thing of scorn. Thinking of it, she cast her weepers from her, and walked about the room, scorning the hypocrisy of her dress. It needed that she should submit herself to this hypocrisy before the world; but he might know,—for had she not told him?—that the clothes she wore were no index of her feeling or of her heart. She had been mean enough, base enough, vile enough, to sell herself to that wretched lord. Mean, base, and vile she had been, and she now confessed it; but she was not false enough to pretend that she mourned the man as a wife mourns. Harry might have seen enough to know, have understood enough to perceive, that he need not regard her widowhood.

And as to her money! If that were the stumbling-block, might it not be well that the first overture should come from her? Could she not find words to tell him that it might all be his? Could she not say to him, "Harry Clavering, all this is nothing in my hands. Take it into your hands, and it will prosper." Then it was that she went to her desk, and attempted to write to him. She did write to him a completed note, offering herself and all that was hers for his acceptance. In doing so, she strove hard to be honest and yet not over bold; to be affectionate and yet not unfeminine. Long she sat, holding her head with one hand, while the other attempted to use the pen which would not move over the paper. At length, quickly it flew across the sheet, and a few lines were there for her to peruse.

"Harry Clavering," she had written, "I know I am doing what men and women say no woman should do. You may, perhaps, say so of me now; but if you do, I know you so well, that I do not fear that others will be able to repeat it. Harry, I have never loved any one but you. Will you be my husband? You well know that I should not make you this offer if I did not intend that everything I have should be yours. It will be pleasant to me to feel that I can make some reparation for the evil I have done. As for love, I have never loved any one but you. You yourself must know that well. Yours, altogether if you will have it so,—JULIA."

She took the letter with her, back across the room to her seat by the fire, and took with her at the same time the little portrait; and there she sat, looking at the one and reading the other. At last she slowly folded the note up into a thin wisp of paper, and, lighting the end of it, watched it till every shred of it was burnt to an ash. "If he wants me," she said, "he can come and take me,—as other men do." It was a fearful attempt, that which she had thought of making. How could she have looked him in the face again had his answer to her been a refusal?

Another hour went by before she took herself to her bed, during which her cruelly-used maiden was waiting for her half asleep in the chamber above; and during that time she tried to bring herself to some

steady resolve. She would remain in London for the coming months, so that he might come to her if he pleased. She would remain there, even though she were subject to the daily attacks of Sophie Gordeloup. She hardly knew why, but in part she was afraid of Sophie. She had done nothing of which Sophie knew the secret. She had no cause to tremble because Sophie might be offended. The woman had seen her in some of her saddest moments, and could indeed tell of indignities which would have killed some women. But these she had borne, and had not disgraced herself in the bearing of them. But still she was afraid of Sophie, and felt that she could not bring herself absolutely to dismiss her friend from her house. Nevertheless, she would remain;—because Harry Clavering was in London and could come to her there. To her house at Ongar Park she would never go again, unless she went as his wife. The place had become odious to her. Bad as was her solitude in London, with Sophie Gordeloup to break it,—and perhaps with Sophie's brother to attack her, it was not so bad as the silent desolation of Ongar Park. Never again would she go there, unless she went there, in triumph,—as Harry's wife. Having so far resolved she took herself at last to her room, and dismissed her drowsy Phoebe to her rest.

And now the reader must be asked to travel down at once into the country, that he may see how Florence Burton passed the same evening at Clavering Rectory. It was Florence's last night there, and on the following morning she was to return to her father's house at Stratton. Florence had not as yet received her unsatisfactory letter from Harry. That was to arrive on the following morning. At present she was, as regarded her letters, under the influence of that one which had been satisfactory in so especial a degree. Not that the coming letter,—the one now on its route,—was of a nature to disturb her comfort permanently, or to make her in any degree unhappy. "Dear fellow; he must be careful, he is overworking himself." Even the unsatisfactory letter would produce nothing worse than this from her; but now, at the moment of which I am writing, she was in a paradise of happy thoughts.

Her visit to Clavering had been in every respect successful. She had been liked by every one, and every one in return had been liked by her. Mrs. Clavering had treated her as though she were a daughter. The rector had made her pretty presents, had kissed her, and called her his child. With Fanny she had formed a friendship which was to endure for ever, let destiny separate them how it might. Dear Fanny! She had had a wonderful interview respecting Fanny on this very day, and was at this moment disquieting her mind because she could not tell her friend what had happened without a breach of confidence! She had learned a great deal at Clavering, though in most matters of learning she was a better instructed woman than they were whom she had met. In general knowledge and in intellect she was Fanny's superior, though Fanny Clavering was no fool; but Florence, when she came thither, had lacked something which living in such a house had given to her;—or, I should rather say, something had

been given to her of which she would greatly feel the want, if it could be again taken from her. Her mother was as excellent a woman as had ever sent forth a family of daughters into the world, and I do not know that any one ever objected to her as being ignorant, or specially vulgar; but the house in Stratton was not like Clavering Rectory in the little ways of living, and this Florence Burton had been clever enough to understand. She knew that a sojourn under such a roof, with such a woman as Mrs. Clavering, must make her fitter to be Harry's wife; and, therefore, when they pressed her to come again in the autumn, she said that she thought she would. She could understand, too, that Harry was different in many things from the men who had married her sisters, and she rejoiced that it was so. Poor Florence! Had he been more like them it might have been safer for her.

But we must return for a moment to the wonderful interview which has been mentioned. Florence, during her sojourn at Clavering, had become intimate with Mr. Saul, as well as with Fanny. She had given herself for the time heartily to the schools, and matters had so far progressed with her that Mr. Saul had on one occasion scolded her soundly. "It's a great sign that he thinks well of you," Fanny had said. "It was the only sign he ever gave me, before he spoke to me in that sad strain." On the afternoon of this, her last day at Clavering, she had gone over to Cumberly Green with Fanny, to say farewell to the children, and walked back by herself, as Fanny had not finished her work. When she was still about half a mile from the rectory, she met Mr. Saul, who was on his way out to the Green. "I knew I should meet you," he said, "so that I might say good-by."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Saul,—for I am going in truth, to-morrow."

"I wish you were staying. I wish you were going to remain with us. Having you here is very pleasant, and you do more good here, perhaps, than you will elsewhere."

"I will not allow that. You forget that I have a father and mother."

"Yes; and you will have a husband soon."

"No, not soon; some day, perhaps, if all goes well. But I mean to be back here often before that. I mean to be here in October, just for a little visit, if mamma can spare me."

"Miss Burton," he said, speaking in a very serious tone—. All his tones were serious, but that which he now adopted was more solemn than usual. "I wish to consult you on a certain matter, if you can give me five minutes of your time."

"To consult me, Mr. Saul?"

"Yes, Miss Burton. I am hard pressed at present, and I know no one else of whom I can ask a certain question, if I cannot ask it of you. I think that you will answer me truly, if you answer me at all. I do not think you would flatter me, or tell me an untruth."

"Flatter you! how could I flatter you?"

"By telling me——; but I must ask you my question first. You and Fanny Clavering are dear friends now. You tell each other everything."

"I do not know," said Florence, doubting as to what she might best say, but guessing something of that which was coming.

"She will have told you, perhaps, that I asked her to be my wife. Did she ever tell you that?" Florence looked into his face for a few moments without answering him, not knowing how to answer such a question. "I know that she has told you," said he. "I can see that it is so."

"She has told me," said Florence.

"Why should she not? How could she be with you so many hours, and not tell you that of which she could hardly fail to have the remembrance often present with her. If I were gone from here, if I were not before her eyes daily, it might be otherwise; but seeing me as she does from day to day, of course she has spoken of me to her friend."

"Yes, Mr. Saul; she has told me of it."

"And now, will you tell me whether I may hope."

"Mr. Saul!"

"I want you to betray no secret, but I ask you for your advice. Can I hope that she will ever return my love?"

"How am I to answer you?"

"With the truth. Only with the truth."

"I should say that she thinks that you have forgotten it."

"Forgotten it! No, Miss Burton; she cannot think that. Do you believe that men or women can forget such things as that? Can you ever forget her brother? Do you think people ever forget when they have loved? No, I have not forgotten her. I have not forgotten that walk which we had down this lane together. There are things which men never forget." Then he paused for an answer.

Florence was by nature steady and self-collected, and she at once felt that she was bound to be wary before she gave him any answer. She had half fancied once or twice that Fanny thought more of Mr. Saul than she allowed even herself to know. And Fanny, when she had spoken of the impossibility of such a marriage, had always based the impossibility on the fact that people should not marry without the means of living,—a reason which to Florence, with all her prudence, was not sufficient. Fanny might wait as she also intended to wait. Latterly, too, Fanny had declared more than once to Florence her conviction that Mr. Saul's passion had been a momentary insanity which had altogether passed away; and in these declarations Florence had half fancied that she discovered some tinge of regret. If it were so, what was she now to say to Mr. Saul?

"You think then, Miss Burton," he continued, "that I have no chance of success? I ask the question because if I felt certain that this was so,—quite certain, I should be wrong to remain here. It has been my first

and only parish, and I could not leave it without bitter sorrow. But if I were to remain here hopelessly, I should become unfit for my work. • I am becoming so, and shall be better away."

"But why ask me, Mr. Saul?"

"Because I think that you can tell me."

"But why not ask herself? Who can tell you so truly as she can do?"

"You would not advise me to do that if you were sure that she would reject me?"

"That is what I would advise."

"I will take your advice, Miss Burton. Now, good-by, and may God bless you. You say you will be here in the autumn; but before the autumn I shall probably have left Clavering. If so our farewells will be for very long, but I shall always remember our pleasant intercourse here." Then he went on towards Cumberly Green; and Florence, as she walked into the vicarage grounds, was thinking that no girl had ever been loved by a more single-hearted, pure-minded gentleman than Mr. Saul.

As she sat alone in her bed-room, five or six hours after this interview, she felt some regret that she should leave Clavering without a word to Fanny on the subject. Mr. Saul had exacted no promise of secrecy from her; he was not a man to exact such promises. But she felt not the less that she would be betraying confidence to speak, and it might even be that her speaking on the matter would do more harm than good. Her sympathies were doubtless with Mr. Saul, but she could not therefore say that she thought Fanny ought to accept his love. It would be best to say nothing of the matter, and to allow Mr. Saul to fight his own battle.

Then she turned to her own matters, and there she found that everything was pleasant. How good the world had been to her to give her such a lover as Harry Clavering! She owned with all her heart the excellence of being in love, when a girl might be allowed to call such a man her own. She could not but make comparisons between him and Mr. Saul, though she knew that she was making them on points that were hardly worthy of her thoughts. Mr. Saul was plain, uncouth, with little that was bright about him except the brightness of his piety. Harry was like the morning star. He looked and walked and spoke, as though he were something more godlike than common men. His very voice created joy, and the ring of his laughter was to Florence as the music of the heavens. What woman would not have loved Harry Clavering? Even Julia Brabazon,—a creature so base that she had sold herself to such a thing as Lord Ongar for money and a title, but so grand in her gait and ways, so Florence had been told, that she seemed to despise the earth on which she trod,—even she had loved him. Then as Florence thought of what Julia Brabazon might have had and of what she had lost, she wondered that there could be women born so sadly vicious.

But that woman's vice had given her her success, her joy, her great

triumph! It was surely not for her to deal hardly with the faults of Julia Brabazon,—for her who was enjoying all the blessings of which those faults had robbed the other! Julia Brabazon had been her very good friend.

But why had this perfect lover come to her, to one so small, so trifling, so little in the world's account as she, and given to her all the treasure of his love? Oh, Harry,—dear Harry! what could she do for him that would be a return good enough for such great goodness? Then she took out his last letter, that satisfactory letter, that letter that had been declared to be perfect, and read it and read it again. No; she did not want Fanny or any one else to tell her that he was true. Honesty and truth were written on every line of his face, were to be heard in every tone of his voice, could be seen in every sentence that came from his hand. Dear Harry; dearest Harry! She knew well that he was true.

Then she also sat down and wrote to him, on that her last night beneath his father's roof,—wrote to him when she had nearly prepared herself for her bed; and honestly, out of her full heart, thanked him for his love. There was no need that she should be coy with him now, for she was his own. "Dear Harry, when I think of all that you have done for me in loving me and choosing me for your wife, I know that I can never pay you all that I owe you."

Such were the two rival claimants for the hand of Harry Clavering.

CHAPTER XVII.

LET HER KNOW THAT YOU'RE THERE.

A WEEK had passed since the evening which Harry had spent in Bolton Street, and he had not again seen Lady Ongar. He had professed to himself that his reason for not going there was the non-performance of the commission which Lady Ongar had given him with reference to Count Pateroff. He had not yet succeeded in catching the count, though he had twice asked for him in Mount Street and twice at the club in Pall Mall. It appeared that the count never went to Mount Street, and was very rarely seen at the club. There was some other club which he frequented, and Harry did not know what club. On both the occasions of Harry's calling in Mount Street, the servant had asked him to go up and see madame; but he had declined to do so, pleading that he was hurried. He was, however, driven to resolve that he must go direct to Sophie, as otherwise he could find no means of doing as he had promised. She probably might put him on the scent of her brother.

But there had been another reason why Harry had not gone to Bolton Street, though he had not acknowledged it to himself. He did not dare to trust himself with Lady Ongar. He feared that he would be led on to

betray himself and to betray Florence,—to throw himself at Julia's feet and sacrifice his honesty, in spite of all his resolutions to the contrary. He felt when there as the accustomed but repentant dram-drinker might feel, when having resolved to abstain, he is called upon to sit with the full glass offered before his lips. From such temptation as that the repentant dram-drinker knows that he must fly. But though he did not go after the fire-water of Bolton Street, neither was he able to satisfy himself with the cool fountain of Onslow Crescent. He was wretched at this time,—ill-satisfied with himself and others, and was no fitting companion for Cecilia Burton. The world, he thought, had used him ill. He could have been true to Julia Brabazon when she was well-nigh penniless. It was not for her money that he had regarded her. Had he been now a free man,—free from those chains with which he had fettered himself at Stratton, he would again have asked this woman for her love, in spite of her past treachery; but it would have been for her love and not for her money that he would have sought her. Was it his fault that he had loved her, that she had been false to him, and that she had now come back and thrown herself before him? Or had he been wrong because he had ventured to think that he loved another when Julia had deserted him? Or could he help himself if he now found that his love in truth belonged to her whom he had known first? The world had been very cruel to him, and he could not go to Onslow Crescent and behave there prettily, hearing the praises of Florence with all the ardour of a discreet lover.

He knew well what would have been his right course, and yet he did not follow it. Let him but once communicate to Lady Ongar the fact of his engagement, and the danger would be over, though much, perhaps, of the misery might remain. Let him write to her and mention the fact, bringing it up as some little immaterial accident, and she would understand what he meant. But this he abstained from doing. Though he swore to himself that he would not touch the dram, he would not dash down the full glass that was held to his lips. He went about the town very wretchedly, looking for the count, and regarding himself as a man specially marked out for sorrow by the cruel hand of misfortune. Lady Ongar, in the meantime, was expecting him, and was waxing angry and becoming bitter towards him because he came not.

Sir Hugh Clavering was now up in London, and with him was his brother Archie. Sir Hugh was a man who strained an income, that was handsome and sufficient for a country gentleman, to the very utmost, wanting to get out of it more than it could be made to give. He was not a man to be in debt, or indulge himself with present pleasures to be paid for out of the funds of future years. He was possessed of a worldly wisdom which kept him from that folly, and taught him to appreciate fully the value of independence. But he was ever remembering how many shillings there are in a pound, and how many pence in a shilling. He had a great eye to discount, and looked very closely into his bills.

He searched for cheap shops ;—and some men began to say of him that he had found a cheap establishment for such wines as he did not drink himself! In playing cards and in betting he was very careful, never playing high, never raking much, but hoping to turn something by the end of the year, and angry with himself if he had not done so. An unamiable man he was, but one whose heir would probably not quarrel with him,—if only he would die soon enough. He had always had a house in town, a moderate house in Berkeley Square, which belonged to him and had belonged to his father before him. Lady Clavering had usually lived there during the season ; or, as had latterly been the case, during only a part of the season. And now it had come to pass, in this year, that Lady Clavering was not to come to London at all, and that Sir Hugh was meditating whether the house in Berkeley Square might not be let. The arrangement would make the difference of considerably more than a thousand a year to him. For himself, he would take lodgings. He had no idea of giving up London in the spring and early summer. But why keep up a house in Berkeley Square, as Lady Clavering did not use it ?

He was partly driven to this by a desire to shake off the burden of his brother. When Archie chose to go to Clavering the house was open to him. That was the necessity of Sir Hugh's position, and he could not avoid it unless he made it worth his while to quarrel with his brother. Archie was obedient, ringing the bell when he was told, looking after the horses, spying about, and perhaps saving as much money as he cost. But the matter was very different in Berkeley Square. No elder brother is bound to find breakfast and bed for a younger brother in London. And yet from his boyhood upwards Archie had made good his footing in Berkeley Square. In the matter of the breakfast, Sir Hugh had indeed of late got the better of him. The servants were kept on board wages, and there were no household accounts. But there was Archie's room, and Sir Hugh felt this to be a hardship.

The present was not the moment for actually driving forth the intruder, for Archie was now up in London, especially under his brother's auspices. And if the business on which Captain Clavering was now intent could be brought to a successful issue, the standing in the world of that young man would be very much altered. Then he would be a brother of whom Sir Hugh might be proud ; a brother who would pay his way, and settle his points at whist if he lost them, even to a brother. If Archie could induce Lady Ongar to marry him, he would not be called upon any longer to ring the bells and look after the stable. He would have bells of his own, and stables too, and perhaps some captain of his own to ring them and look after them. The expulsion, therefore, was not to take place till Archie should have made his attempt upon Lady Ongar.

But Sir Hugh would admit of no delay, whereas Archie himself seemed to think that the iron was not yet quite hot enough for striking. It would be better, he had suggested, to postpone the work till Julia could be

coaxed down to Clavering in the autumn. He could do the work better, he thought, down at Clavering than in London. But Sir Hugh was altogether of a different opinion. Though he had already asked his sister-in-law to Clavering, when the idea had first come up, he was glad that she had declined the visit. Her coming might be very well if she accepted Archie; but he did not want to be troubled with any renewal of his responsibility respecting her, if, as was more probable, she should reject him. The world still looked askance at Lady Ongar, and Hugh did not wish to take up the armour of a paladin in her favour. If Archie married her, Archie would be the paladin; though, indeed, in that case, no paladin would be needed.

"She has only been a widow, you know, four months," said Archie, pleading for delay. "It won't be delicate; will it?"

"Delicate!" said Sir Hugh. "I don't know whether there is much of delicacy in it at all."

"I don't see why she isn't to be treated like any other woman. If you were to die, you'd think it very odd if any fellow came up to Hermy before the season was over."

"Archie, you are a fool," said Sir Hugh; and Archie could see by his brother's brow that Hugh was angry. "You say things that for folly and absurdity are beyond belief. If you can't see the peculiarities of Julia's position, I am not going to point them out to you."

"She is peculiar, of course,—having so much money, and that place near Guildford, all her own for her life. Of course it's peculiar. But four months, Hugh!"

"If it had been four days it need have made no difference. A home, with some one to support her, is everything to her. If you wait till lots of fellows are buzzing round her you won't have a chance. You'll find that by this time next year she'll be the top of the fashion; and if not engaged to you, she will be to some one else. I shouldn't be surprised if Harry were after her again."

"He's engaged to that girl we saw down at Clavering."

"What matters that? Engagements can be broken as well as made. You have this great advantage over every one, except him, that you can go to her at once without doing anything out of the way. That girl that Harry has in tow may perhaps keep him away for some time."

"I tell you what, Hugh, you might as well call with me the first time."

"So that I may quarrel with her, which I certainly should do,—or, rather, she with me. No, Archie; if you're afraid to go alone, you'd better give it up."

"Afraid! I'm not afraid!"

"She can't eat you. Remember that with her you needn't stand on your p's and q's, as you would with another woman. She knows what she is about, and will understand what she has to get as well as what she is expected to give. All I can say is, that if she accepts you, Hermy will

consent that she shall go to Clavering as much as she pleases till the marriage takes place. It couldn't be done, I suppose, till after a year; and in that case she shall be married at Clavering."

Here was a prospect for Julia Brabazon;—to be led to the same altar, at which she had married Lord Ongar, by Archie Clavering, twelve months after her first husband's death, and little more than two years after her first wedding! The peculiarity of the position did not quite make itself apparent either to Hugh or to Archie; but there was one point which did suggest itself to the younger brother at that moment.

"I don't suppose there was anything really wrong, eh?"

"Cap't say, I'm sure," said Sir Hugh.

"Because I shouldn't like——"

"If I were you I wouldn't trouble myself about that. Judge not, that you be not judged."

"Yes, that's true, to be sure," said Archie; and on that point he went forth satisfied.

But the job before him was a peculiar job, and that Archie well knew. In some inexplicable manner he put himself into the scales and weighed himself, and discovered his own weight with fair accuracy. And he put her into the scales, and he found that she was much the heavier of the two. How he did this,—how such men as Archie Clavering do it,—I cannot say; but they do weigh themselves, and know their own weight, and shove themselves aside as being too light for any real service in the world. This they do, though they may fluster with their voices, and walk about with their noses in the air, and swing their canes, and try to look as large as they may. They do not look large, and they know it; and consequently they ring the bells, and look after the horses, and shove themselves on one side, so that the heavier weights may come forth and do the work. Archie Clavering, who had duly weighed himself, could hardly bring himself to believe that Lady Ongar would be fool enough to marry him! Seven thousand a year, with a park and farm in Surrey, and give it all to him,—him, Archie Clavering, who had, so to say, no weight at all! Archie Clavering, for one, could not bring himself to believe it.

But yet Hermy, her sister, thought it possible; and though Hermy was, as Archie had found out by his invisible scales, lighter than Julia, still she must know something of her sister's nature. And Hugh, who was by no means light,—who was a man of weight, with money and position and firm ground beneath his feet,—he also thought that it might be so. "Faint heart never won a fair lady," said Archie to himself a dozen times, as he walked down to the Rag. The Rag was his club, and there was a friend there whom he could consult confidentially. No; faint heart never won a fair lady; but they who repeat to themselves that adage, trying thereby to get courage, always have faint hearts for such work. Harry Clavering never thought of the proverb when he went a-wooing.

But Captain Boodle of the Rag,—for Captain Boodle always lived at the Rag when he was not at Newmarket, or at other racecourses, or in the neighbourhood of Market Harborough,—Captain Boodle knew a thing or two, and Captain Boodle was his fast friend. He would go to Boodle and arrange the campaign with him. Boodle had none of that hectoring, domineering way which Hugh never quite threw off in his intercourse with his brother. And Archie, as he went along, resolved that when Lady Ongar's money was his, and when he had a countess for his wife, he would give his elder brother a cold shoulder.

Boodle was playing pool at the Rag, and Archie joined him; but pool is a game which hardly admits of confidential intercourse as to proposed wives, and Archie was obliged to remain quiet on that subject all the afternoon. He cunningly, however, lost a little money to Boodle, for Boodle liked to win,—and engaged himself to dine at the same table with his friend. Their dinner they ate almost in silence,—unless when they abused the cook, or made to each other some pithy suggestion as to the expediency of this or that delicacy,—bearing always steadily in view the cost as well as desirability of the viands. Boodle had no shame in not having this or that because it was dear. To dine with the utmost luxury at the smallest expense was a proficiency belonging to him, and of which he was very proud.

But after a while the cloth was gone, and the heads of the two men were brought near together over the small table. Boodle did not speak a word till his brother captain had told his story, had pointed out all the advantages to be gained, explained in what peculiar way the course lay open to himself, and made the whole thing clear to his friend's eye.

"They say she's been a little queer, don't they?" said the friendly counsellor.

"Of course people talk, you know."

"Talk, yes; they're talking a doosed sight, I should say. There's no mistake about the money, I suppose?"

"Oh, none," said Archie, shaking his head vigorously. "Hugh managed all that for her, so I know it."

"She don't lose any of it because she enters herself for running again, does she?"

"Not a shilling. That's the beauty of it."

"Was you ever sweet on her before?"

"What! before Ongar took her? O laws, no. She hadn't a rap, you know;—and knew how to spend money as well as any girl in London."

"It's all to begin then, Clavvy; all the uphill work to be done?"

"Well, yes; I don't know about up-hill, Doodles. What do you mean by up-hill?"

"I mean that seven thousand a year ain't usually to be picked up merely by trotting easy along the flat. And this sort of work is very up-hill generally, I take it;—unless, you know, a fellow has a fancy for it. If a fellow is really sweet on a girl, he likes it, I suppose."

"She's a doosed handsome woman, you know, Doodles."

"I don't know anything about it, except that I suppose Ongar wouldn't have taken her if she hadn't stood well on her pasterns, and had some breeding about her. I never thought much of her sister,—your brother's wife, you know,—that is in the way of looks. No doubt she runs straight, and that's a great thing. She won't go the wrong side of the post."

"As for running straight, let me alone for that."

"Well, now, Clavvy, I'll tell you what my ideas are. When a man's trying a young filly, his hands can't be too light. A touch too much will bring her on her haunches, or throw her out of her step. She should hardly feel the iron in her mouth. That's the sort of work which requires a man to know well what he's about. But when I've got to do with a trained mare, I always choose that she shall know that I'm there ! Do you understand me ?"

"Yes ; I understand you, Doodles."

"I always choose that she shall know that I'm there." And Captain Boodle, as he repeated these many words with a firm voice, put out his hands as though he were handling the horse's rein. "Their mouths are never so fine then, and they generally want to be brought up to the bit, d'ye see ?—up to the bit. When a mare has been trained to her work, and knows what she's at in her running, she's all the better for feeling a fellow's hands as she's going. She likes it rather. It gives her confidence, and makes her know where she is. And look here, Clavvy, when she comes to her fences, give her her head ; but steady her first, and make her know that you're there. Damme ; whatever you do, let her know that you're there. There's nothing like it. She'll think all the more of the fellow that's piloting her. And look here, Clavvy ; ride her with spurs. Always ride a trained mare with spurs. Let her know that they're on ; and if she tries to get her head, give 'em her. Yes, by George, give 'em her." And Captain Boodle in his energy twisted himself in his chair, and brought his heel round, so that it could be seen by Archie. Then he produced a sharp click with his tongue, and made the peculiar jerk with the muscle of his legs, whereby he was accustomed to evoke the agility of his horses. After that he looked triumphantly at his friend. "Give 'em her, Clavvy, and she'll like you the better for it. She'll know then that you mean it."

It was thus that Captain Boodle instructed his friend Archie Clavering how to woo Lady Ongar ; and Archie, as he listened to his friend's words of wisdom, felt that he had learned a great deal. "That's the way I'll do it, Doodles," he said, "and upon my word I'm very much obliged to you."

"That's the way, you may depend on it. Let her know that you're there.—Let her know that you're there. She's done the filly work before, you see ; and it's no good trying that again."

Captain Clavering really believed that he had learned a good deal,

and that he now knew the way to set about the work before him. What sort of spurs he was to use, and how he was to put them on, I don't think he did know ; but that was a detail as to which he did not think it necessary to consult his adviser. He sat the whole evening in the smoking-room, very silent, drinking slowly iced gin-and-water ; and the more he drank the more assured he felt that he now understood the way in which he was to attempt the work before him. "Let her know I'm there," he said to himself, shaking his head gently, so that no one should observe him ; "yes, let her know I'm there." At this time Captain Boodle, or Doodles as he was familiarly called, had again ascended to the billiard-room and was hard at work. "Let her know that I'm there," repeated Archie, mentally. Everything was contained in that precept. And he, with his hands before him on his knees, went through the process of steadying a horse with the snaffle-rein, just touching the curb, as he did so, for security. It was but a motion of his fingers and no one could see it, but it made him confident that he had learned his lesson. "Up to the bit," he repeated ; "by George, yes ; up to the bit. There's nothing like it for a trained mare. Give her head, but steady her." And Archie, as the words passed across his memory and were almost pronounced, seemed to be flying successfully over some prodigious fence. He leaned himself back a little in the saddle, and seemed to hold firm with his legs. That was the way to do it. And then the spurs ! He would not forget the spurs. She should know that he wore a spur, and that, if necessary, he would use it. Then he, too, gave a little click with his tongue, and an acute observer might have seen the motion of his heel.

Two hours after that he was still sitting in the smoking-room, chewing the end of a cigar, when Doodles came down victorious from the billiard-room. Archie was half asleep, and did not notice the entrance of his friend. "Let her know that you're there," said Doodles, close into Archie Clavering's ear,—"*damme*, let her know that you're there." Archie started and did not like the surprise, or the warm breath in his ear ; but he forgave the offence for the wisdom of the words that had been spoken.

Then he walked home by himself, repeating again and again the invaluable teachings of his friend.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN CLAVERING MAKES HIS FIRST ATTEMPT.

DURING breakfast on the following day,—which means from the hour of one till two, for the glasses of iced gin-and-water had been many,—Archie Clavering was making up his mind that he would begin at once. He would go to Bolton Street on that day, and make an attempt to be

admitted. If not admitted to-day he would make another attempt to-morrow, and, if still unsuccessful, he would write a letter; not a letter containing an offer, which according to Archie's ideas would not be letting her know that he was there in a manner sufficiently potential,—but a letter in which he would explain that he had very grave reasons for wishing to see his near and dear connexion, Lady Ongar. Soon after two he sallied out, and he also went to a hairdresser's. He was aware that in doing so he was hardly obeying his friend to the letter, as this sort of operation would come rather under the head of handling a filly with a light touch; but he thought that he could in this way, at any rate, do no harm, if he would only remember the instructions he had received when in presence of the trained mare. It was nearly three when he found himself in Bolton Street, having calculated that Lady Ongar might be more probably found at home then than at a later hour. But when he came to the door, instead of knocking, he passed by it. He began to remember that he had not yet made up his mind by what means he would bring it about that she should certainly know that he was there. So he took a little turn up the street, away from Piccadilly, through a narrow passage that there is in those parts, and by some stables, and down into Piccadilly, and again to Bolton Street; during which little tour he had made up his mind that it could hardly become his duty to teach her that great lesson on this occasion. She must undoubtedly be taught to know that he was there, but not so taught on this, his first visit. That lesson should quickly precede his offer; and, although he had almost hoped in the interval between two of his beakers of gin-and-water on the preceding evening that he might ride the race and win it altogether during this very morning visit he was about to make, in his cooler moments he had begun to reflect that that would hardly be practicable. The mare must get a gallop before she would be in a condition to be brought out. So Archie knocked at the door, intending merely to give the mare a gallop if he should find her in to-day.

He gave his name, and was shown at once up into Lady Ongar's drawing-room. Lady Ongar was not there, but she soon came down, and entered the room with a smile on her face and with an outstretched hand. Between the man-servant who took the captain's name, and the maid-servant who carried it up to her mistress,—but who did not see the gentleman before she did so, there had arisen some mistake, and Lady Ongar, as she came down from her chamber above expected that she was to meet another man. Harry Clavinger, she thought, had come to her at last. "I'll be down at once," Lady Ongar had said, dismissing the girl and then standing for a moment before her mirror as she smoothed her hair, obliterated as far as it might be possible the ugliness of her cap, and shook out the folds of her dress. A countess, a widow, a woman of the world who had seen enough to make her composed under all circumstances, one would say,—a trained mare as Doodles had called her,—she stood before her glass doubting and trembling like a girl, when she heard that Harry

Clavering was waiting for her below. We may surmise that she would have spared herself some of this trouble had she known the real name of her visitor. Then, as she came slowly down the stairs, she reflected how she would receive him. He had stayed away from her, and she would be cold to him,—cold and formal as she had been on the railway platform. She knew well how to play that part. Yes; it was his turn now to show some eagerness of friendship, if there was ever to be anything more than friendship between them. But she changed all this as she put her hand upon the lock of the door. She would be honest to him,—honest and true. She was in truth glad to see him, and he should know it. What cared she now for the common ways of women and the usual coynesses of feminine coquetry. She told herself also, in language somewhat differing from that which Doodles had used, that her filly days were gone by, and that she was now a trained mare. All this passed through her mind as her hand was on the door; and then she opened it, with a smiling face and ready hand, to find herself in the presence of—Captain Archie Clavering.

The captain was sharp-sighted enough to observe the change in her manner. The change, indeed, was visible enough, and was such that it at once knocked out of Archie's breast some portion of the courage with which his friend's lessons had inspired him. The outstretched hand fell slowly to her side, the smile gave place to a look of composed dignity which made Archie at once feel that the fate which called upon him to woo a countess, was in itself hard. And she walked slowly into the room before she spoke to him, or he to her.

"Captain Clavering!" she said at last, and there was much more of surprise than of welcome in her words as she uttered them.

"Yes, Lady On—, Julia, that is; I thought I might as well come and call, as I found we weren't to see you at Clavering when we were all there at Easter." When she had been living in his brother's house as one of the family he had called her Julia, as Hugh had done. The connection between them had been close, and it had come naturally to him to do so. He had thought much of this since his present project had been initiated, and had strongly resolved not to lose the advantage of his former familiarity. He had very nearly broken down at the onset, but, as the reader will have observed, had recovered himself.

"You are very good," she said; and then as he had been some time standing with his right hand presented to her, she just touched it with her own.

"There's nothing I hate so much as stuff and nonsense," said Archie. To this remark she simply bowed, remaining awfully quiet. Captain Clavering felt that her silence was in truth awful. She had always been good at talking, and he had paused for her to say something; but when she bowed to him in that stiff manner,—"*doosed stiff* she was; *doosed stiff*, and *impudent too*," he told Doodles afterwards;—he knew that he must go on himself. "*Stuff and nonsense is the mischief, you know.*"

Then she bowed again. "There's been something the matter with them all down at Clavering since you came home, Julia; but hang me if I can find out what it is!" Still she was silent. "It ain't Hermy; that I must say. Hermy always speaks of you as though there had never been anything wrong." This assurance, we may say, must have been flattering to the lady whom he was about to court.

"Hermy was always too good to me," said Lady Ongar, smiling.

"By George, she always does. If there's anything wrong it's been with Hugh; and, by George, I don't know what it is he was up to when you first came home. It wasn't my doing;—of course you know that."

"I never thought that anything was your doing, Captain Clavering."

"I think Hugh had been losing money; I do indeed. He was like a bear with a sore head just at that time. There was no living in the house with him. I daresay Hermy may have told you all about that."

"Hermione is not by nature so communicative as you are, Captain Clavering."

"Isn't she? I should have thought between sisters—; but of course that's no business of mine." Again she was silent, awfully silent, and he became aware that he must either get up and go away or carry on the conversation himself. To do either seemed to be equally difficult, and for a while he sat there almost gasping in his misery. He was quite aware that as yet he had not made her know that he was there. He was not there, as he well knew, in his friend Doodles' sense of the word. "At any rate there isn't any good in quarrelling, is there, Julia?" he said at last. Now that he had asked a question, surely she must speak.

"There is great good sometimes I think," said she, "in people remaining apart and not seeing each other. Sir Hugh Clavering has not quarrelled with me, that I am aware. Indeed, since my marriage there have been no means of quarrelling between us. But I think it quite as well that he and I should not come together."

"But he particularly wants you to go to Clavering."

"Has he sent you here as his messenger?"

"Sent me! oh dear no; nothing of that sort. I have come altogether on my own hook. If Hugh wants a messenger he must find some one else. But you and I were always friends you know,"—at this assertion she opened her large eyes widely, and simply smiled;—"and I thought that perhaps you might be glad to see me if I called. That was all."

"You are very good, Captain Clavering."

"I couldn't bear to think that you should be here in London, and that one shouldn't see anything of you or know anything about you. Tell me now; is there anything I can do for you? Do you want anybody to settle anything for you in the city?"

"I think not, Captain Clavering; thank you very much."

"Because I should be so happy; I should indeed. There's nothing I should like so much as to make myself useful in some way. Isn't there

anything now? There must be so much to be looked after,—about money and all that."

"My lawyer does all that, Captain Clavering."

"Those fellows are such harpies. There is no end to their charges; and all for doing things that would only be a pleasure to me."

"I'm afraid I can't employ you in any matter that would suit your tastes."

"Can't you indeed, now?" Then again there was a silence, and Captain Clavering was beginning to think that he must go. He was willing to work hard at talking or anything else; but he could not work if no ground for starting were allowed to him. He thought he must go, though he was aware that he had not made even the slightest preparation for future obedience to his friend's precepts. He began to feel that he had commenced wrongly. He should have made her know that he was there from the first moment of her entrance into the room. He must retreat now in order that he might advance with more force on the next occasion. He had just made up his mind to this and was doubting how he might best get himself out of his chair with the purpose of going, when sudden relief came in the shape of another visitor. The door was thrown open and Madam Gordeloup was announced.

"Well, my angel," said the little woman, running up to her friend and kissing her on either side of her face. Then she turned round as though she had only just seen the strange gentleman, and curtsied to him. Captain Clavering holding his hat in both his hands bowed to the little woman.

"My sister's brother-in-law, Captain Clavering," said Lady Ongar. "Madam Gordeloup."

Captain Clavering bowed again. "Ah, Sir Oo's brother," said Madam Gordeloup. "I am very glad to see Captain Clavering; and is your sister come?"

"No; my sister is not come."

"Lady Clavering is not in town this spring," said the captain.

"Ah, not in town! Then I do pity her. There is only one place to live in, and that is London, for April, May, and June. Lady Clavering is not coming to London?"

"Her little boy isn't quite the thing," said the captain.

"Not quite de ting?" said the Franco-Pole in an inquiring voice, not exactly understanding the gentleman's language.

"My little nephew is ill, and my sister does not think it wise to bring him to London."

"Ah; that is a pity. And Sir Oo? Sir Oo is in London?"

"Yes," said the captain; "my brother has been up some time."

"And his lady left alone in the country? Poor lady! But your English ladies like the country. They are fond of the fields and the daisies. So they say; but I think often they lie. Me; I like the houses, and the people, and the pavé. The fields are damp, and I love not rheu-

matism at all." Then the little woman shrugged her shoulders and shook herself. "Tell us the truth, Julie; which do you like best, the town or the country?"

"Whichever I'm not in, I think."

"Ah, just so. Whichever you are not in at present. That is because you are still idle. You have not settled yourself!" At this reference to the possibility of Lady Ongar settling herself, Captain Clavering pricked up his ears, and listened eagerly for what might come next. He only knew of one way in which a young woman without a husband could settle herself. "You must wait, my dear, a little longer, just a little longer, till the time of your trouble has passed by."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Sophie," said the countess.

"Ah, my dear, it is no nonsense. I am always telling her, Captain Clavering, that she must go through this black, troublesome time as quick as she can; and then nobody will enjoy the town so much as de rich and beautiful Lady Ongar. Is it not so, Captain Clavering?"

Archie thought that the time had now come for him to say something pretty, so that his love might begin to know that he was there. "By George, yes, there'll be nobody so much admired when she comes out again. There never was anybody so much admired before,—before,—that is, when you were Julia Brabazon, you know; and I shouldn't wonder if you didn't come out quite as strong as ever."

"As strong!" said the Franco-Pole. "A woman that has been married is always more admired than a meess."

"Sophie, might I ask you and Captain Clavering to be a little less personal."

"There is noting I hate so much as your meesses," continued Madame Gordeloup; "noting! Your English meesses give themselves such airs. Now in Paris, or in dear Vienna, or in St. Petersburg, they are not like that at all. There they are nobodies—they are nobodies; but then they will be something very soon, which is to be better. Your English meess is so much and so grand; she never can be greater and grander. So when she is a mamma, she lives down in the country by herself, and looks after de pills and de powders. I don't like that. I don't like that at all. No; if my husband had put me into the country to look after de pills and de powders, he should have had them all, all—himself, when he came to see me." As she said this with great energy, she opened her eyes wide, and looked full into Archie's face.

Captain Clavering, who was sitting with his hat in his two hands between his knees, stared at the little foreigner. He had heard before of women poisoning their husbands, but never had heard a woman advocate the system as expedient. Nor had he often heard a woman advocate any system with the vehemence which Madame Gordeloup now displayed on this matter, and with an allusion which was so very pointed to the special position of his own sister-in-law. Did Lady Ongar agree with her? He felt as though he should like to know his Julia's opinions on that matter.

"Sophie, Captain Clavering will think you are in earnest," said the countess, laughing.

"So I am—in earnest. It is all wrong. You boil all the water out of de pot before you put the gigot into it. So the gigot is no good, is tough and dry, and you shut it up in an old house in the country. Then, to make matters pretty, you talk about de fields and de daisies. I know. 'Thank you,' I should say. 'De fields and de daisies are so nice and so good! Suppose you go down, my love, and walk in de fields, and pick de daisies, and send them up to me by de railway!' Yes, that is what I would say."

Captain Clavering was now quite in the dark, and began to regard the little woman as a lunatic. When she spoke of the pot and the gigot he vainly endeavoured to follow her; and now that she had got among the daisies he was more at a loss than ever. Fruit, vegetables, and cut flowers came up, he knew, to London regularly from Clavering, when the family was in town;—but no daisies. In France it must, he supposed, be different. He was aware, however, of his ignorance, and said nothing.

"No one ever did try to shut you up, Sophie!"

"No, indeed; M. Gordeloup knew better. What would he do if I were shut up? And no one will ever shut you up, my dear. If I were you, I would give no one a chance."

"Don't say that," said the captain, almost passionately; "don't say that."

"Ha, ha! but I do say it. Why should a woman who has got everything marry again? If she wants de fields and de daisies she has got them of her own—yes, of her own. If she wants de town, she has got that too. Jewels,—she can go and buy them. Coaches,—there they are. Parties,—one, two, three, every night, as many as she please. Gentlemen who will be her humble slaves; such a plenty,—all London. Or, if she want to be alone, no one can come near her. Why should she marry? No."

"But she might be in love with somebody," said the captain, in a surprised but humble tone.

"Love! Bah! Be in love, so that she may be shut up in an old barrack with de powders!" The way in which that word barrack was pronounced, and the middle letters sounded, almost lifted the captain off his seat. "Love is very pretty at seventeen, when the imagination is telling a parcel of lies, and when life is one dream. To like people,—oh, yes; to be very fond of your friends,—oh, yes; to be most attached,—as I am to my Julie,"—here she got hold of Lady Ongar's hand,—"*it is the salt of life!* But what you call love, booing and cooing, with rhymes and verses about de moon, it is to go back to pap and panade, and what you call biba. No; if a woman wants a house, and de something to live on, let her marry a husband; or if a man want to have children, let him marry a wife. But to be shut up in a country house, when everything you have got of your own,—I say it is bad."

Captain Clavering was heartily sorry that he had mentioned the fact of his sister-in-law being left at home at Clavering Park. It was most unfortunate. How could he make it understood that if he were married he would not think of shutting his wife up at Ongar Park? "Lady Clavering, you know, does come to London generally," he said.

"Bah!" exclaimed the little Franco-Pole.

"And as for me, I never should be happy, if I were married, unless I had my wife with me everywhere," said Captain Clavering.

"Bah-ah-ah!" ejaculated the lady.

Captain Clavering could not endure this any longer. He felt that the manner of the lady was, to say the least of it, unpleasant, and he perceived that he was doing no good to his own cause. So he rose from his chair and muttered some words with the intention of showing his purpose of departure.

"Good-by, Captain Clavering," said Lady Ongar. "My love to my sister when you see her."

Archie shook hands with her and then made his bow to Madame Gordeloup.

"Au revoir, my friend," she said, "and you remember all I say. It is not good for de wife to be all alone in the country, while de husband walk about in the town and make an eye to every lady he see." Archie would not trust himself to renew the argument, but bowing again, made his way off.

"He was come for one admirer," said Sophie, as soon as the door was closed.

"An admirer of whom?"

"Not of me;—oh, no; I was not in danger at all."

"Of me? Captain Clavering! Sophie, you get your head full of the strangest nonsense."

"Ah; very well. You see. What will you give me if I am right? Will you bet? Why had he got on his new gloves, and had his head all smelling with stuff from de hair-dresser? Does he come always perfumed like that? Does he wear shiny little boots to walk about in de morning, and make an eye always? Perhaps yes."

"I never saw his boots or his eyes."

"But I see them. I see many things. He come to have Ongere Park for his own. I tell you, yes. Ten thousand will come to have Ongere Park. Why not? To have Ongere Park and all de money a man will make himself smell a great deal."

"You think much more about all that than is necessary."

"Do I, my dear? Very well. There are three already. There is Edouard, and there is this Clavering who you say is a captain; and there is the other Clavering who goes with his nose in the air, and who think himself a clever fellow because he learned his lesson at school and did not get himself whipped. He will be whipped yet some day,—perhaps."

"Sophie, hold your tongue. Captain Clavering is my sister's brother-in-law, and Harry Clavering is my friend."

"Ah, friend! I know what sort of friend he wants to be. How much better to have a park and plenty of money than to work in a ditch and make a railway! But he do not know the way with a woman. Perhaps he may be more at home, as you say, in the ditch. I should say to him, 'My friend, you will do well in de ditch if you work hard;—suppose you stay there.'"

"You don't seem to like my cousin, and if you please, we will talk no more about him."

"Why should I not like him? He don't want to get any money from me."

"That will do, Sophie."

"Very well; it shall do for me. But this other man that come here to-day. He is a fool."

"Very likely."

"He did not learn his lesson without whipping."

"Nor with whipping either."

"No; he have learned nothing. He does not know what to do with his hat. He is a fool. Come, Julie, will you take me out for a drive. It is melancholy for you to go alone; I came to ask you for a drive. Shall we go?" And they did go, Lady Ongar and Sophie Gordeloup together. Lady Ongar, as she submitted, despised herself for her submission; but what was she to do? It is sometimes very difficult to escape from the meshes of friendship.

Captain Clavering, when he left Bolton Street, went down to his club, having first got rid of his shining boots and new gloves. He sauntered up into the billiard-room knowing that his friend would be there, and there he found Doodles with his coat off, the sleeves of his shirt turned back, and armed with his cue. His brother captain, the moment that he saw him, presented the cue at his breast. "Does she know you're there, old fellow; I say, does she know you're there?" The room was full of men, and the whole thing was done so publicly that Captain Clavering was almost offended.

"Come, Doodles, you go on with your game," said he; "it's you to play." Doodles turned to the table, and scientifically pocketed the ball on which he played; then he laid his own ball close under the cushion, picked up a shilling and put it into his waistcoat pocket, holding a lighted cigar in his mouth the while, and then he came back to his friend. "Well, Clavvy, how has it been?"

"Oh, nothing as yet, you know."

"Haven't you seen her?"

"Yes, I've seen her, of course. I'm not the fellow to let the grass grow under my feet. I've only just come from her house."

"Well, well?"

"That's nothing much to tell the first day, you know."

"Did you let her know you were there? That's the chat. Dammr, did you let her know you were there?"

In answer to this Archie attempted to explain that he was not as yet quite sure that he had been successful in that particular; but in the middle of his story Captain Doodles was called off to exercise his skill again, and on this occasion to pick up two shillings. "I'm sorry for you, Griggs," he said, as a very young lieutenant, whose last life he had taken, put up his cue with a look of ineffable disgust, and whose shilling Doodles had pocketed; "I'm sorry for you, very; but a fellow must play the game, you know." Whereupon Griggs walked out of the room with a gait that seemed to show that he had his own ideas upon that matter, though he did not choose to divulge them. Doodles instantly returned to his friend. "With cattle of that kind it's no use trying the waiting dodge," said he. "You should make your running at once, and trust to nottom to carry you through."

"But there was a horrid little Frenchwoman came in?"

"What; a servant?"

"No; a friend. Such a creature! You should have heard her talk. A kind of confidential friend she seemed, who called her Julie. I had to go away and leave her there, of course."

"Ah! you'll have to tip that woman."

"What, with money?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"It would come very expensive."

"A tenner now and then, you know. She would do your business for you. Give her a brooch first, and then offer to lend her the money. You'd find she'll rise fast enough, if you're any hand for throwing a fly."

"Oh! I could do it, you know."

"Do it then, and let 'em both know that you're there. Yes, Parkyns, I'll divide. And, Clavvy, you can come in now in Griggs' place." Then Captain Clavering stripped himself for the battle.

The Study of Celtic Literature.

PART IV.—CONCLUSION.

If I were asked where English poetry got these three things—its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way, I should answer, with some doubt, that it got much of its turn for style from a Celtic source; with less doubt, that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source; with no doubt at all, that from a Celtic source it got all its natural magic.

Any German with penetration and tact in matters of literary criticism will own that the principal deficiency of German poetry is in style; that for style, in the highest sense, it shows but little feeling. Take the eminent masters of style, the poets who best give the idea of what the peculiar power which lies in style is—Pindar, Virgil, Dante, Milton. An example of the peculiar effect which these poets produce, you can hardly give from German poetry. Examples enough you can give from German poetry of the effect produced by genius, thought, and feeling expressing themselves in clear language, simple language, passionate language, eloquent language, with harmony and melody; but, not of the peculiar effect exercised by eminent power of style. Every reader of Dante can at once call to mind what the peculiar effect I mean is; I spoke of it in my lectures on translating Homer, and there I took an example of it from Dante, who perhaps manifests it more eminently than any other poet. But from Milton, too, one may take examples of it abundantly; compare this from Milton—

..... nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,

with this from Goethe—

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Ein Charakter sich in dem Strom der Welt.

Nothing can be better in its way than the style in which Goethe there presents his thought; but it is the style of prose as much as of poetry; it is lucid, harmonious, earnest, eloquent, but it has not received that peculiar kneading, heightening, and recasting, which is observable in the style of the passage from Milton,—a style which seems to have for its cause a certain pressure of emotion, and an ever surging, yet bridled, excitement in the poet, giving a special intensity to his way of delivering

himself. In poetical races and epochs this turn for style is peculiarly observable; and perhaps it is only on condition of having this somewhat heightened and difficult manner, so different from the plain manner of prose, that poetry gets the privilege of being loosed, at its best moments, into that perfectly simple, limpid style, which is the supreme style of all, but the simplicity of which is still not the simplicity of prose. The simplicity of Menander's style is the simplicity of prose, and is the same kind of simplicity as that which Goethe's style, in the passage I have quoted, exhibits; but Menander does not belong to a great poetical moment, he comes too late for it; it is the simple passages in poets like Pindar or Dante which are perfect, being masterpieces of *poetical* simplicity. One may say the same of the simple passages in Shakspeare; they are perfect, their simplicity being a *poetical* simplicity. They are the golden, careful, crowning moments of a manner which is always pitched in another key from that of prose, a manner changed and heightened; the Elizabethan style, regnant in most of our dramatic poetry to this day, is mainly the continuation of this manner of Shakspeare's. It was a manner much more turbid and strown with blemishes than the manner of Pindar, Dante, or Milton; often it was detestable; but it owed its existence to Shakspeare's instinctive impulse towards *style* in poetry, to his native sense of the necessity for it; and without the basis of style everywhere, faulty though it may in some places be, we should not have had the beauty of expression, unsurpassable for effectiveness and charm, which is reached in Shakspeare's best passages. The turn for style is perceptible all through English poetry, proving, to my mind, the genuine poetical gift of the race; this turn imparts to our poetry a stamp of high distinction, and sometimes it doubles the force of a poet not by nature of the very highest order, such as Gray, and raises him to a rank beyond what his natural richness and power seem to promise. Goethe, with his fine critical perception, saw clearly enough both the power of style in itself, and the lack of style in the literature of his own country; and perhaps if we regard him solely as a German, not as a European, his great work was that he laboured all his life to impart style into German literature, and firmly to establish it there. Hence the immense importance to him of the world of classical art, and of the productions of Greek or Latin genius, where style so eminently manifests its power. Had he found in the German genius and literature an element of style existing by nature and ready to his hand, half his work, one may say, would have been saved him, and he might have done much more in poetry. But as it was, he had to try and create out of his own powers, a style for German poetry, as well as to provide contents for this style to carry; and thus his labour as a poet was doubled.

It is to be observed that power of style, in the sense in which I am here speaking of style, is something quite different from the power of idiomatic, simple, nervous, racy expression, such as the expression of healthy, robust natures so often is, such as Luther's was in a striking

degree. Style, in my sense of the word, is a peculiar recasting and heightening, under a certain condition of spiritual excitement, of what a man has to say, in such a manner as to add dignity and distinction to it; and dignity and distinction are not terms which suit many acts or words of Luther. Deeply touched with the *Gemeinheit* which is the bane of his nation, as he is at the same time a grand example of the honesty which is his nation's excellence, he cannot even show himself brave, resolute and truthful, without showing a strong dash of coarseness and commonness all the while; the right definition of Luther, as of our own Bunyan, is that he is a Philistine of genius. So Luther's sincere idiomatic German—such language as this: "Hilf lieber Gott, wie manchen Jammer habe ich gesehen, dass der gemeine Mann doch so gar nichts weiss von der christlichen Lehre!"—no more proves a power of style in German literature, than Cobbett's sinewy idiomatic English proves it in English literature; power of style properly so-called, as manifested in masters of style like Dante or Milton in poetry, Cicero, Bossuet or Bolingbroke in prose, is something quite different, and has, as I have said, for its characteristic effect, this;—to add dignity and distinction.

Style, then, the Germans are singularly without, and it is strange that the power of style should show itself so strongly as it does in the Icelandic poetry, if the Scandinavians are such genuine Teutons as is commonly supposed. Fauriel used to talk of the Scandinavian Teutons and the German Teutons, as if they were two divisions of the same people, and the common notion about them, no doubt, is very much this. Since the war in Schleswig-Holstein, however, all one's German friends are exceedingly anxious to insist on the difference of nature between themselves and the Scandinavians; when one expresses surprise that the German sense of nationality should be so deeply affronted by the rule over Germans, not of Latins or Celts, but of brother Teutons or next door to it, a German will give you I know not how long a catalogue of the radical points of unlikeness, in genius and disposition, between himself and a Dane. This emboldens me to remark that there is a fire, a sense of style, a distinction, in Icelandic poetry, which German poetry has not. Icelandic poetry, too, shows a powerful and developed technic; and I wish to throw out, for examination by those who are competent to sift the matter, the suggestion that this power of style and development of technic in the Norse poetry seems to point towards an early Celtic influence or intermixture. It is curious that Zeuss, in his grammar, quotes a text which gives countenance to this notion; as late as the ninth century, he says, there were Irish Celts in Iceland; and the text he quotes to show this, is as follows:—"In 870 A.D., when the Norwegians came to Iceland, there were Christians there, who departed, and left behind them Irish books, bells, and other things; from whence it may be inferred that these Christians were Irish." I speak, and ought to speak, with the utmost diffidence on all these questions of ethnology; but I must say that when I read this text in Zeuss, I caught eagerly at the clue it seemed to offer;

for I had been hearing the *Nibelungen* read and commented on in German schools (German schools have the good habit of reading and commenting on German poetry, as we read and comment on Homer and Virgil, but do not read and comment on Chaucer and Shakspeare), and it struck me how the fatal humdrum and want of style of the Germans had marred their way of telling this magnificent tradition of the *Nibelungen*, and taken half its grandeur and power out of it ; while in the Icelandic poems which deal with this tradition, its grandeur and power are much more fully visible, and everywhere in the poetry of the Edda there is a force of style and a distinction as unlike as possible to the want of both in the German *Nibelungen*. At the same time the Scandinavians have a realism, as it is called, in their genius, which abundantly proves their relationship with the Germans ; any one whom Mr. Dasent's delightful books have made acquainted with the prose tales of the Norsemen, will be struck with the stamp of a Teutonic nature in them ; but the Norse poetry seems to have something which from Teutonic sources alone it could not have derived ; which the Germans have not, and which the Celts have.

This something is *style*, and the Celts certainly have it in a wonderful measure. Style is the most striking quality of their poetry ; Celtic poetry seems to make up to itself for being unable to master the world and give an adequate interpretation of it, by throwing all its force into style, by bending language at any rate to its will, and expressing the ideas it has with unsurpassable intensity, elevation, and effect. It has all through it a sort of intoxication of style—a *Pindarism*, to use a word formed from the name of the poet, on whom, above all other poets, the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect ; and not in its great poets only, in Taliesin, or Llywarch Hen, or Ossian, does the Celtic genius show this Pindarism, but in all its productions.

The grave of March is this, and this the grave of Gwythyr ;
Here is the grave of Gwgawn Gledwyfreidd ;
But unknown is the grave of Arthur.

That comes from the Welsh *Memorials of the Graves of the Warriors*, and if we compare it with the familiar memorial inscriptions of an English churchyard (for we English have so much Germanism in us that our productions offer abundant examples of German want of style as well as of its opposite)—

Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till God did please Death should me seize
And ease me of my pain:

if, I say, we compare the Welsh memorial lines with the English, which in their *Gemeinheit* of style are truly Germanic, we shall get a clear sense of what that Celtic talent for style I have been speaking of is.

Or take this epitaph of an Irish Celt, Angus the Culdee, whose *Féiliré*, or festology, I have already mentioned ;—a festology in which, at the end

of the eighth or beginning of the ninth century, he collected from "the countless hosts of the illuminated books of Eriu" (to use his own words) the festivals of the Irish saints, his poem having a stanza for every day in the year. The epitaph on Angus, who died at Cluain Eidhnech, in Queen's County, runs thus:—

Angus in the assembly of Heaven,
Here are his tomb and his bed;
It is from hence he went to death,
In the Friday, to holy Heaven.

It was in Cluain Eidhnech he was reared;
It was in Cluain Eidhnech he was buried;
In Cluain Eidhnech, of many crosses,
He first read his psalms.

That is by no eminent hand; and yet a Greek epitaph could not show a finer perception of what constitutes propriety and felicity of style in compositions of this nature. Take the well-known Welsh prophecy about the fate of the Britons:—

Their Lord they will praise,
Their speech they will keep,
Their land they will lose,
Except wild Wales.

To however late an epoch that prophecy belongs, what a feeling for style, at any rate, it manifests! And the same thing may be said of the famous Welsh triads. We may put aside all the vexed questions as to their greater or less antiquity, and still what important witness they bear to the genius for literary style of the people who produced them!

Now we English undoubtedly exhibit very often the want of sense for style of our German kinsmen. The churchyard lines I just now quoted afford an instance of it; but the whole branch of our literature—and a very popular branch it is, our hymnology—to which those lines are to be referred, is one continued instance of it. Our German kinsmen and we are the great people for hymns. The Germans are very proud of their hymns, and we are very proud of ours; but it is hard to say which of the two, the German hymn-book or ours, has least poetical worth in itself, or does least to prove genuine poetical power in the people producing it. I have not a word to say against Sir Roundell Palmer's choice and arrangement of materials for his *Book of Praise*; I am content to put them on a level (and that is giving them the highest possible rank) with Mr. Palgrave's choice and arrangement of materials for his *Golden Treasury*; but yet no sound critic can doubt that, so far as poetry is concerned, while the *Golden Treasury* is a monument of a nation's strength, the *Book of Praise* is a monument of a nation's weakness. Only the German race, with its want of quick instinctive tact, of delicate, sure perception, could have invented the hymn as the Germans and we have it; and our non-German turn for style, of which the very essence is a certain happy fineness and truth of poetical perception, could not but desert us when our

German nature carried us into a kind of composition which can please only when the perception is somewhat blunt. Scarcely any one of us ever judges our hymns fairly, because works of this kind have two sides—their side for religion and their side for poetry. Everything which has helped a man in his religious life, everything which associates itself in his mind with the growth of that life, is beautiful and venerable to him; in this way, productions of little or no poetical value, like the German hymns and ours, may come to be regarded as very precious. Their worth in this sense, as means by which we have been edified, I do not for a moment hold cheap; but there is an edification proper to all our stages of development, the highest as well as the lowest, and it is for man to press on towards the highest stages of his development, with the certainty that for those stages, too, means of edification will not be found wanting. Now certainly it is a higher state of development when our fineness of perception is keen than when it is blunt. And if,—whereas the Semitic genius placed its highest spiritual life in the religious sentiment, and made that the basis of its poetry,—the Indo-European genius places its highest spiritual life in the imaginative reason, and makes that the basis of its poetry, we are none the better for wanting the perception to discern a natural law, which is, after all, like every natural law, irresistible; we are none the better for trying to make ourselves Semitic, when Nature has made us Indo-European, and to shift the basis of our poetry. We may mean well; all manner of good may happen to us on the road we go; but we are not on our own real right road, the road we must in the end follow. That is why, when our hymns betray a false tendency by losing a power which accompanies the poetical work of our race on our other more suitable lines, the indication thus given is of great value and instructiveness for us. One of our main gifts for poetry deserts us in our hymns, and so gives us a hint as to the one true basis for the spiritual work of an Indo-European people, which the Germans, who have not this particular gift of ours, do not and cannot get in this way, though they may get it in others. It is worth noticing that the masterpieces of the spiritual work of Indo-Europeans taking the pure religious sentiment, and not the imaginative reason, for their basis, are works like the *Imitation*, the *Dies Ira*, the *Stabat Mater*,—works clothing themselves in the middle-age Latin, the genuine native voice of no Indo-European nation. The perfection of their kind, but that kind not perfectly legitimate, they take a language not perfectly legitimate; as if to show, that when mankind's Semitic age is once passed, the age which produced the great incomparable monuments of the pure religious sentiment, the books of Job and Isaiah, the Psalms,—works truly to be called inspired, because the same divine power which worked in those who produced them works no longer,—as if to show us, that, after this primitive age, we Indo-Europeans must feel these works without attempting to remake them; and that our poetry, if it tries to make itself simply the organ of the religious sentiment, leaves the true course, and must conceal this by not speaking a living

language. The moment it speaks a living language, and still makes itself the organ of the religious sentiment only, as in the German and English hymns, it betrays weakness;—the weakness of all false tendency.

But if, by attending to the Germanism in us English and to its works, one has come to doubt whether we, too, are not thorough Germans by genius and with the German deadness to style, one has only to repeat to oneself a line of Milton—a poet intoxicated with the passion for style as much as Taliesin or Pindar—to see that we have another side to our genius besides the German one. Whence do we get it? The Normans may have brought in the Latin sense for rhetoric and style,—for, indeed, this sense goes naturally with a high spirit and a strenuousness like theirs,—but the sense for style which English poetry shows is something finer than we could well have got from a people so positive and so little poetical as the Normans; and it seems to me we may much more plausibly derive it from a root of the poetical Celtic nature in us.

Its chord of penetrating passion and melancholy, again, its *Titanism* as we see it in Byron,—what other European poetry possesses that like the English, and where do we get it from? The Celts, with their vehement reaction against the despotism of fact, with their sensuous nature, their manifold striving, their adverse destiny, their immense calamities, the Celts are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion, of this *Titanism* in poetry. A famous book, Macpherson's *Ossian*, carried in the last century this vein like a flood of lava through Europe. I am not going to criticize Macpherson's *Ossian* here; make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious in the book as large as you please; strip Scotland, if you like, of every feather of borrowed plumes which on the strength of Macpherson's *Ossian* she may have stolen from that *vetus et major Scotia*, the true home of the Ossianic poetry, Ireland; I make no objection. But there will still be left in the book a residue with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven, and echoing Sora, and Selma with its silent halls—we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us! Choose any one of the better passages in Macpherson's *Ossian*, and you can see even at this time of day what an apparition of newness and power such a strain must have been to the eighteenth century:—

"I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round her head. Raise the song of mourning, O bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us, for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. Let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day."

All Europe felt the power of that melancholy ; but what I wish to point out is, that no nation of Europe so caught in its poetry the passionate penetrating accent of the Celtic genius, its strain of Titanism, as the English. Goethe, like Napoleon, felt the spell of Ossian very powerfully, and he quotes a long passage from him in his *Werther*. But what is there Celtic, turbulent, and Titanic about the German *Werther*, that amiable, cultivated, and melancholy young man, having for his sorrow and suicide the perfectly definite motive that Lotte cannot be his? Faust, again, has nothing unaccountable, defiant, and Titanic in him; his knowledge does not bring him the satisfaction he expected from it, and meanwhile he finds himself poor and growing old, and baulked of the palpable enjoyment of life; and here is the motive for Faust's discontent. In the most energetic and impetuous of Goethe's creations—his *Prometheus*—it is not Celtic self-will and passion, it is rather the Germanic sense of justice and reason, which revolts against the despotism of Zeus. The German *Sehnsucht* itself is a wistful, soft, tearful longing, rather than a struggling, fierce, passionate one. But the Celtic melancholy is struggling, fierce, passionate; to catch its note listen to Llywarch Hen in old age, addressing his crutch:—

O my crutch! is it not autumn, when the fern is red, the water-flag yellow?
Have I not hated that which I love?

O my crutch! is it not winter-time now, when men talk together after that they have drunken? Is not the side of my bed left desolate?

O my crutch! is it not spring, when the cuckoo passes through the air, when the foam sparkles on the sea? The young maidens no longer love me.

O my crutch! is it not the first day of May? The furrows, are they not shining; the young corn, is it not springing? Ah, the sight of thy handle makes me wroth.

O my crutch! stand straight, thou wilt support me the better; it is very long since I was Llywarch.

Behold old age, which makes sport of me, from the hair of my head to my teeth, to my eyes, which women loved.

The four things I have all my life most hated fall upon me together—coughing and old age, sickness and sorrow.

I am old, I am alone, shapeliness and warmth are gone from me; the couch of honour shall be no more mine; I am miserable, I am bent on my crutch.

How evil was the lot allotted to Llywarch, the night when he was brought forth! sorrows without end, and no deliverance from his burden.

There is the Titanism of the Celt, his passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact; and of whom does it remind us so much as of Byron?

The fire which on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze;
A funeral pile!

Or, again:—

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

One has only to let one's memory begin to fetch passages from Byron striking the same note as that passage from Llywarch Hen, and she will not soon stop. And all Byron's heroes, not so much in collision with outward things, as breaking on some rock of revolt and misery in the depths of their own nature; Manfred self-consumed, fighting blindly and passionately with I know not what, having nothing of the consistent development and intelligible motive of Faust,—Manfred, Lara, Cain, what are they but Titanic? Where in European poetry are we to find this Celtic passion of revolt so warm-breathing, puissant, and sincere; except perhaps in the creation of a yet greater poet than Byron, but an English poet, too, like Byron,—in the Satan of Milton?

. . . . what though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.

There, surely, speaks a genius to whose composition the Celtic fibre was not wholly a stranger!

And as, after noting the Celtic Pindarism or power of style present in our poetry, we noted the German flatness coming in in our hymns, and found here a proof of our compositeness of nature; so, after noting the Celtic Titanism or power of rebellious passion in our poetry, we may also note the Germanic patience and reasonableness in it, and get in this way a second proof how mixed a spirit we have. After Llywarch Hen's—

How evil was the lot allotted to Llywarch, the night when he was brought forth :
after Byron's—

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
take this of Southey's, in answer to the question whether he would like to have his youth over again :—

Do I regret the past?
Would I live o'er again
The morning hours of life?
Nay, William, nay, not so!
Praise be to God who made me what I am,
Other I would not be.

There we have the other side of our being; the Germanic goodness, docility, and fidelity to nature, in place of the Celtic Titanism.

The Celt's quick feeling for what is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still, the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. The forest solitude, the bubbling spring, the wild flowers, are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there; they are nature's own children, and utter her secret in a way which makes them something quite different from the woods, waters, and plants of Greek and Latin poetry. Now of this delicate magic Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress, that

it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts. Magic is just the word for it—the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism—that the Germans had; but the intimate life of nature, her weird power and her fairy charms. As the Saxon names of places, with the pleasant wholesome smack of the soil in them—Weathersfield, Thaxted, Shalford—are to the Celtic names of places, with their penetrating, lofty beauty—Velindra, Tyntagel, Caernarvon—so is the homely realism of German and Norse nature to the fairy-like loveliness of Celtic nature. Gwydion wants a wife for his pupil: “Well,” says Math, “we will seek, I and thou, by charms and illusions, to form a wife for him out of flowers. So they took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptized her, and gave her the name of Flower-Aspect.” Celtic romance is full of exquisite touches like that, showing the delicacy of the Celt’s feeling in these matters, and how deep nature lets him come into her secrets. The quick dropping of blood is called “faster than the fall of the dewdrop from the blade of reed-grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest.” And thus is Olwen described—“More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountains.” For loveliness it would be hard to beat that; and for magical clearness and nearness take the following:—

“And in the evening Peredur entered a valley, and at the head of the valley he came to a hermit’s cell, and the hermit welcomed him gladly, and there he spent the night. And in the morning he arose, and when he went forth, behold, a shower of snow had fallen the night before, and a hawk had killed a wild-fowl in front of the cell. And the noise of the horse scared the hawk away, and a raven alighted upon the bird. And Peredur stood and compared the blackness of the raven, and the whiteness of the snow, and the redness of the blood, to the hair of the lady whom best he loved, which was blacker than the raven, and to her skin, which was whiter than the snow, and to her two cheeks, which were redder than the blood upon the snow appeared to be.”

And this, which is perhaps less striking, is not less beautiful:—

“And early in the day Geraint and Enid left the wood, and they came to an open country, with meadows on one hand and mowers mowing the meadows. And there was a river before them, and the horses bent down and drank the water. And they went up out of the river by a steep bank, and there they met a slender stripling with a satchel about his neck; and he had a small blue pitcher in his hand, and a bowl on the mouth of the pitcher.”

And here the landscape, up to this point so Greek in its clear beauty, is suddenly magicalized by the romance touch:—

"And they saw a tall tree by the side of the river, one-half of which was in flames from the root to the top, and the other half was green and in full leaf."

Magic is the word to insist upon—a magically vivid and near interpretation of nature; since it is this which constitutes the special charm and power of the effect I am calling attention to, and it is for this that the Celt's sensibility gives him a peculiar aptitude. But the matter needs rather fine handling, and it is easy to make mistakes here in our criticism. In the first place, Europe tends constantly to become more and more one community, and we tend to become Europeans instead of merely Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians; so whatever aptitude or felicity one people imparts into spiritual work, gets imitated by the others, and thus tends to become the common property of all. Therefore anything so beautiful and attractive as the natural magic I am speaking of, is sure now-a-days, if it appears in the productions of the Celts, or of the English, or of the French, to appear in the productions of the Germans also, or in the productions of the Italians; but there will be a stamp of perfectness and inimitableness about it in the literatures where it is native, which it will not have in the literatures where it is not native. Novalis or Rückert, for instance, have their eye fixed on nature, and have undoubtedly a feeling for natural magic; a rough-and-ready critic easily credits them and the Germans with the Celtic fineness of tact, the Celtic nearness to nature and her secret; but the question is whether the strokes in the German's picture of nature have ever the indefinable delicacy, charm, and perfection of the Celt's touch in the pieces I just now quoted, or of Shakespeare's touch in his daffodil, Wordsworth's in his cuckoo, Keats's in his *Autumn*, Obermann's in his mountain birch-tree, or his Easter-daisy among the Swiss farms. To decide where the gift for natural magic originally lies, whether it is properly Celtic or Germanic, we must decide this question.

In the second place, there are many ways of handling nature, and we are here only concerned with one of them; but a rough-and-ready critic imagines that it is all the same so long as nature is handled at all, and fails to draw the needful distinction between modes of handling her. But these modes are many; I will mention four of them now: there is the conventional way of handling nature, there is the faithful way of handling nature, there is the Greek way of handling nature, there is the magical way of handling nature. In all these three last the eye is on the object, but with a difference; in the faithful way of handling nature, the eye is on the object, and that is all you can say; in the Greek, the eye is on the object, but lightness and brightness are added; in the magical, the eye is on the object, but charm and magic are added. In the conventional way of handling nature, the eye is not on the object; what that means we all know, we have only to think of our eighteenth century poetry—

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,

to call up any number of instances. Latin poetry supplies plenty of instances too; if we put this from Propertius's *Hylas*—

. . . manus haroum
Mollia composita litora fronde tegit,

side by side with the line of Theocritus by which it was suggested—

λαμὼν γάρ σφιν ἔκυτο μίγας, στιβάδασιν ὄνειαρ,

we get at the same moment a good specimen both of the conventional and of the Greek way of handling nature. But from our own poetry we may get specimens of the Greek way of handling nature, as well as of the conventional: for instance, Keats's—

What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with quiet citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?

is Greek, as Greek as a thing from Homer or Theocritus; it is composed with the eye on the object, a radiancy and light clearness being added. German poetry abounds in specimens of the faithful way of handling nature; an excellent example is to be found in the stanzas called *Zueignung*, prefixed to Goethe's poems: the morning walk, the mist, the dew, the sun, are as faithful as they can be, they are given with the eye on the object, but there the merit of the work, as a handling of nature, stops; neither Greek radiance nor Celtic magic are added; the power of these is not what gives the poem in question its merit, but a power of quite another kind, a power of moral and spiritual emotion. But the power of Greek radiance Goethe could give to his handling of nature, and nobly too, as any one who will read his *Wanderer*,—the poem in which a wanderer falls in with a peasant woman and her child by their hut, built out of the ruins of a temple near Cuma,—may see. Only the power of natural magic Goethe does not, I think, give; whereas Keats passes at will from the Greek power to that power which is, as I say, Celtic; from his—

What little town, by river or seashore,

to his—

White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine,
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves,

or his—

. . . magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn:

in which the very same note is struck as in those extracts which I quoted from Celtic romance, and struck with authentic and unmistakable power.

Shakspeare, in handling nature, touches this Celtic note so exquisitely, that perhaps one is inclined to be always looking for the Celtic note in him, and not to recognize his Greek note when it comes. But if one attends well to the difference between the two notes, and bears in

mind, to guide one, such things as Virgil's "moss-grown springs and grass softer than sleep"—

Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba :

as his charming flower-gatherer, who—

*Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi :*

as his quinces and chestnuts—

*. . . cana legam tenera lanugine mala
Castaneasque nucas*

then, I think, we shall be disposed to say that in Shakspeare's—

*I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet mask-roses and with eglantine,*

it is mainly a Greek note which is struck. Then, again, in his—

*. look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,*

we are at the very point of transition from the Greek note to the Celtic; there is the Greek clearness and brightness, with the Celtic ærialness and magic coming in. Then we have the sheer, inimitable Celtic note in passages like this—

*Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea :*

or this, the last I will quote—

*The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls :*

*. in such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew :*

*. in such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.*

And those last lines of all are so drenched and intoxicated with the fairy-dew of that natural magic which is our theme, that I cannot do better than end with them.

And now, with the pieces of evidence in our hand, let us go to those who say it is vain to look for Celtic elements in any Englishman, and let us ask them, first, if they seize what we mean by the power of natural magic in Celtic poetry; secondly, if English poetry does not eminently exhibit this power; and, thirdly, where they suppose English poetry got it from?

I perceive that I shall be accused of having rather the air, in what I have said, of denying this and that gift to the Germans, and of establishing our difference from them a little ungraciously and at their expense. The truth is, few people have any real care to analyse closely in their criticism; they merely employ criticism as a means for heaping all praise on what they like, and all blame on what they dislike. Those of us (and they are many) who owe a great debt of gratitude to the German spirit and to German literature, do not like to be told of any powers being lacking there; we are like the young ladies who think the hero of their novel is only half a hero unless he has all perfections united in him. But Nature does not work, either in heroes or races, according to the young ladies' notion. We all are what we are, the hero and the great nation are what they are, by our limitations as well as by our powers, by lacking something as well as by possessing something. It is not always gain to possess this or that gift, or loss to lack this or that gift. Our great, our only first-rate body of contemporary poetry is the German; the grand business of modern poetry, a moral interpretation, from an independent point of view, of man and the world, it is only German poetry, Goethe's poetry, that has, since the Greeks, made much way with. Campbell's power of style, and the natural magic of Keats and Wordsworth, and Byron's Titanic personality, may be wanting to this poetry; but see what it has accomplished without them! How much more than Campbell with his power of style, and Keats and Wordsworth with their natural magic, and Byron with his Titanic personality! Why, for the immense serious task it had to perform, the steadiness of German poetry, its going near the ground, its patient fidelity to nature, its using great plainness of speech, poetical drawbacks in one point of view, were safeguards and helps in another. The plainness and earnestness of the two lines I have already quoted from Goethe—

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Ein Charakter sich in dem Strom der Welt,

compared with the play and power of Shakspeare's style or Dante's, suggest at once the difference between Goethe's task and theirs, and the fitness of the faithful laborious German spirit for its own task. Dante's task was to set forth the lesson of the world from the point of view of mediæval Catholicism; the basis of spiritual life was given, Dante had not to make this anew. Shakspeare's task was to set forth the spectacle of the world when man's spirit re-awoke to the possession of the world at the Renaissance. The spectacle of human life, left to bear its own significance and tell its own story, but shown in all its fulness, variety, and power, is at that moment the great matter; but, if we are to press deeper, the basis of spiritual life is still at that time the traditional religion, reformed or unreformed, of Christendom, and Shakspeare has not to supply a new basis. But when Goethe came, Europe had lost her basis of spiritual life; she had to find it again; Goethe's task was,—the inevitable task for the modern poet henceforth is,—as it was for the Greek poet in the days of

Pericles, not to preach a sublime sermon on a given text like Dante, not to exhibit all the kingdoms of human life and the glory of them like Shakespeare, but to interpret human life afresh, and to supply a new spiritual basis to it. This is not only a work for style, eloquence, charm, poetry ; it is a work for science ; and the scientific serious German spirit, not carried away by this and that intoxication of ear, and eye, and self-will, has peculiar aptitudes for it.

We, on the other hand, do not necessarily gain by the commixture of elements in us ; we have seen how the clashing of natures in us hampers and embarrasses our behaviour ; we might very likely be more attractive, we might very likely be more successful, if we were all of a piece. Our want of sureness of taste, our eccentricity, come in great measure, no doubt, from our not being all of a piece, from our having no fixed, fatal, spiritual centre of gravity. The Rue de Rivoli is one thing, and Nuremberg is another, and Stonehenge is another ; but we have a turn for all three, and lump them all up together. Mr. Tom Taylor's translations from Breton poetry offer a good example of this mixing ; he has a genuine feeling for these Celtic matters, and often, as in the *Evil Tribute of Nomenoë*, or in *Lord Nann and the Fairy*, he is, both in movement and expression, true and appropriate ; but he has a sort of Teutonism and Latinism in him too, and so he cannot forbear mixing with his Celtic strain such disparates as—

'Twas mirk, mirk night, and the water bright
Troubled and drumlie flowed :

which is evidently Lowland-Scotch ; or as—

Foregad, but thou'rt an artful hand !

which is English-stagey ; or as—

To Gradlon's daughter, bright of blee,
Her lover he whispered tenderly—
Bethink thee, sweet Dahut ! the key !

which is Anacreontic in the manner of Tom Moore. Yes, it is not a sheer advantage to have several strings to one's bow ; if we had been all German we might have had the science of Germany ; if we had been all Celtic, we might have been popular and agreeable ; if we had been all Latinized, we might have governed Ireland as the French govern Alsace, without getting ourselves detested. But now we have Germanism enough to make us Philistines, and Normanism enough to make us imperious, and Celtism enough to make us self-conscious and awkward ; but German fidelity to Nature, and Latin precision and clear reason, and Celtic quick-wittedness and spirituality, we fall short of. Nay, perhaps, if we are doomed to perish (Heaven avert the omen !), we shall perish by our Celtism, by our self-will and want of patience with ideas, our inability to see the way the world is going ; and yet those very Celts, by our affinity with whom we are perishing, will be hating and upbraiding us all the time.

This is a somewhat unpleasant view of the matter, but if it is true, its

being unpleasant does not make it any less true, and we are always the better for seeing the truth. What we here see is not the whole truth, however. So long as this mixed constitution of our nature possesses us, we pay it tribute and serve it; so soon as we possess it, it pays us tribute and serves us. So long as we are blindly and ignorantly rolled about by the forces of our nature, their contradiction baffles us and lames us; so soon as we have clearly discerned what they are, and begun to apply to them a law of measure, control, and guidance, they may be made to work for our good and to carry us forward. Then we may have the good of our German part, the good of our Latin part, the good of our Celtic part; and instead of one part clashing with the other, we may bring it in to continue and perfect the other, when the other has given us all the good it can yield, and by being pressed further, could only give us its faulty excess. Then we may use the German faithfulness to Nature to give us science, and to free us from insolence and self-will; we may use the Celtic quickness of perception to give us delicacy, and to free us from hardness and Philistinism; we may use the Latin decisiveness to give us strenuous clear method, and to free us from fumbling and idling. Already, in their untrained state, these elements give signs, in our life and literature, of their being present in us, and a kind of prophecy of what they could do for us if they were properly observed, trained, and applied. But this they have not yet been; we ride one force of our nature to death; we will be nothing but Anglo-Saxons in the Old World or in the New; and when our race has built Bold Street, Liverpool, and pronounced it very good, it hurries across the Atlantic, and builds Nashville, and Jacksonville, and Milledgeville, and thinks it is fulfilling the designs of Providence in an incomparable manner. But true Anglo-Saxons, simply and sincerely rooted in the German nature, we are not and cannot be; all we have accomplished by our onesidedness is to blur and confuse the natural basis in ourselves altogether, and to become something eccentric, unattractive, and inharmonious.

A man of exquisite intelligence and charming character, the late Mr. Cobden, used to fancy that a better acquaintance with the United States was the grand panacea for us; and once in a speech he bewailed the inattention of our seats of learning to them, and seemed to think that if our ingenuous youth at Oxford were taught a little less about the *Iliad*, and a little more about Chicago, we should all be the better for it. Chicago has its claims upon us, no doubt; but it is evident that from the point of view to which I have been leading, a stimulation of our Anglo-Saxonism, such as is intended by Mr. Cobden's proposal, does not appear the thing most needful for us; seeing our American brothers themselves have rather, like us, to try and moderate the flame of Anglo-Saxonism in their own breasts, than to ask us to clap the bellows to it in ours. So I am inclined to beseech Oxford, instead of expiating her over-addiction to the *Iliad* by lectures on Chicago, to give us an expounder for a still more remote-looking object than the *Iliad*—the Celtic languages and literature.

And yet why should I call it remote? if, as I have been labouring to show, in the spiritual frame of us English ourselves, a Celtic fibre, little as we may have ever thought of tracing it, lives and works. *Aliens in speech, in religion, in blood*, said Lord Lyndhurst; the philologists have set him right about the speech, the physiologists about the blood; and perhaps, taking religion in the wide but true sense of our whole spiritual activity, those who have followed what I have been saying to-day will think that the Celt is not so wholly alien to us in religion. But, at any rate, let us consider that of the shrunken and diminished remains of this great primitive race, all, with one insignificant exception, belongs to the English empire; only Brittany is not ours; we have Ireland, the Scotch Highlands, Wales, the Isle of Man, Cornwall. They are a part of ourselves, we are deeply interested in knowing them, they are deeply interested in being known by us; and yet in the great and rich universities of this great and rich country there is no chair of Celtic, there is no study or teaching of Celtic matters; those who want them must go abroad for them. It is neither right nor reasonable that this should be so. Ireland has had in the last half century a band of Celtic students—a band with which death, alas! has of late been busy—from whence Oxford or Cambridge might have taken an admirable professor of Celtic; and with the authority of a university chair a great Celtic scholar, on a subject little known, and where all would have readily deferred to him, might have by this time doubled our facilities for knowing the Celt, by procuring for this country Celtic documents which were inaccessible here, and preventing the dispersion of others which were accessible. It is not much that the English Government does for science or literature; but if Eugene O'Curry, from a chair of Celtic at Oxford, had appealed to the Government to get him copies or the originals of the Celtic treasures in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, or in the library of St. Isidore's College at Rome, even the English Government could not well have refused him. The invaluable Irish manuscripts in the Stowe Library the late Sir Robert Peel wished to buy for the British Museum, in 1849; Lord Macaulay, one of the trustees of the Museum, declared, with the confident shallowness which makes him so admired by public speakers and leading-article writers, and so intolerable to all searchers for truth, that he saw nothing in the whole collection worth purchasing for the Museum, except the correspondence of Lord Melville on the American war. That is to say, this correspondence of Lord Melville's was the only thing in the collection about which Lord Macaulay himself knew or cared. Perhaps an Oxford or Cambridge professor of Celtic might have been allowed to make his voice heard, on a matter of Celtic manuscripts, even against Lord Macaulay. The manuscripts were bought by Lord Ashburnham, who keeps them shut up, and will let no one consult them (at least up to the date when O'Curry published his *Lectures* he did so), "for fear an actual acquaintance with their contents should decrease their value as matter of curiosity at some future transfer or sale." Who knows?

Perhaps an Oxford professor of Celtic might have touched the flinty heart of Lord Ashburnham.

It is clear that the system of professorships in our universities is at the present moment based on no intelligent principle, and does not by any means correspond with the requirements of knowledge. I do not say any one is to blame for this. Sometimes the actual state of things is due to the wants of another age,—as, for instance, in the overwhelming preponderance of theological chairs; all the arts and sciences, it is well known, were formerly made to centre in theology. Sometimes it is due to mere haphazard, to the accident of a founder having appeared for one study, and no founder having appeared for another. Clearly it was not deliberate design which provided Anglo-Saxon with a chair at Oxford, while the Teutonic languages, as a group, have none, and the Celtic languages have none. It is as if we had a chair of Oscean, or of Æolic Greek, before we had a chair of Greek or Latin. The whole system of our university chairs evidently wants recasting, and adapting to the needs of modern science.

I say, of *modern science*; and it is important to insist on these words. Circumstances at Oxford and Cambridge give special prominence to their function as finishing schools to carry young men of the upper classes of society through a certain limited course of study. But a university is something more and higher than a great finishing school for young gentlemen, however distinguished. A university is a member of a European confraternity for continually enlarging the domain of human knowledge and pushing back in all directions its boundaries. The statutes of the College of France, drawn up at the best moment of the Renaissance and informed with the true spirit of that generous time, admirably fix, for a university professor or representative of the higher studies of Europe, his aim and duty. The *Lecteur Royal* is left with the amplest possible liberty; only one obligation is imposed on him,—to promote and develope, to the highest possible pitch, the branch of knowledge with which he is charged. In this spirit a university should organize its professorships; in this spirit a professor should use his chair. So that if the Celtic languages are an important object of science, it is no objection to giving them a chair at Oxford or Cambridge, that young men preparing for their degree have no call to study them. The relation of a university chair is with the higher studies of Europe, and not with the young men preparing for their degree. If its occupant has had but five young men at his lectures, or but one young man, or no young man at all, he has done his duty if he has served the higher studies of Europe; or, not to leave out America, let us say, the higher studies of the world. If he has not served these, he has not done his duty though he had at his lectures
five hundred young men. But undoubtedly the most fruitful action of a university chair, even upon the young college student, is produced not by bringing down the university chair to his level, but by beckoning him up to its level. Only in this way can that love for the things of

the mind, which is the soul of true culture, be generated,—by showing the things of the mind in their reality and power. Where there is fire, people will come to be warmed at it; and every notable spread of mental activity has been due, not to the arrangement of an elaborate machinery for schooling, but to the electric wind of a glowing, disinterested play of mind. "Evidences of Christianity," Coleridge used to say, "I am weary of the word! make a man feel the want of Christianity." "The young men's education," one may in like manner cry, "I am sick of seeing it organized! make the young men feel the want, the worth, the power of education."

At this moment, when the narrow Philistinism which has long had things its own way in England, is showing its natural fruits, and we are beginning to feel ashamed, and uneasy, and alarmed at it; now, when we are becoming aware that we have sacrificed to Philistinism culture, and insight, and dignity, and acceptance, and weight among the nations, and hold on events that deeply concern us, and control of the future, and yet that it cannot even give us the fool's paradise it promised us, but is apt to break down, and to leave us with Mr. Roebuck's and Mr. Lowe's laudations of our matchless happiness, and the bank-rate of discount at 10 per cent., and the largest circulation in the world assured to the *Daily Telegraph*, for our only comfort; at such a moment it needs some moderation not to be attacking Philistinism by storm, but to mine it through such gradual means as the slow approaches of culture, and the introduction of chairs of Celtic. But the hard unintelligence, which is just now our bane, cannot be conquered by storm; it must be supplanted and reduced by culture, by a growth in the variety, fulness, and sweetness of our spiritual life; and this end can only be reached by studying things that are outside of ourselves, and by studying them disinterestedly. Let us reunite ourselves with our better mind and with the world through science; and let it be one of our angelic revenges on the Philistines, who among their other sins are the guilty authors of Fenianism, to found at Oxford a chair of Celtic, and to send, through the gentle ministrations of science, a message of peace to Ireland.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.





BEAMISH AND CATHERINE

SWAIN 3.

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The Village on the Cliff.

CHAPTER III.

BY THE RIVER.



CATHERINE had forgotten her morning visions; they had turned into very matter-of-fact speculations about Totty's new hat and Rosa's Sunday frock, as she came home through the park late in the afternoon. A long procession of beautiful ladies was slowly passing, gorgeous young men were walking up and down and along the Row, looking at the carriages and parasols, and recognizing their acquaintances. The trees and the grass were still green and in festive dress, the close of this beautiful day was all sweet and balmy and full of delight for those who could linger out in the long daylight. The Serpentine gleamed through the old elm-trees and in the slant sun-rays. Catherine was delighted with the sweet fresh air and childishly amused by the crowd, but she thought she had better get out of it. As she was turning out of the broad pathway by one of the small iron gates of the park, she came face to face with Dick Butler walking with a couple of friends. He took off his hat as he passed, and Miss George again bowed with the air of a meek little princess.

"Who is that?" said Beamiah. "I don't know her."

Mr. Beamish was destined to improve his acquaintance, for there came a little note from Mrs. Butler to Dick early next morning.

"MY DEAR RICHARD,—I am very sorry to find that I cannot possibly join your party this afternoon, but the girls and your aunt will be delighted to come. The children declare you would be horribly disappointed if they did not make their appearance. I am afraid of their being troublesome. May I send Miss George to keep them in order?—They are beyond their sisters' control, I fear. Ever affectionately yours,

"S. BUTLER.

"P.S.—Will not you and Mr. Beamish be amiable and look in upon us this evening? you will find some friends."

Dick's studio was in Queen's Walk. He lived in one of those old brown houses facing the river. He could see the barges go by, and the boats and the steamers sliding between the trees which were planted along the water-side. An echo of the roar of London seemed passing by outside the ancient gates of his garden; within everything was still and silent, and haunted by the past. An old dais of Queen Anne's time still hung over his doorway, and he was very proud of his wainscoted hall and drawing-room, and of the oaken stairs which led up to his studio. His friend lived with him there. Mr. Beamish was in the Foreign Office, and had good expectations. As he was an only son and had been very rigidly brought up, he naturally inclined to Dick, and to his Bohemian life, and the two young men got on very well together. The house had been a convent school before they came to it, and gentle black-veiled nuns had slid from room to room, rosy ragged children had played about the passages and the oaken hall, and had cluttered their mugs, and crumbled their bread-and-butter, in the great bow-windowed dining-room at the back. The young men had seen the place by chance one day, were struck by its quaintness and capabilities, and they agreed to take it together and to live there. The children and the nuns went away through the iron gates. Butler put workmen in to repair, and polish, and make ready, and then he came and established himself, with his paint-pots and canvases.

The studio was a great long room, with a cross-light that could be changed and altered at will; for which purpose heavy curtains and shutters had been put up. There was matting on the floor; and some comfortable queer-shaped chairs were standing round the fireplace. The walls were panelled to about four feet from the ground, and from hooks and nails and brackets, hung a hundred trophies of Butler's fancies and experiences. Pictures begun and never finished, plaster casts, boxing-gloves, foils, Turkish pipes and scimitars, brown jugs of graceful slender form, out of Egyptian tombs. Bits of blue china, and then odd garments hanging from hooks, Venetian brocades of gold and silver, woven with silk, and pale and strange-coloured stuffs and gauzes, sea-green, salmon-colour, fainting blue, and saffron and angry orange-browns. English words cannot describe the queer, fanciful colours.

There was a comfortable sofa with cushions, and a great soft carpet spread at one end of the room, upon which the tea-table stood, all ready laid with cakes and flowers. Beamish had gone out that morning and bought a waggon-load of flowers, for the studio and the balcony. There was a piano in a dark corner of the room, where the curtains cast a gloom, but the windows on the balcony were set wide open, and the river rolled by grey and silvery, and with a rush, carrying its swift steamers and boats and burdens. The distant banks gleamed through the full-leaved branches, a quiet figure stood here and there under the trees, watching the flow of the stream. It was a strange, quaint piece of mediæval life set into the heart of to-day. The young men should have worn powder and periwigs, or a still more ancient garb. In the church near at hand, a martyr lies buried, and it is the old bygone world that everything tells of—as the river flows past the ancient houses. Presently the clock from the steeple of old St. Mary's Church clanged out, and at that very instant there was a loud ring at the bell. Beamish started up. Dick looked over the balcony. It was only the punctual children, who had insisted upon starting much too soon, and who had been walking up and down the street, waiting until it should be time for them to make their appearance.

"Do you know, we very nearly didn't come at all, Dick?" they instantly began telling him from down below in the hall. "Mamma said she couldn't come, and Miss George didn't want to, did you, Miss George? and they said we should be a bother; and we were afraid we were late, but we weren't." All this was chiefly in Algy's falsetto. Lydia joined in—"Wouldn't you have been disappointed if we had not come, Dick? and why have you hung up all these little things?"

"They are kitchen plates and old clothes," says Algy, splitting with laughter; "and some foils—oh, jolly."

"Algy," said Miss George, very determined and severe, because she was so shy—"remember that I am going to take you away if you are troublesome."

"He won't be troublesome, Miss George. He never is," said Dick, good-humouredly. "Look here; won't you sit down?" and he pushed forward the enormous tapestried chair in which he had been lounging. Catherine sat down. She looked a very small little person in her white gown, lost in the great arm-chair. She glanced round curiously, with her bright eyes, and forgot her rôle of governess for a minute.

"How delightful the river is—what a dear old place," she said, in her plaintive childish voice. "What nice china!"—she happened to have a fancy for bowls and cracked teapots, and had kept the key of her step-mother's china closet. "This is Dutch, isn't it?" she asked. And then she blushed up shyly, and felt very forward all of a sudden.

"Here is a nice old bit," said Beamish, coming up to Dick's assistance, with a hideous tureen he had picked up a bargain. "Butler and I are rival collectors, you know."

"Are you?" said Catherine, blushing again.

"Yes," said Beamish. And then there was a pause in the conversation, and they heard the river rushing, and both grew shyer and shyer.

Meanwhile, Dick was going about with the children, who had fortunately preserved their composure, and who seemed all over the place in a minute.

"And now show us something else," said Algy. "Miss George!" he shouted, "I mean to be an artist like Dick—when I'm a man."

"What a brilliant career Algy is chalking out for himself, isn't he, Beamish?" said poor Dick.

"He might do worse," Beamish answered, kindly. "You must let Miss George see your picture. He has painted a capital picture this time, Miss George."

Dick had modestly turned it with its face to the wall. "They don't want to see my picture," said Dick; and he went on pulling one thing out after another, to the delight of the three little girls who stood all in a row, absorbed in his wonderful possessions. Algy was inspecting a lay figure, and quite silent and entranced by the charming creature. Poor little Miss George, meanwhile, sat in her big chair, growing shyer and shyer every minute: she was longing for the others to appear. Perhaps Beamish also was looking out for them.

They came at last, with a roll of wheels, a rustle, some gentle laughter and confusion on the stairs; and the two young fellows rushed down to receive their guests. Georgie was in blue, and had her affected manner on; Catherine Butler was all in a light grey cloud from head to foot, and looked like a beautiful apparition as she came under the curtain of the door, following her aunt. Madame de Tracy was bustling in, without any poetic or romantic second thoughts, exclaiming at everything she saw—delighted with the convenience of the house. She was unlike Mrs. Butler in the sincere and unaffected interest she took in all sorts of other people's schemes, arrangements, money matters, and love-makings, lodgings, and various concerns.

"But how well-off you are here, Dick! I congratulate you! you must feel quite cramped at Tracy after this! Catherine! Look at that river and the flowers. . . . Is it not charming?—you are quite magnificent; my dear Dick, you are receiving us like a prince!"

"Beamish got the flowers," said Richard, smiling; "I only stood the cakes. Now then, Catherine, you must make tea, please."

They all went and sat round the tea-table in a group. Madame de Tracy and Georgina were upon the sofa. The children were squatting on the floor, while Miss George stood handing them their cakes and their tea, for Dick's chairs were big and comfortable, but not very numerous. Catherine Butler, with deft, gentle fingers, dipped the china into the basin, poured water from the kettle with its little flame, measured, with silver tongs and queer old silver spoons, the cream and sugar into the fragrant cups. She might have been the priestess of the flower-decked altar, offering up

steaming sacrifices to Fortune. Beamish secretly pledged her in the cup she handed him with her two hands, and one of her bright sudden smiles. A little person in white, who was standing against some tapestry in the background, cutting bread and jam for the hungry children, caught sight of the two, and thrilled with a feminine kindness, and then smiled, hanging her head over the brown loaf. Dick, who was deeply interested in the issue of the meeting that afternoon, was sitting on the back of the sofa, and by chance he saw one Catherine's face reflected in the other's. He was touched by the governess's gentle sympathy, and noticed, for the first time, that she had been somewhat neglected.

"You want a table, Miss George," said Dick, placing one before her, and a chair. . . . "And you have no tea yourself. You have been so busy attending to everybody else. Catherine, we want some tea here. . . . Beamish, why don't you go and play the piano, and let us feast with music like the Arabian Nights? . . ."

"How pretty the flowers are growing," cried little Sarah, pointing. "Oh, do look, Miss George dear. . . ."

"It's the sun shining through the leaves," said Madame de Tracy, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"The water shines, too," said Augusta. "I wish there was a river in Eaton Square; don't you, Catherine?"

"I envy you your drawing-room, Dick," said Madame de Tracy, conclusively. "Mr. Beamish, pray give us an air."

Beamish now got up and went to the piano. "If I play, you must show them your picture," he said, striking a number of chords very quickly, and then he sat down and began to play parts of that wonderful Kreutzer sonata, which few people can listen to unmoved. The piano was near where Catherine Butler had been making the tea, and she turned her head and listened, sitting quite still with her hands in her lap. I think Beamish was only playing to her, although all the others were listening round about. I know he only looked up at her every now and then as he played. Little Catherine George had sunk down on a low chair by the children, and had fallen into one of her dreams again. . . . She understood, though no one had ever told her, all that was passing before her. She listened to the music; it seemed warning, beseeching, prophesying, by turns. There is one magnificent song without words in the adagio, in which it seems as if one person alone is uttering and telling a story, passionate, pathetic, unutterably touching. Catherine thought it was Beamish telling his own story in those beautiful, passionate notes to Catherine, as she sat there in her grey cloud dress, with her golden hair shining in the sunset. Was she listening? Did she understand him? Ah, yes! Ah, yes, she must! Did everybody listen to a story like this once in their lives? Catherine George wondered. People said so. But, ah! was it true? It was true for such as Catherine Butler, perhaps—for beautiful young women, loved, and happy, and cherished; but was it true for a lonely and forlorn little creature, without friends, without

beauty (Catherine had only seen herself in her glass darkly as yet), with no wealth of her own to buy the priceless treasure of love and sympathy? The sun was shining outside; the steamers and boats were still sailing by; Catherine Butler's future was being decided. Little Catherine sat in a trance; her dark eyes were glowing. Beamish suddenly changed the measure, and crashed about on the piano, until by degrees it was Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," which went swinging through the room in great vibrations. Then Catherine George seemed to see the mediæval street, the old German town, the figures passing, the bridegroom tramping ahead, the young men marching along in procession. She could almost see the crisp brocades and the strange-cut dresses, and hear the whispering of the maidens following with the crowned bride; while from the gables of the queer old town—(she even gave it a name, and vaguely called it Augsburg or Nuremberg to herself)—people's heads were pushing and staring at the gay procession. It was one of those strange phantasmagorias we all know at times, so vivid for the moment that we cannot but believe we have seen it once, or are destined to witness it at some future time in reality.

Beamish left off playing suddenly, and bent over the instrument, and began talking to Catherine Butler in low, eager tones. Madame de Tracy and Georgie, who had had enough music, were standing at the window by this time, watching the scene outside. The children, too, had jumped up, and ran out one by one upon the balcony. Not for the first time, and, alas! not for the last, poor child! a weary, strange, lost feeling came over Catherine George, as she sat on an overturned chest, in the great, strange room. It came to her from her very sympathy for the other two, and gladness in their content. It was a sharp, sudden thorn of aloneness and utter forlornness, which stung her so keenly in her excited and eager state that two great tears came and stood in her eyes; but they were youthful tears, fresh and salt, of clear crystal, unsoiled, undimmed as yet by the stains of life.

Dick, who was himself interested for his friend, and excited beyond his custom, and who had begun to feel a sort of interest in the sensitive little guest, thought she was feeling neglected. He had noticed her from across the room, and he now came up to her, saying, very gently and kindly, "Would you care to see my picture, Miss George? my aunt and my cousin say they want to see it. It's little enough to look at."

As he said, it was no very ambitious effort. An interior. A fishwife sitting watching for her husband's return, with her baby asleep on her knee. One has seen a score of such compositions. This one was charmingly painted, with feeling and expression. The colours were warm and transparent; the woman's face was very touching, bright and sad at once; her brown eyes looked out of the picture. There was life in them, somehow, although the artist had, according to the fashion of his school, set her head against a window, and painted hard black shadows and deeply marked lines with ruthless fidelity. The kitchen was evidently

painted from a real interior. The great carved cupboard, with the two wooden birds pecketing each other's beaks, and the gleaming steel hinges, with two remarkable rays of light issuing from them; the great chimney, with the fire blazing; (the shovel was an elaborate triumph of art;) the half-open window, looking out across fields to the sea; the distaff, the odd shuttles for making string, hanging from the ceiling; the great brass pan upon the ground with the startling reflections. It was all more than true to nature, and the kitchen—somewhat modified, and less carefully polished—might be seen in any of the cottages and farmsteads round about the Château de Tracy for miles.

“My dear Dick, you have made an immense start,” said his aunt. “It's admirable. It's by far the best thing you have done yet. Who is it so like? Catherine, only look at the brass pan and the cupboard. Madame Binaud has got just such a one in her kitchen.”

Dick shrugged his shoulders, but he was pleased at the praise. “I have another thing here,” he said, smiling, “only it isn't finished.” And he rolled out another canvas on an easel.

“It's quite charming! What's the subject?” said Madame de Tracy, looking through her eyeglass.

“Oh, I don't know. Anything you like. A cart—Normandy peasants going for a drive—coming back from market,” said Dick, blushing and looking a little conscious. . . . “I have been obliged to paint out the girl's head, Georgie. I wish you'd sit to me.” And looking up as he spoke—not at Georgie—he met the glance of two soft dark eyes which were not Georgie's. “I wish you would sit to me, Miss George,” cried Dick, suddenly inspired. “You would make a first-rate fishwife; wouldn't she, aunt Matilda?”

“I think Miss George would look very nice indeed in the costume,” Madame de Tracy good-humouredly said. “She is a brunette, like all our girls.” And Madame de Tracy turned her eyeglass on Miss George, and nodded. She then glanced at Dick.

“I should be very glad to sit to Mr. Butler,” said Miss George in her gentle way, “but I am afraid I should not have time. I am very much occupied, and the children mustn't be neglected, and I hope they are not in trouble now,” she added, looking round. “I'm afraid it is time for us to go.” The clock of the old church had struck six some time, and as she said, it was time to go.

Madame de Tracy looked at her watch, and gave a little scream. “Yes, indeed,” she said, “my brother Charles and half-a-dozen other people dine in Eaton Square to-night. Are you coming?”

“Beamish and I are coming in to dessert,” said Dick; at least he seemed to wish it this morning.

“We have to get home, we have to dress,” said Madame de Tracy, pre-occupied. “Georgie, where is my parasol? Catherine, are you ready? Have you finished your talk?”

Beamish and Catherine had finished their talk by this time, or begun

it rather, for it was a life-long talk that they had entered into. The carriage had come back for the elders of the party. The children, who had eaten enormously, went off slightly subdued.

The two young men stood in the iron gateway, watching the carriage as it drove away, and the governess and the little pupils slowly sauntering homewards along the river side.

Beamish looked very tall and very odd as he stood leaning against the iron gate, round which some clematis was clinging.

Dick glanced at him, and then at the river, and then at his friend again. "Well!" he said, at last, pulling a leaf off a twig.

"It is all right," Beamish said, with the light in his face as he put out his hand to Dick; and then the two cordially shook hands, to the surprise of some little ragged children who were squatting in the road.

CHAPTER IV.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY.

CATHERINE held little Sarah's hand tightly clasped in hers as they went home along the busy streets. She had not met with so much romance in her short hard life, this poor little Catherine, that she could witness it unmoved in others. She had read of such things in books before now, of Lord Orville exclaiming with irresistible fire, "My sweet, my beloved, Miss Anville!" of Rochester's energetic love-making, of Mr. Knightsley's expressive eyes, as he said, "My dearest Emma, for dearest you will be to me, whatever may be the result of this morning's conversation." And she had read of the sweet bunch of fragrant lilac, which a young lover had sent to his lady, and now here was a sweet bunch of lilac for Catherine Butler; so the little governess called it to herself, and the sweetness and scent seemed diffused all round, until they, the bystanders, were all perfumed and made fragrant too.

Catherine had heard Mr. Beamish saying,—"I shall come this evening and see you," as he put Miss Butler into the carriage. The girl had not answered, but her face looked very sweet and conscious, as she bent over and held out her hand to him. Poor Dick was looking on too, and a little old refrain came into his head. "En regrettant la Normandie," it went, "En regrettant . . ." This sweet dream of love-making made the way short and pleasant, though the children lagged and stopped at every interesting sight along the road. The man pouring beer out of his can, the milkwoman setting down her pails, the cart full of oranges and blue paper, the grocer taking in faggots two by two out of a cart: all was grist that came to their little mills, and delayed the fatal return to evening tasks and bed. For the little governess the sweet summer twilight was all a-glow, and she was in a sort of enchanted world, where perfect happiness was waiting at

unexpected corners ; where people understood what was in one another's hearts ; where there was a little trouble to begin with, but where at two, or three and twenty (Miss Butler was little more), or even sooner, the fragrant bunch of lilacs flowered for most people, and then what mattered all the rest ? If the flowers were blooming on the branches, a passing storm, or wind, or darkness, could not unmake the spring.

One privilege belonging to her position Miss George had not, perhaps, valued so highly as she might have done. It was that of coming down in white muslin with Augusta after dinner whenever she liked. Little sleepy Sarah, and the aggrieved Lydia, would be popped into white calico and disposed of between the sheets ; but Miss George and Augusta were at liberty to enjoy the intoxicating scene if they felt so inclined.

Mr. Butler, nodding off over the paper. Mrs. Butler at her davenport, writing civil notes, one after another, in her large even handwriting. Catherine and Georgina strumming on the pianoforte. The back-room quite dark, and the tea stagnating on a small table near the doorway. This was when there was nobody there. When there was company the aspect of things was very different. Both the chandeliers would be lighted, the round sofa wheeled out into the middle of the room. Three ladies would be sitting upon it with their backs turned to one another ; Georgina and a friend, in full evening dress, suppressing a yawn, would be looking over a book of photographs.

"Do you like this one of me ?" Georgina would say, with a slight increase of animation. "Oh, what a horrid thing !" the young lady would reply ; "if it was me, I should burn it—indeed I should. And is that your sister ?—a Silvy I am sure." "Yes, my cousin Richard cannot bear it ; he says she looks as if her neck was being wrung." In the meantime, Catherine Butler, kindly attentive and smiling, would be talking to old Lady Shiverington, and trying to listen to her account of her last influenza, while Mrs. Butler, with her usual tact, was devoting herself to the next grander lady present. Madame de Tracy, after being very animated all dinner-time, would be sitting a little subdued with her fan before her eyes. Coffee would be handed round by the servants. After which the climax of the evening would be attained, the door would fly open, and the gentlemen come straggling up from dinner, while tea on silver trays was being served to the expectant guests.

Mr. Butler, with a laugh, disappears into the brilliantly-lighted back-room with a couple of congenial white neckcloths, while Mr. Bartholomew, the great railway contractor, treads heavily across the room to his hostess and asks if these are some more of her young ladies ? and how was it that they had not had the pleasure of their company at dinner ? "My daughter Augusta is only twelve, Mr. Bartholomew, and is not thinking of coming out," Mrs. Butler would say ; "and that is Miss George, my children's governess. It amuses her to come down, poor girl. Have you had any tea ?"

Miss George, far from being amused by all this brilliancy, generally

kept carefully out of the way; but on this particular evening, after the five o'clock tea at the studio, she had been haunted by a vague curiosity and excitement, and she felt as if she must come down—as if it would be horrible to sit all alone and silent in the schoolroom, out of reach, out of knowledge, out of sight, while below, in the more favoured drawing-room, the people were all alive with interest, and expectation, and happiness.

Just before dinner she had met Madame de Tracy on the stairs, fastening her bracelets and running down in a great hurry. Catherine looked up at her and smiled as she made way, and the elder lady, who was brimming over with excitement and discretion, and longing to talk to every one on the subject which absorbed her, said,—

“Ah, Miss George, I see you found out our secret this afternoon—not a word to the children. Mr. Beamish is coming to-night after dinner to speak to my brother. Hush! some one is on the stairs.”

Miss George was not the only person in the establishment who surmised that something was going on. Madame de Tracy's vehement undertones had roused the butler's curiosity; he had heard the master of the house confessing that he was not totally unprepared; while Mrs. Butler was late for dinner, an unprecedented event, and had been seen embracing her daughter with more than usual effusion, in her room upstairs. Mrs. Butler was one of those motherly women entirely devoted to their husbands and children, and who do not care very much for anybody else in all the world, except so far as they are conducive to the happiness of their own family. She worked, thought, bustled, wrote notes, arranged and contrived for her husband and children. Her davenport was a sort of handmill, at which she ground down paper, pens, monograms, stamps, regrets, delights, into notes, and turned them out by the dozen. Her standard was not a very high one in this world or in the next, but she acted industriously up to it such as it was, and although her maternal heart was stirred with sympathy, she was able to attend to her guests and make small talk as usual. I do not think that one of them, from her manner, could have guessed how she longed secretly to be rid of them all.

Catherine George, who was only the little governess and looker-on, felt her heart stirred too as she dressed in her little room upstairs to come down after dinner; unconsciously she took more than usual pains with herself; she peered into her looking-glass, and plumed and smoothed out her feathers like a bird by the side of a pool.

She thought her common gown shabby and crumpled, and she pulled out for the first time one of those which had been lying by ever since she had left her own home. This was a soft India muslin, prettily made up with lace and blue ribbons. Time had yellowed it a little, but it was none the worse for that, and if the colours of the blue ribbons had faded somewhat, they were all the softer and more harmonious. With her rough dark hair piled up in a knot, she looked like a little Sir Joshua lady when she had tied the bead necklace that encircled her round little throat, and then she came down and waited for Augusta in the

empty drawing-room. Catherine was one of those people who grow suddenly beautiful at times, as there are others who become amiable all at once, or who have flashes of wit, or good spirits; Catherine's odd sudden loveliness was like an inspiration, and I don't think she knew of it. The little thing was in a strange state of sympathy and excitement. She tried to think of other things, but her thoughts reverted again and again to the sunny studio, the river rushing by, the music, the kind young men, and the beautiful, happy Catherine, leaning back in the old carved chair, with her bright eyes shining as she listened to Beamish's long story. The sun had set since he had told it, and a starlight night was now reigning overhead. The drawing-room windows were open, letting in a glimmer of stars and a faint incense from Catherine Butler's flowers outside on the balcony. Little Miss George took up her place in a quiet corner, and glanced again and again from the dull drawing-room walls to the great dazzling vault without, until the stars were hidden from her by the hand of the butler who came in to pull down the blinds and light the extra candles, and to place the chairs against the wall. Whilst he was thus engaged in making the room comfortable, he remarked that "the ladies would not be up for ten minutes or more, and if Miss George and Miss Augusta would please to take a little ice there would be plenty of time?"

"Yes, certainly," said Augusta; "bring some directly, Freeman." And she and Miss George shared their little feast with one spoon between them.

The ladies came up from dinner, and Augusta was summoned to talk to them, and little Miss George was left alone in her corner. She was quite happy, although she had no one to speak to: she was absorbed in the romance of which she had conned the first chapters, and of which the heroine was before her in her white gauze dress, with the azalias in her hair.

And so one Catherine gazed wondering and speculating, while the other sat there patiently listening to the old ladies' complaining talk,—to stories of doctors, and ailments, and old age, and approaching death, coming so soon after the brilliant strains of youth, and music, and romance.

One Catherine's bright checks turned very pale; the other, who was only looking on, blushed up, when almost immediately after the tea-tray, the door opened, and Dick and Mr. Beamish walked in without being announced. Mrs. Butler looked up and smiled and held out her hand. Mr. Butler came striding forward from the back-room. Madame de Tracy put up her eyeglasses; Catherine Butler looked down, but she could say "yes" quite quietly to old Lady Shiverington, who asked, in a loud whisper, if that was Mr. Beamish. "The young men come to dinner, my dear, time after time," said the old lady, nodding her ancient head, "but they are all so much alike I don't know one from another."

And so this was all that Catherine had come out of her schoolroom to see? Charles Butler had been looking on too from the other end of the

room, with little blinking eyes instead of dark fawn-like orbs, and at this stage of the proceedings he moved out of the way, and came across and sank down, much to Miss George's alarm, in a vacant arm-chair beside her. There she sat in her muslin, fair, pretty, soft, with shy, quick, curious glances; and there sat the old fellow with his wrinkled face and thick eyebrows: she need not have been afraid, though he looked somewhat alarming. If Mr. Bartholomew, who was standing by, could have known what was passing in the minds of these two people, he might have been struck, had he been romantically inclined, by the duet they were unconsciously playing.

"Matilda has been in great force to-night," thought Mr. Butler; "but her confidences are overpowering, whispery mystery,—hiss, hiss, hiss—how she does delight in a love-affair. If it had been poor unlucky Dick now—but I suppose no woman of sense would have a word to say to him, and he will make a terrible fool of himself sooner or later. Eh, ch, we have all made fools of ourselves. . . It is only about half a century since I first saw his mother under the lime-trees. Poor dear! Poor dear!" and the old fellow began to beat a tune to a dirge with his foot as he thought of what was past. Meanwhile Miss George was playing her treble in the duet. "What can it be like," the little governess was thinking, "to love, to be loved, actually to live the dreams and the stories? Oh, I cannot imagine it! Is it like listening to music? is it like that day when we climbed the hill in the sunset, my mother and I, higher and higher, and it was all like heaven in the valley? Is there some secret sympathy which makes quite old and wrinkled people care when they see such things, or does one only cease to feel in time? How calm Catherine looks, she scarcely speaks to Mr. Beamish. I can see Madame de Tracy smiling and nodding her head to her across the room. Can people care really and truly and with all their hearts, and give no more sign? What should I do if I were Catherine? Ah, what am I thinking?"

Here Mr. Butler suddenly gave a grunt and said,—

"I am quite convinced the fault of all arm-chairs is that they are not made deep enough in the seat; my legs are quite cramped and stiff from that abominable contrivance in which I have been sitting. I cannot imagine how my brother can go to sleep in it night after night in the way he does."

"Isn't Mr. Butler's arm-chair comfortable?" said Catherine smiling. "The children and I have always looked at it with respect: we never should venture to sit in it, or not to think it deep enough in the seat."

"I see Mr. Beamish is not too shy to occupy the chair of state," said old Mr. Butler, glancing at Catherine from under his thick eyebrows, and unconsciously frightening her into silence.

Catherine was oppressed by circumstance, and somewhat morbid by nature, as people are who have lively imaginations, and are without the power of expansion. She had lived with dull people all her life, and had never learnt to talk or to think. Her stepmother was a tender-hearted

and sweet-natured sad woman, who was accustomed to only see the outside of things. Mrs. George had two dozen little sentences in her repertory, which she must have said over many thousand times in the course of her life ; and which Catherine had been accustomed hitherto to repeat after her, and to think of as enough for all the exigencies and philosophy of life. But now everything was changing, and she was beginning to idea thoughts for herself, and to want words to put them into ; and with the thoughts and the words, alas ! came the longing for some one to listen to her strange new discoveries, and to tell her what they meant. But it was not old Charles Butler to whom she could talk. She looked across the room.

Yes, Beamish was there installed : they were all welcoming him for the sake of their beloved princess. " Ah, what am I thinking ! " thought Catherine again, " would there be any one in the world to care if —— " She did not finish the sentence, but a vague impossibility, in the shape of a Geraint with sleepy eyes and without a name, passed through her mind. As chance would have it, Dick Butler came sauntering up at this minute, and she started and blushed as usual, and her visions vanished. Catherine almost felt as if he must see them flying away.

It was not Dick, with his short-sighted eyes, who saw the little fancies flying away ; but there were others present who were more experienced and more alive to what was passing. Madame de Tracy was a woman of lively imagination, who scarcely knew any of the people present, and had nobody to talk to ; and so it happened that at the end of a quarter of an hour, she began to think that her nephew had been conversing quite long enough with Miss George.

All the world might have heard what he was saying to her. Dick was only telling Miss George about Normandy, about the beautiful old ruins, the churches turned into barns, talking Murray and little else. For reasons best known to himself he liked telling of the places he had lately seen, although he said but little of the people he had known there. And Miss George was a good listener, she said not much, but her bright little face brightened as he went on with his stories. They were prosy enough some people might have thought. His uncle had joined in once and exclaimed, " Spare us the description of the next church you visited, Richard ; " but Catherine George liked every word, and listened in delighted attention. Catherine listened ; she had better far have sat up all alone in her schoolroom, poor child, with her candle-ends and fancies of what might have been.

Later in life, when people have outlived the passionate impatience of youth, when the mad wild longings are quieted, and the things their own, perhaps, and no longer valued, for which they would have given their lives once—long ago—when people are sober and matter-of-fact, when they have almost forgotten that strange impetuous self of former days, it is easy to blame and to phoo-phoo, to crush and brush away the bright beautiful bubbles which the children are making in their play. Madame

de Tracy did not feel one moment's remorse, sentimental as she was, when she came across and interrupted little Catherine's happy half-hour, and Dick in his eloquent talk.

Dick was asking Catherine what she thought of the five o'clock tea. "We had music, uncle Charles, hadn't we, Miss George? Beamish played first fiddle, *Ah ti voglio ben assai*, a Neapolitan air, uncle Charles. Nobody ever sung it to you." And Dick, who was excited and in high spirits, began humming and nodding his head in time. He suddenly stopped—old Charles made a warning sign. "Miss George was present and knows all about it; don't be afraid, she is discretion itself, and of course we are all thinking about the same thing. What is the use of pretending?"

"If Miss George is discretion itself, that quite alters the case," said Mr. Butler.

Meanwhile Dick was going on,—*"Look at uncle Hervey performing the père noble, and making Beamish look foolish. Dear old Beamish, I shouldn't let him marry Catherine if he was not the best fellow in the whole world."*

"My niece is fortunate to have secured such a paragon," said Charles, showing his sympathy by a little extra dryness.

"Their faces are something alike, I think," said Miss George, timidly; "they seem very well suited."

"Of course," said Dick: "5,000*l.* a year in prospect—what can be more suitable? If they had no better reason for wanting to get married than because they were in love with one another, then you should hear the hue-and-cry their affectionate relatives can raise."

"Quite right too," said old Mr. Butler.

Catherine glanced from one to the other.

"You don't think it quite right, do you, Miss George?" said Dick, and then his aunt came up and carried him off.

"Young fellows like Dick often talk a great deal of nonsense," said old Butler, kindly, as Catherine sat looking after the two as they walked away arm-in-arm. "Depend upon it, my nephew would no more wish to marry upon an incompetence than I should. Remember, he is not the man to endure privation except for his own amusement."

He spoke so expressively, blinking his little grey eyes, that the girl looked up curiously, wondering whether he could mean anything. All the evening she had been sitting there in her white gown, feeling like a shade, a thing of no account among all this living people, a blank in the closely written page, a dumb note in the music. A sort of longing had come over her to be alive, to make music too; and now to be warned even, to be acting a part ever so small in this midsummer night's dream, was enough to thrill her sad little childish heart with excitement. Could he be warning her? Then it came like a flash, and her heart began to beat faster and faster. There was something possible after all besides governing and lesson-books in her dull life, something to beware of, to give interest, even the interest of danger to the monotonous road. To be

scorned did not seem to her so unutterably sad, as to be utterly passed by and ignored. Charles Butler never guessed the harm he had done.

It was not the Miss George who had dressed herself in her yellowed muslin who went upstairs to bed that night. It was another Catherine George. The little moth had burst out of its cocoon, the wings had grown, and it was fluttering and fluttering in the candle's beautiful golden light.

My simile would have been better if Catherine, the moth, had not herself blown out her candle when she reached her bedroom upstairs. She was hanging out of her window, trying to drink the night calm into her veins. "Is that bright beautiful planet my star I wonder?" the governess was thinking. "How gaily it sparkles; it seems to be dancing in space. How the night wanes and shines; how the stars blaze beyond the house-tops! Did any one ever tell me that was my star? Why do I think so?" As Catherine gazed at the heavens and thought all this, not in words, but with quick sensitive flashes—down below, just under her feet, the well was being dug into which the poor little philosopher was doomed to tumble. Ah me! was truth at the bottom of it, I wonder, instead of up overhead in the beautiful shining stars of good promise?

It seemed to little Catherine as if a burst of sunshine had come out suddenly into her dull life. She did not know whence or how it came; she did not know very clearly what she was feeling; she did not tell herself that she ought to shut her heart and ears and eyes, until some one suitable in fortune and worldly circumstances came across her way. She is only twenty years old, impressionable, soft-hearted. What can her girlish day-dreams have taught her? Can she have learned from them to mistrust people who are kind, to be careful and cautious and reserved—to wall up and bury the natural emotions of youth?

For the first time in her short life, ideas, feelings, sensations hitherto unthought and unfelt, came crowding upon Catherine George. Everything seemed changed, although she walked the same walks in the square—corrected the same mistakes in the children's exercises—sat in her old place in the schoolroom. The walls seemed to have opened somehow to let in the unfamiliar crowd of strange new ideas, of feelings impossible to realize or to define. The difference in Catherine was not greater than that which a passing cloud makes in the sky, or a burst of sunshine breaking across the landscape. Out of the vague images and shadows which had hitherto made up her solitary life, came a sudden reality. The drifting dreams and fancies of what might be, had vanished for ever; they were gone, and in their stead it was to-day; and Catherine, as she was—no ideal self to be—who was sitting there, and who had awakened one morning to find herself living her own life in the world of the present. Other discoveries she might make as she travelled farther; and times might come to her, as to most of us, when solemn visions close round about once more, and we realize with terrible distinctness that we are only dreaming in a kingdom of mists and shadows—a kingdom where the sounds die into silence—where the suns set day by day. But at this

time everything was real and keen enough to the poor little thing, of vast meaning and moment—never to finish, she thought—never to seem of import less vital—never, ah, never!

CHAPTER V.

WHAT CATHERINE WISHED FOR.

FATE, which for some time past seemed to have strangely overlooked the thread of Catherine George's existence, now suddenly began to spin it somewhat faster, and to tie a few knots in the loose little string. For one thing, Madame de Tracy's thread flew so fast, that it was apt to entangle itself with others alongside, and it would set all those round about flying with the vibrations of its rapid progress.

Dick was a great deal in Eaton Square at this time, more than he had ever been before. The house was not generally so pleasant, as it was just then; Madame de Tracy was there bustling about and enjoying herself, and making a great talk and life and stir. Charles Butler, too, was in town, and often with his sister, and Dick was unaffectedly fond of his uncle's society. Everybody used to scold the young painter when he appeared day by day, for leaving his work; but all the same they would not let him go back to it, once he was with them.

"I ought to go," Dick would say, as he remained to take his pleasure, and Catherine coming down demurely at the end of the little procession, never knew who she might find down below. One great triumph Richard had to announce. He had sold his picture, and got a good price for it; although he hesitated, to the dealer's surprise, when it came to parting with his beloved fishwife. He had also received an order for the "Country-cart," as soon as it should be finished, and once again he said at luncheon—

"Miss George, I *wish* you would let me put you into my cart."

Some shy impulse made her refuse—she saw Mrs. Butler looking prim and severe, and Madame de Tracy unconsciously shaking her head. It seemed very hard. Catherine nearly cried afterwards, when she woke up in the night and wondered whether Richard had thought her ungrateful. What could he think after all his kindness? why had she been so shy and foolishly reserved? . . . "No, Lydia, it was William the Conqueror who came over in 1066, not Julius Cæsar."

Meanwhile Richard the Conqueror, Butler Cæsar, went about his business and his pleasure with feelings quite unwounded by anything Catherine could do or say; when she saw him again, he had forgotten all about her refusal, and to her delight and surprise his manner was quite unchanged and as kind as ever. What trifles she pondered over and treasured up! It was like the old German stories of twigs and dried leaves carefully counted and put away in the place of gold pieces—chance encounters—absurdities—she did not know what she was about.

Madame de Tracy, who never let go an idea, or who let it go a hundred times to return to it again and again at stray intervals, shook her head at all these chance meetings. Her departure was approaching—her vigilance would be removed—she could not bear to think of what might not happen in her absence, and she had spoken to Mrs. Butler of a scheme for appealing to Dick's own better feelings.

"My dear Matilda! I entreat you to do nothing of the sort. Dick can bear no remonstrance," Mrs. Butler cried. "I will see that all is right, and, if needs be, Miss George must go. I have a most tempting account of this German governess. Charles told me to bring Miss George to his picnic on Friday, but I think it will be as well that she should not be of the party."

Poor unconscious little Catherine! She would have died of horror, I think, if she had guessed how quietly the secrets of her heart were discussed by unsympathetic bystanders, as she went on her way, singing her song without words. It was a foolish song, perhaps, about silly things; but the voice that sang it was clear and sweet, and true.

Charles Butler, the giver of the proposed entertainment, was one of those instances of waste of good material which are so often to be met with in the world: a tender-hearted man with few people to love him, living alone, with no nearer ties than other people's children; a man of ability who had never done anything except attend to the commonplaces of life: and these were always better arranged and contrived at Lambswold than anywhere else, for he knew what should be done and how to make other people do it, and perhaps gave an attention and effort to small things which should have gone elsewhere. It was a kindly spirit in a wrinkled, ugly, cranky old body. Charles Butler's hook nose and protruding teeth and fierce eyebrows, his contradictoriness and harsh little laugh, were crimes of nature, so to speak, for they frightened away women and children and timid people. They had frightened Charles Butler himself into mistrusting his own powers, into believing that there was something about him which must inevitably repel; they had destroyed his life, his best chance for happiness. He was a diffident man; for years he had doubted and hesitated and waited; waited for this sad lonely aching old age which had come upon him now. His little nephews and nieces, however, had learnt not to be afraid of him on a certain day in the year when it was his custom to ask them all down for the day to Lambswold in honour of his god-daughter Augusta's birthday. They often stayed there at other times, but this one day was the happiest of all, they thought. It came in midsummer with a thrill of sweetness in the air, with the song of the thrush, when the strawberry-heads were hanging full and crimson, when all the roses were flushing. Little Sarah used to say she thought Lambswold was a pink place.

It was an old-fashioned country-house, standing in the hollow of two hills, with a great slope in front and a wide plenteous world of wheat-fields, farmsteads, and straggling nut-woods to gaze at from the dining-room

windows and the terrace. There were rising green meads on either side, and at the back of it kitchen-gardens, fruit-walls, and greenhouses and farm-buildings, all in excellent order and admirably kept.

"Oh, Miss George, how sorry you must be not to come," Algy would say.

"Yes, I am very sorry," Catherine honestly answered in her child's voice; for she had not yet outgrown the golden age when all things call and beckon, and the apples and the loaves and the cakes cry, Come eat us, come eat us, and the children wandering in fairy-land reply, We come, we come. She loved cakes and apples and all good things still, and had not reached to the time when it is no penalty to be deprived of them. But she had to pay the price of her youth; and to those who are tied and bound down by circumstance, youth is often, indeed, only a blessing turned into a curse. It consumes with its own fire and tears with its own strength. And so when Catherine with a sinking heart heard them all talking over arrangements for spending a day in Paradise with the angels—so it seemed to her—and not one word was spoken to include her in the scheme; when she guessed that she was only to be left in the schoolroom, which represented all her enjoyment, all her hopes, her beginning and ending—then a great wave of disappointment and wishing and regretting seemed to overflow and to choke the poor little instructress of youth, the superior mind whose business in life it was to direct others and to lead the way to the calm researches of science, instead of longing childishly for the strawberries of life. But there were strawberries ripening for Catherine.

One afternoon she was with the children, crossing the road to the house; they were carrying camp-stools, work, reels, scissors, the *Hair of Redclyffe*, covered in brown paper, for reading aloud; the *Boy's Owl Magazine*, *Peter Parley*, *A Squib*; Sandy, tightly clasped round the neck by Algy; a rug and various other means for passing an hour: when suddenly Catherine's eyes began to brighten as they had a trick of doing, Sandy made a gasping attempt at a bark, and little Sarah rushing forward, embraced a young gentleman affectionately round the waist. He was standing on the side of the pavement, and laughing and saying,—“Do you always walk out with all this luggage?”

“We have only a very few things,” said little Sarah. “Are you coming to our house? Oh, Richard, is it arranged about the picnic?”

“The carriage has not come back yet, there's nobody at home. Oh, Dick, do wait and have tea with us,” cried Lydia.

“I think you might as well,” Augusta said, in an aggrieved tone,—“but I suppose you won't, because we are children.”

“Oh, do, do, do, do, do,” said Algy, hopping about with poor Sandy, still choking, for a partner.

“I want to see my aunt and settle about Lambewold,” said Richard, walking along with Miss George. “I think we shall have a fine day.”

“I hope you will,” Catherine answered.

“You are coming, of course?” said Dick, following them upstairs into the schoolroom.

"I am going to see my sisters," said Catherine, blushing up. She took off her bonnet as she spoke, and pushed back her black cloud of hair.

Richard thought Catherine looked much prettier, when she went upstairs, blushing still and confused, with dishevelled locks, than when she came down all neatly smoothed and trimmed a few minutes after, and sat down demurely at the tea-caddy.

Outside she may have looked prim and demure,—inside she was happier than any of the children, as she sat there with her radiant down-cast eyes reflected on the teapot. Never was a guest more welcome, and more made of, than Richard at his little cousins' tea-table. He was to be waited on by them all at once; he was to have the arm-chair; he was to choose his favourite cup. He chose Algy's little old mug, to the children's screams of laughter.

"I think I shall make this my dinner," said Dick. "A slice and a half of thick bread-and-butter will be about enough—I don't want to be ungrateful for hospitality, but pray, why is it so very thick?"

"Don't you like it?" said Lydia, anxiously. "I will go and beg Mrs. Bluestring for a small piece of cake for you."

Augusta and Miss George began to laugh, Dick said he was not accustomed to cake, and insisted upon eating his thick bread-and-butter. The children despatched theirs, and chattered and enjoyed his jokes, and so did the little governess at her tea-tray. The coachmen were, as usual, purring in the court.

Again came the sunshine streaming through the window. Dick's hair was all brushed up, and his grey eyes were twinkling. The children's high spirits and delight were infectious; all Miss George's primness, too, seemed to have melted away; pretty little looks of expression of interest, of happiness, were coming and going in her round face. One of the golden half hours which are flying about all over the world had come to them. They had done nothing to deserve it, but it was there.

Catherine was still presiding at her little feast, when the carriage came home with Charles Butler and the two elder ladies, who were surprised to hear unusual shouts of laughter coming from the schoolroom.

"They all seem very merry," said Mrs. Butler, stopping with her hand on the lock.

"I am certain I heard Richard's voice," said Madame de Tracy, to Charles, who was toiling up more slowly, and as Mrs. Butler opened the door, to one person within it seemed as if all the fun and the merriment, all the laughter and brightness, escaped with a rush, and left the room quite empty.

"Oh, mamma," said Lydia, sighing from contentment, "we have had such fun, Dick has been having tea with us out of Algy's old mug."

"So I perceive," said Madame de Tracy, with a glance at Catherine.

"Come in, come in," cried the children, hospitably, "do come in too."

"I think you may come upstairs to us," said their mother, after

a moment's hesitation, "for our tea is ready in the drawing-room." And then somehow to Catherine,—it was like a dream—all the gay little figures disappeared, dancing off, chattering and talking still, with Sandy barking after them. The sunset was still shining in, but the beautiful glowing colours had changed to glare. Dick had risen from his place, when the two aunts entered, and he seemed to vanish away quite naturally with the rest. It was, indeed, like waking up from a happy little dream of friends' faces and brightness, and with the music of beloved voices still ringing in one's ears, to find oneself alone in the dark.

Catherine remained sitting at the tea-table with the scraps and dregs, the crumbled bits of bread. Algy's half-eaten slice,—Lydia's cup overturned before her. She sat quite still, no one had noticed her, even Dick had gone off without saying good-by. As on that day at the studio, a swift pang came piercing through her. She felt all alone—suddenly quite alone—in a great cruel terrible world in which she was of no account, in which she was carried along against her will, feeling—oh, so strangely—helpless and impotent. She did not know what she wanted, she did not know what she feared, but she shrank from her own self with an aching impatience.

She jumped up and ran to the window to shake her new terror off. She looked down into the yard, where the hard-working coachman was pumping still, and a couple of dogs were turning over and over in play. Everything was ugly, sad, desolate, that had been so gay and delightful a minute before. Utterly depressed and bewildered, the poor little thing sat down on the window-sill, and leant her weary head against the pane. Richard Butler, coming down a few minutes later, saw her through the half-open door still sitting there, a dark little figure against the light.

"Good-night, Miss George," he said, with a kind inflexion in his voice, coming in and shaking her by the hand; "and thank you for your good tea." And then he went away.

He had spoken kindly; he had said something—nothing; but it was more than enough to make her happy again. As for Richard himself, he was vexed, chafed, disquieted. He had had a little talk with his aunts upstairs, which had made him indignant and angry. They had taken him to task gently enough; but all that they said jarred upon him, and stirred up secret springs of which they had no conception. He could hardly conceal his irritation as the two went on, blandly pouring out their advice from either side of the tea-table, when he asked whether Miss George was not to be of the party.

"No; I had not thought of inviting Miss George," said Mrs. Butler stiffly. "It is always doubtful in these cases . . ."

"Not to speak of the danger of mixin' the different grades of society," said Hervey, who was present, cross-legged, and looking like the Solomon who was to decide all difficulties.

"Danger," said Richard; "what possible danger can there be?"

"You had better bring her," grunted Charles. "She has got a pair

of uncommon bright eyes; and I suppose there are strawberries enough for us all?"

"Or we might take down a pottle on purpose for Miss George of an inferior quality," Richard said. "I do think it is hard lines that a nice little pretty thing like that should be shut up from morning to night in a dreary little hole of a sch——"

Mrs. Butler, with a glance at Lydia, who was standing by, absorbed in the conversation, hastened to interpose.

"She is quite admirable and excellent in her own way (children, go into the back drawing-room); but, my dear Richard, there is nothing more undesirable than putting people into false positions. . . . The person of whom you speak is not *de notre classe*, and it would be but mistaken kindness."

"Precisely so," said Hervey, much pleased with the expression, "Miss George is not *de notre classe*."

"Confound *notre classe*," said Richard, hastily.

"Don't be blasphemous, Dick," said his uncle Charles.

And then, remembering that this was not the way to speak in such company, the young man stopped short, and begged Mrs. Butler's pardon.

She was pouring out small black-looking cups of tea, and looking offended with a turned-down mouth; and, indeed, the maternal autocrat was not used to such plain-talking.

"It seems to me, Richard, that you are scarcely the person to provide amusement for Miss George," she said.

"Ah, Dick," cried Madame de Tracy, giving a little shriek and forgetting her prudence; she could keep silence no longer. "Be careful, my dearest boy; do not let yourself be carried away by your feelings. I guessed—I am rapid to notice things—I have trembled ever since that day at the studio." She looked so anxious and so concerned between her frizzy curls that Dick burst out laughing.

"So this is your fine scheme? No, you have not guessed right, aunt Matilda. Poor little Miss George is not dangerous for me, but I cannot help losing my temper when I hear persons of sense using the wicked old commonplaces which have made so many people miserable, and which condemn a poor child to such a dreary, unsatisfactory mockery of existence. There, she is just as well-mannered and pretty as Georgie or Catherine; and I am not to eat a piece of bread-and-butter in her company for fear of being contaminated," cried Dick in a fume.

"Ah, my poor Dick," said Madame de Tracy, "you are unconscious, perhaps, of the sentiment; but I fear it is there."

"I am speaking from no personal feeling," cried Dick, still angry; and to Madame de Tracy at least his words carried conviction at the time. (But was it so, I wonder; and had Miss George's soft, pretty eyes nothing to do with the question?) "It is a mere sense of fairness and justice," Dick went on, "which would make me dislike to see any fellow-creature hardly used; and if I have spoken half-a-dozen words of kindness to her,

it was because It is no use staying any longer, I shall only offend more and more. Good-night." And then he suddenly took up his hat and went away. On his way downstairs, he relieved his mind by being even more kind than usual to a person whom he considered unjustly treated by the world in general and his aunts in particular.

Women usually respect a man when he is angry, even when he is in the wrong, and Richard was not in the wrong. "I think for once I was mistaken," said Madame de Tracy; "and yet people are not always conscious of their own feelings. But, under the circumstances, we must take Miss George, or Dick will fancy . . ."

"Oh, certainly, if you all wish it," said Mrs. Butler. "Will you have any more tea, Matilda? Now, children, what are you all about? You may go and ask Miss George to the picnic; and then come up and help me to dress."

Meanwhile Richard was walking away, biting and pulling his moustache. He went along Eaton Square until he came to the public-house at the corner of Hobart Place. There he was stopped by a crowd of children and idlers who had taken up their position on the pavement, for Mr. Punch was squeaking at the top of his voice from his pulpit, and they had all gathered round to listen to his morality. The children had already taken up their places in the stalls and were sitting in a row on the curb-stone. "Ookedookedookedoo," said Mr. Punch, "where's the babby? Throw the babby out of window."

"Dook! dere it go," cried another baby, sitting in the gutter and clapping its dirty little hands.

Richard stopped for a minute to look at Punch's antics: going on with his reflections meanwhile. It seemed to him as if the world, as it is called, was a great cruel Punch, remorselessly throwing babies and children out of window, and Miss George among the rest, while the people looked on and applauded, and Toby the philosopher sat by quite indifferent in his frill collar.

"That poor little thing," he was thinking, "her wistful, helpless glances move me with pity; was there ever a more innocent little scapegoat? Oh, those women! their talk and their assumption and suspicions make me so angry I can scarcely contain myself. *De notre classe*," and he began to laugh again, while Punch, capering and singing his song of "ookedook," was triumphantly beating the policeman about the head. "Would they think *Reine de notre classe*, I wonder?" Dick said to himself; "will it be her turn some day to be discussed and snubbed and patronized? My poor noble *Reine*"—and Richard seemed to see her pass before him, with her eager face—"is there one of them to compare to her among the dolls and lay figures *de notre classe*?" He walked on, Punch's shrieks were following him, and ringing in his ears with the children's laughter. As he went along, the thought of *Reine* returned to him again and again, as it had done that day he walked along the sands to Tracy; again and again he was wondering what she was doing: was she in her farm superintending,

was she gone on one of her many journeys along the straight and dusty roads, was she spinning flax perhaps at the open door, or reading by the dying daylight out of one of her mother's old brown books? . . . A distant echo of Punch's weird "ookedookedoo" reached him like a warning as he walked away.

The day at Lambswold was a great success the children thought. It was about twelve o'clock, when the shadows were shortest and the birds most silent, that the drag and the fly from the station came driving up the steep and into the court. Charles Butler received them all at the door, shaking hands with each as they ascended the steps. Catherine and the children had come in the fly, and the others preceded them in the drag. The house had been silent for months, and now, one instant after the arrival, the voices were echoing in the hall, upstairs in the bedroom, the children were racing round and round, Sandy was scampering up and down. It was like one of Washington Irving's tales of the Alhambra, and of deserted halls suddenly re-peopled with the life of other days. There was a great array of muslins, and smart hats and feathers. Catherine, too, had unconsciously put out all her simple science to make herself look harmonious as it were, and in keeping with the holiday, with the summer parks, and the gardens full of flowers, with the fields through which they had been speeding, daisy-sprinkled, cool, and deeply shadowed, with cattle grazing in the sunshine; in keeping with the sky which was verduscent, azure, and gently fleeced; in keeping with her own youth and delight in its freshness. As Miss George came with her pupils, smiling, up the ancient flight of stone steps leading to the house, Charles Butler was pleased with the bright happy face he was looking down upon. It is only older people, after all, who are quite unselfish and feel the greatest pleasure in witnessing the happiness of others.

"I am very glad to see you here," he said, shaking hands with her courteously.

Mrs. Butler, who was in the hall, looked round surprised at the unusual urbanity. Catherine George herself was not surprised, she expected everybody to be kind to-day, everything to be delightful. The pretty figure came climbing the steps, with all the landscape for a background. The sun was shining through the flying folds of her muslin draperies, it was again reflected in the burning feather in her hat. The lights shone from the dark eyes in anticipation of the happiness which was already hers. What did not she expect?—for the minute, anything, everything. Like many of us, she thought happiness was yet to come, and behold, the guest was here beside her. Happiness is but a shy goddess, as we all know; she comes bashfully into the room, all the hearts suddenly leap and the eyes begin to brighten, but she is very apt to fly if we rush forward to embrace her. "How remarkably well Miss George is looking," said Beamish, to his future mother-in-law.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Butler, "remarkably well."

Criminal Women.

EDUCATION, whether we use the word in its narrowest or widest sense, whether we confine it to tuition or comprehend by it "every preparation that is made in our youth for the sequel of our lives," appears to exercise a most powerful influence on woman—a more powerful influence than might at first sight be supposed. To it she owes all that is valuable in her character; without it her wifely and maternal qualifications are of a very low order. It cannot be without significance that our criminal women are all uneducated, untrained women. An educated man in the felon's dock is not an uncommon sight; an educated woman in such a position is rarely seen. The prison cells present to our view men of intellectual attainments: men trained in a healthy home atmosphere; men, the keenest point of whose punishment is the memory of the advantages they have made light of, the opportunities they have lost, the friends they have disgraced. On the other hand, if we inspected all the borough and convict prisons in England and Wales, we should not find a sufficient number of educated women to warrant us to challenge the assertion that, as a rule, educated women are not known in prison.

While we give the full value to the extenuating plea that man, as the bread-winner, is exposed to temptations from which the majority of women are exempt, we feel inclined to say that he makes a less certain return for education than woman. Woman may be said to give cent. per cent. If it were necessary that one or the other should dispense with education, man could better afford to do it than woman—better afford to trust to his native strength to find means to supply the deficiencies, to remedy the evils of early bad associations. Woman not only receives impressions more easily, but retains them more tenaciously than man. The limited sphere of her action prevents her from casting out old ideas, and acquiring in their place new ones. Occasionally we hear of self-made, of self-educated men—of men who have overcome the disadvantages of their early surroundings, rarely of women who have accomplished the feat. For the most part these remain in the position into which they were born, or at least in which they were suffered to grow up to maturity.

Again, it is notorious that a bad man—we mean one whose evil training has led him into crime—is not so vile as a bad woman. If we take a man and woman guilty of a similar offence in the eye of the law, we shall invariably find that there is more hope of influencing

the former than the latter. Equally criminal in one sense, in another sense there is a difference. The man's nature may be said to be hardened, the woman's *destroyed*. Women of this stamp are generally so bold and unblushing in crime, so indifferent to right and wrong, so lost to all sense of shame, so destitute of the instincts of womanhood, that they may be more justly compared to wild beasts than to women. To say the least, the honour of womanhood requires that a new appellation be invented for them.

From observation and memoranda made during a period extending over several years, we are enabled to make a few remarks on the habits and antecedents of criminal women. It seems to us that one of the best ways of proving what education and training do for women, is to show what they are without it.

Criminal women, as a class, are below ordinarily respectable domestic servants. From the lower class of domestic servants downwards they are found. Only a few can read, fewer still can write. None, so far as we have seen, can spell: they have been deprived of all those educational processes which a well-ordered, an honest and cleanly home supplies. They have had no training except in evil.

But let us go into details. It may be painful to expose one of the sores of the body politic, yet the process is salutary. In exposure lies a chance of remedy—partial, if not entire. To many of our readers the study will be a new one. It refers to the stratum of society unexplored for the most part by the moral geologist. A superficial knowledge of it produces a feeling of intense disgust; a thorough acquaintance with the subject generally creates a desire to do something towards effecting a cure.

Criminal women, as a class, are found to be more uncivilized than the savage, more degraded than the slave, less true to all natural and womanly instincts than the untutored squaw of a North American Indian tribe. Let us look at their habits first—at their antecedents last: this was the order of the writer's experience.

From the mass of evil habits that these women have accumulated, it is not easy to select illustrations that shall convey a vivid impression to the reader's mind. As a class they are guilty of lying, theft, unchastity, drunkenness, slovenliness. To finish the picture, it may be added, they are so ignorant, so obtuse, that instruction—oral instruction—might as well be given in an unknown tongue, so little do they understand it. Lying may be said to be their native language. They are shrewd enough to take a rapid mental survey of the person who addresses them. In a moment they can distinguish a tyro at the work, and to such an one they pour forth a volley of complaints to excite pity. And not only with a beginner, but with what must be termed a credulous mind, this is their plan of action. They will invent the most extraordinary falsehoods, give names and dates, and abundance of what seems corroborative testimony. It is

only when you follow up the case, write letters, &c. on their behalf, that the truth oozes out. The address is false, the whole story is false. We can call to mind a woman who kept up a deception for seven months. She was visited once a week, and therefore reiterated her assertions about thirty times. She told her tale well, and but for herself it would have passed muster. At the end of the seven months she gave up. Missing her face on a visiting day, we inquired the cause of her absence, and were answered by an official,—

"Oh ! A. B. She is put into the laundry. She begged me to give her some scrubbing, or washing, or anything that would prevent your seeing her. She said she had been telling you a string of falsehoods all along, and that she was tired of it. She did not wish to reform and she might as well tell you so."

This woman, instead of being the injured individual she had made out, was an adept at theft, and paid five shillings a week to a person to take care of her child, in order that she might get rid of it and the better follow her nefarious trade.

There is no need to multiply instances on this point. It may be taken for granted that such women will deceive in every possible way, not only when they suppose their interest requires falsehood, but from the pleasure of misleading the questioner. And their tongues are not more accustomed to lying than their fingers to theft. These two vices are practised from earliest youth, and so powerful is habit that reform in these particulars is very rare. They look upon thieving as an art worthy of deep study, and pride themselves on their dexterity. A woman said when urged to give it up, "Of course what you say is right, but I am so clever at it. Every time you come near me I can see how to take something, *only I wouldn't, of course.*" Here and there you meet with expressions of regret and desire to amend. In some cases this is downright hypocrisy, in others it is a momentary impulse towards reformation—only momentary, as in forty-nine cases out of fifty, so soon as the opportunity of thieving returns it is embraced. As a rule they have no hesitation about stealing from those who have befriended them. He who helps them is not safer from their depredations than he who scorns them. Conscience has not a spark of life here.

One instance comes to the memory in which a woman who stole calico from her employer—she was a slop-worker—without compunction, hesitated to use her plunder for her mother's corpse. She said in rather a lofty tone, "I may crib for common things, but I wouldn't bury my mother in a crib. I saved up a shilling to buy her a gown for her coffin." Her scruples were rather the result of superstition than of conscience. She probably apprehended some dire punishment if she shrouded the corpse in her ill-gotten gains.

That such women should lead unchaste lives is not surprising. It would be almost as absurd to expect a blind man to have a clear con-

ception of light, as to expect purity from females of this description, and this will be more evident still when we come to their antecedents.

Drunkenness, too, follows as a natural consequence. All, or nearly all, are drunkards. Old, middle-aged, and young, their habits require stimulants. Without dram-drinking they could hardly go through their career. One fact we have noticed with regard to this habit which may be worth the attention of philanthropists. The victims groan under it. An address on drunkenness invariably moves them to tears. They know well what the habit has done for them, and they know equally well that it is like a long and heavy chain around them, that it binds them fast; and that reason as they will when gin is not within reach, they will take the cup directly they can get it.

Many a female hawker under twenty-one has confessed that she is "muddled" every night—mostly drunk; and has excused herself by saying that standing about the streets in all weathers is such miserable work, that she finds it impossible to refuse the many offers she has in the course of the day "to take a drop." Others again excuse themselves by the dreadful craving which follows upon each act of indulgence. Excessive drinking, as is well known, destroys the taste for wholesome food, where it can be procured. "More, more," is the drunkard's cry, and nothing but "more" gives her a temporary satisfaction.

A word on slovenliness. If the reader will take a walk through some of the by-streets of London, he will see slovenliness exemplified, as regards the class of whom we write, in those awfully wretched-looking creatures that lounge about or squat down at the entrance of the courts with dirty faces, hair uncombed, a kerchief tied over the half-exposed bosom. Dozens of such he may see any day, their very countenances looking something less than human. When a woman gets to be utterly careless as to personal appearance—personal cleanliness—you may be sure that she is careful for nothing else that is good. For this reason we may afford a little pity to those refractory paupers who tear up their clothes. Those who have seen the shreds of their garments have ceased to wonder at the deed. No pen could adequately describe their foulness. After wearing them for months and months, their not very sensitive perceptions take alarm, and they make a summary end of them. "Why did you tear up your clothes?" has been asked, and the answer was, "I got so miserable I couldn't hide them any longer. I knew I couldn't earn enough to buy new ones. I don't mind going to gaol for it. I shall get something to cover me somehow, and anything is better than what I have destroyed."

Of course these women are grossly ignorant—ignorant of what is mere A B C to a child brought up in a National School, and altogether incapable of instruction, apparently. They seem unable to make a mental effort—(the cunning we spoke of, be it remembered, is common to the lower order of animals)—to grasp a single truth in morals or religion. We

remember to have asked a woman if she had ever heard of the Saviour: her only reply was a vacant stare. The question was repeated. Presently she answered, "I beg your pardon; I'm not a larned woman." "Do you mean to say that you have lived all these years and never heard of Jesus Christ?" "Oh! Jesus Christ. Yes—oh, yes; I have heard of him." Her manner indicated pretty clearly that one name had as much significance to her as the other. Such women are not of course, as a rule, ignorant of the Saviour's *name*. It may be doubted, however, if they understand a word of teaching by parable. Take the parable of the Prodigal Son—explain it clearly, as you think, and then ask them what you have been talking about. Either there will be no answer, or they will answer in a way which shows that they have only a literal understanding of what they have heard. The last time the writer tried this plan the answer was, "You have been talking about killing a calf and making a good supper." Again, "What do you understand by the Good Shepherd?" A pause. "You don't, perhaps, know who the Good Shepherd is?" "Oh, yes, I do. I have seen him driving the sheep to market in the streets over and over again." A woman who had been taught to read, and could learn an easy hymn, said that by the term "Lamb of God," she supposed a sheep was meant. All attempts to teach them should be in the plainest language; ordinary methods of tuition fail altogether. A simple truth contained in a short sentence, and this repeated several times, till you can get them to give some sign of comprehension, appears the only way of getting anything into their minds.

So far then an attempt has been made to give a sketch of the habits of the lowest class of women in London, of a class, be it observed, lower than the ordinary poor with whom most householders come more or less in contact. Many individuals of this latter class may be put into the former, and in proportion as they are untrained, and suffered to follow their own devices, irrespective of good parental example or control.

Sick at heart at the contemplation of the habits of these unhappy creatures—convinced that the majority of them are irreclaimable, the writer set to work to learn their antecedents, with the hope of finding the root of the evil—of learning whether there were any possibility of taking the disease in an early and preventible stage. How came these women to be in this state in a rich, active, and Christian country? How is it that we have a class of women amongst us, who poison the springs of their home life—who bring forth children to follow in their steps—whose influence helps so largely to degrade our streets, to fill our gaols, and whose cost, consequently, to the country is considerable?

The broad answer is—they are totally uneducated. They were *born into this state*. They have been suffered to *grow up* in it; and the habits and customs of years have rendered them indifferent to, or rather unconscious of, the foulness of their lives and surroundings. Indeed, it is

difficult to blame them for what is a law of nature—cause and effect. “Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?” “Can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit?”

Let us for a moment try to realize the facts of the case. Let us in mental vision transport ourselves to the scene of their birth and early days. A female infant, the offspring of depraved and diseased parents, comes into the world. With its mother's milk it imbibes the poison that results from dram-drinking, occasionally raw spirits are forced into its mouth to still its cries of pain, or to keep it quiet, so that the mother can move about or leave it untended with more freedom. The little body is not only never invigorated with a bath, but scarcely knows the health-giving touch of cold water. If there were nothing else to say, this fact would account for much of what has been alleged to be the habits of the adult. Just fancy what it would be to ourselves to have no access to cold water. Imagine for a moment, how we should feel after a week's deprivation of it; and what must be the effect upon the body of a tender infant when it is obliged to wear foul clothes week by week, and to breathe foul air day and night? We are beings of a complex nature: soul and body are so intimately connected, that to hurt the one is often to injure the other; and this want of cleanliness is the first deadening effect upon the child.

So soon as it has any perceptions, any power of reasoning, its eyes rest upon that which unsexes it—father, mother, sisters, brothers sleeping in one room. Its ears are accustomed to profane, obscene, violent language. The human voice—that wonderful power for good as well as evil—is rarely heard by it except in lying, bullying, or swearing. A pleasant word is hardly known to such a child. Child we say, but this infant has no childhood, no hours of innocent mirth and healthful play. Almost as soon as it can run about it is set in the streets to beg—to say nothing of the time when the mother hawks it about in her arms—to sell matches and to sweep crossings. Let it be noted here that the indiscriminate bestowal of pence on such young beggars perpetuates the evil. A cripple or an old man at a crossing may properly be relieved, but no one who ought to be *working* for a livelihood. From infancy to girlhood, from girlhood to womanhood, our tale is the same. All the amenities of home life are wanting, all social decencies, all moral influence, all religious training. There is never a time in the early or later life of such a being—until evil has become rampant—when she is urged to be honest and chaste. The parochial and national school may be within a stone's throw, but their shelter and benefits are despised—set at naught by the examples of neighbourhood which the denizens of the alleys and courts afford. Of maternal love such a creature can know but little,—not enough to bear comparison with that which is bestowed upon the offspring of the lower animals. The mother of these latter will do her best to shield her young from harm:

the depraved mother knowingly places her daughter in the way of temptation. She urges evil upon her by inciting her to put her hands upon every thing she can get hold of, by receiving what is thus pilfered. In short, she has no hesitation in doing by her child what her own mother did by her: she will sell her, body and soul, for food and drink!

It may be worth noticing that mothers of a better class, mothers who have had some approach to a decent home, however poor, are always anxious to save their children from the evil ways they themselves have fallen into. We have seen the most hardened start and shudder when the question has been asked,—“Are you going to bring your children up in the way you live?” A woman of this class, one remove from the worst, spoke of her child in the most anxious words. He was almost like an angel, she said. He had never been naughty, never spoken a bad word, never been disobedient: “I would give anything to get him into a respectable place.” To explain this it may be added that he had only rarely been with his mother—the widow of a small publican. After the husband’s death—who was anything but respectable—she leagued with sharpers, and found herself continually in prison: consequently, the child, now eleven years of age, was thrown upon the parish, and was brought up in a workhouse school, and the mother had very little to do with him. When he was with her she could see his good qualities—could appreciate them, and strongly desired that he might be kept in the right path.

But a word or two more must be said of our example, and the history of one is the history of hundreds. Before other girls have the first blush of womanhood on their cheeks, she is acquainted with every phase of vice. She generally follows the business of a hawker; occasionally turns to slop-work, but, as a rule, she hates the needle. As a hawker her temptations are great. Exposed to every change of weather, to the summer’s heat and winter’s cold, to the jeers and jokes of the unthinking and evilly-disposed of the opposite sex, with no home to retire to, after the wear and tear of the day, with the risk of having fruit or cakes spoilt by sun and rain, is it any wonder, considering her antecedents, that she finishes the day by drunkenness and prostitution?—that, as quoted above, she goes to bed—no, not to bed, for that is an unknown luxury—to sleep, at best “muddled?” By-and-by she marries, or dispenses with the marriage ceremony: any way she gives birth to children who go the same awful round as herself. Do not their antecedents fully account for the habits of these wretched women? If “the soul, like nature, has no vacuum,” does it not necessarily follow that the mind which has been deprived of all good training will be filled with evil? If “the human soul, without education, is like marble in a quarry”—hard, rough, full of imperfections; if education—and we mean, of course, spiritual and moral influence,—can shape it into worth by removing its specks and spots, by developing

its natural properties, whose fault is it that generation after generation of wild, untamed, unwoman-like women live and die in a worse than heathen state?

If it is inevitable that the adults of this class choose their own way, can no means be devised to rescue the young? The Archbishop of Dublin, speaking of the once neglected Connemara district, wrote as follows to *The Times*:—"Then too, the young people—the *girls* above all—trained up in habits of order, decency, and self-respect; carefully instructed, as in the orphanages they are, in all household and domestic work, cannot fail to be, evidently are, a potent leaven in society—and one which is everywhere making itself felt." A leaven for good! The unhappy girls, worse than orphans, we have attempted to describe, are evidently a potent leaven for evil! From them spring bad sons, bad husbands; indeed, who shall put a limit to their evil influence? Who shall put a limit to a woman's influence? Its potency is acknowledged theoretically. Poets have sung of it from the earliest times; it has not only inspired the pen but influenced the sword; but when the subject is alluded to, we generally have in the mind's eye *good women*—women of heroic mould, women who are strong to suffer, to submit, to serve; women who are capable of generous love and patient endurance. Rarely do we think of the influence of evil women. This is the object of this paper: to give a faint notion of such influence, and to note the fact that education must be, to a great extent, an antidote, since the lowest class exhibits women uneducated in any sense of the word, and the other classes—and there are two or three grades amongst criminal women—do not show a woman who can read, write, and spell. One point seems evident, that the only way to help the young in this case is to remove them from their parents, whose baneful influence would destroy all the good done in a day-school could they be persuaded to send them to one. To this cause—home influence—may be attributed the relapse of so many of our parochial and national scholars. We can well recall a girl in the second year of her apprenticeship as pupil-teacher, who could, when she sat down to think, write her grammatical theme for the inspector creditably, and yet never advanced in conversation beyond, "you was," "he were." The spoken language of her home—her parents kept a luckster's shop—at that stage of her education was more powerful over the ear than her book knowledge. And by the same law the influence of a bad home destroys to a great extent the school leaven for good.

The great source of demoralization is the over-crowded dwelling-houses. This evil neutralizes the good effect of church and schools. So long as it is tolerated the worst class of women will exist. This over-crowding goes on to a fearful extent, as witness, amongst other instances, the room at Highgate, wherein twenty-three inmates were lately discovered. The female hawker, as we have seen, is born into this evil; and when she migrates from her home it does not cease. She pays fourpence a

night for the privilege of lying on the floor in a crowded room, where not even the square feet required by her rug is allowed, for she is ordered, in common with others, to place her head against the wall and incline her feet towards the centre, as by that means the room is made more commodious. When we see how important a woman's office is—how all society is leavened by her influence for good or ill—when we see how plentiful a return she gives for all educational efforts made on her behalf, we cannot but ask why more is not done. And this question is asked without the least intention of disparaging existing agencies for her reformation. For every effort, single or collective, there is just cause for thankfulness. Yet would it not be wiser to try to check the evil in an early stage, than to suffer it to grow to a monstrous proportion before we came forward with our assistance? There is room, of course, for both operations. While one is straining every nerve to rescue the fallen, another can be working might and main at the root of the evil. Each plan can have its own advocate. The writer's cry is, Get hold of the young. Legislate for the young. Make education to a certain extent compulsory; multiply industrial schools; train girls for service as you do boys for trades. It is a mistake to think good servants, like poets, are born, not made. An untrained servant, *i. e.* untrained either at an institution or under a good servant in a gentleman's house, or by a middle-class matron, is always a domestic nuisance, and not unfrequently gives up her place in disgust for a more questionable mode of life. When some effective means shall be devised to rescue the very young from their incorrigibly bad, degraded parents, the effect will be in that generation to decimate the ranks of criminal women. And if a parent ceases to act as a parent, her claims to her child may be taken up with a very good conscience. The next generation would be in an entirely different position. Reformatory efforts may get hold of a few, educational efforts would rescue the many. To any one interested in the subject the sentence at the beginning of this paper is repeated,—An educated woman is almost unknown in prison.

The Pearl Harvest.

THE question "What is a Pearl?" has been often asked, but has never been satisfactorily answered. Technical persons ever and over again tell the public what they know already, namely, that the Pearl is a hard, white, smooth, shining substance, usually roundish in shape, found in a testaceous fish of the oyster kind. Poetic writers again speak of the Pearl as a lovely mystery, or as a beautiful molluscous secretion; whilst high-flown Oriental authors call it the globe of light, the hoar-frost of heaven, the moon of the waters, the dew of delight, &c.; but no writer or naturalist has settled what a pearl really is, how it is originally formed, or what it is formed from. It is not creditable to our progress in natural science that we are still unable to solve the mystery of the Pearl. We should at once endeavour to obtain an answer to the question, and also more reliable details than we have yet got as to the growth and habits of the animal which yields such an admirable gem; if, indeed, it be not too late to obtain the information, so far at any rate as the pearl-fisheries of Ceylon are concerned, for we have it from an authentic source that so lately as December last not a single oyster, old or young, was to be found on any of the banks near that Island of Jewels.

Much nonsense has, from first to last, been written about the Pearl, and many curious and extravagant notions have been advanced by both ancient and modern observers as to the Eastern mollusc and the formation of the gem which it holds in its pearly prison. Many of the Indian divers are under the impression that pearl-fishes descend from the clouds of heaven, and by all of the fisher-caste rain-water is thought to be an indispensable element in their formation. There is one old and rather poetic Eastern legend, or, as Sir Richard Hawkins calls it, old philosopher's conceit, which accounts for the production of the pearl by the fish rising every morning from its rocky bed at the bottom of the sea to the surface of the water, in order that it may open its shell and imbibe the dews of heaven. This dew-drop was said to fall upon the gaping animal, and then by the cunning of Nature became straight congealed into a pearl. This account of the gem's formation has been alluded to by the poet Moore, who says:—

And precious the tear as that rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.

The leading idea in most of the old conceits about the pearl-fish, is that the animal is endowed with the power of loosing itself from its moorings, and floating to the top of the water to bask in the rays of the

sun, which is one way of solving Sir Richard Hawkins' puzzle, as to how the dew necessary to the formation of the pearl obtained entrance into the shell. It is important for us to note this old idea of locomotion, because it has been revived of late years by those who have been inquiring into the natural history of the pearl-fish: who indeed go further than the old naturalists, and account for the empty shells now found on many of the banks, as also for the want of shells on some banks, by telling us that the mollusc can leave its house, and migrate from place to place, or that it can go away shell and all.

We must, however, get clear of the old ideas about the pearl and its shelly habitation, before we come to consider and discuss these modern discoveries as to the habits of this peculiar animal, or those mysterious visitations which, frequently occurring, sweep away the animal from its well-known haunts, and leave the banks for years at a stretch without a single shell. In remote ages, when currency was first given to the absurd ideas about the natural history of many animals that are still believed in by the ignorant people of the East—as that eels were formed out of the dew—it never seemed to be imagined that any animal was of itself reproductive. Some original and very roundabout way of accounting for the existence of every living thing, other than the real one, had to be discovered, and this accounts for our so often finding the pearl-yielding mollusc the subject of invention. One of the numerous stories regarding the origin of this shell-fish is still retailed by the Purawas, and is to the following effect:—In the rainy season the fresh-water brooks of the land that flow into the sea can be traced running into the salt water for many leagues without undergoing any immediate change, but after many days' exposure to the heat of the sun, this fresh water is changed into a frothy substance, which, ultimately dividing into small portions, becomes hardened, and then falls to the bottom of the sea—pearl oysters ready made. We are also told that the Indians, after smoothing the troubled waters by the old process of throwing oil on them, could dive down upon the pearl shells, induce the animals, by means of a tempting bait, to open their shells, and then, after pricking them with a fork, receive the liquor from the wound; the precious drop was then set away to rest in an iron vessel, till it hardened into a pearl.

Passing away from old legends and imaginative natural history, we may at once inform the reader that the pearl-bearing animal of the Eastern seas, although very like the edible oyster of English commerce, is not an oyster, but a hardy wing shell, with a byssus at its hinged portion, and known scientifically as *Melegrina Margaritifera*; in fact, the pearl oyster is a mussel. These pearl-bearing animals, like the edible mussel, multiply their kind by means of what is technically called spat. The pearl-mussel is very prolific in the years that it does give out its seed. There is great reason to believe it does not do so annually, but that it is a most prolific animal we know, as great quantities of its spawn are

frequently washed ashore. It would be interesting to learn how often the pearl-mussel yields a full spat. Our own edible oyster spats very irregularly. We have not had a very good spatting season since 1860, the previous very good fall having taken place in 1849. The spat on the French oyster-beds has also fallen very irregularly for some years, 1860 having been, as in England, the best year for a long time back. Some observers say that the spat of the pearl-oyster, after it is exuded, rises to the surface of the water, where it floats about for a period, and then sinks in search of a permanent resting-place. The same floating quality has been affirmed of the spat of the edible oyster; but Mr. Buckland, who is well versed in the natural history of that bivalve, says the spat does not rise, but floats about in mid-water till it becomes fixed to a stone or shell. There can be no doubt whatever that the spat floats about both in and on the water, for we have ourselves seen it on the surface of the sea at Cockenzie, near Edinburgh; and thus it becomes fixed occasionally to strange places, the bottoms of boats, the sides of floating timber, anchors, buoys, &c. As to the spat of the pearl-mussel, Mr. Donovan, the Master Attendant at Colombo, reports, in a recent letter,* that he lately (end of 1865) found about thirty young oysters (mussels), of the size of a shilling and larger, on an iron buoy placed on the twenty-foot rock in the roadstead there. The buoy had been in the water for about six months, and was brought on shore for the purpose of being cleaned, when the oysters were found adhering to it. If they first clung to it as spat, they must grow rapidly in these seas to attain to the size of a shilling in six months.

The pearl-mussel is said to be in its finest condition as a pearl-producer when it attains its seventh year; in fact, that year seems to be a culminating period for it. In mussels which live beyond that age, the pearl is found to deteriorate in value; but it is thought by those who have had good opportunities for observation, that the pearls of the seventh year are of double the value of those which are contained in six-year-old shells. As to the effect of accumulating age on the value of these gems, we have some authentic knowledge. The cholera morbus having broken out during the Ceylon fishery of 1829, the diving was brought to a premature termination; and in March of the following year, when diving was resumed, the pearl proved to be greatly increased in size, and the fishery yielded at least 15,000*l.* above what was expected.

Pearls of any commercial value are not found in shells that are younger than four years; the young mussels, *i.e.* those of about four years old, have pearls of a yellow tinge, whilst the produce of the old oyster is of a pinky hue: but pearls are found of many hues, some of them being

* Kindly placed at the service of the writer by Mr. Stuart of Colpetty, formerly superintendent of pearl-fisheries at Ceylon.

red, others quite black. Tastes differ about the colour of pearls. The dealers of Bagdad prefer the round white pearl, whilst at Bombay those of yellow hue and perfect sphericity are preferred; others again choose their pearls of a rich pinky colour. It is a popular idea that the deeper the water the finer the pearl; but this, like many other popular ideas, is erroneous; the mussels, for instance, that are found on the banks at Arippe, are famed for their beauty, but the beds of shells there are not nearly so deep as some others that are found in the Indian seas. One observer says that the best pearls are found in five or six fathoms water.

Many reasons have been assigned for the present sudden falling-off in the fisheries, but the total cessation of this important industry is no new thing at Ceylon. The productive power of the pearl-fisheries at Manaar has more than once varied so considerably as to excite apprehensions of their becoming finally exhausted; indeed, it was generally found that after a good year or two's fishing, the supply began to fluctuate, and finally the fishing became altogether unproductive. From the year 1732 till 1746, there was no fishing at Ceylon worthy of being chronicled, and there was a long suspension, but not entirely for want of pearls, between the years 1768 and 1796, and again from 1820 to 1828, and also between the years 1837 and 1854, during which period the fishery for pearls in the Gulf of Manaar became a very profitless speculation, causing an annual outlay instead of any profit to the Government. Some of the reasons usually assigned on occasions of failure, are that unnatural currents sweep away the tender brood, or that the pearl animal is devoured by hordes of enemies, or that the mussel has removed to a new bank. Long ago, indeed, so far back as the eleventh century, it was said that the pearl-mussel found in the Gulf of Screndib had migrated to Sofala. There can be no doubt that there are many undiscovered pearl banks in the neighbourhood of Ceylon, because the spat of a bed often drifts away to some distance, and thus new beds are constantly being formed. This fact in part accounts for the long-continued success of the pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf: new beds are ever and anon found. It is thought by those well versed in the economy of the fisheries, that many valuable banks are lying in the Indian Ocean, at depths beyond the power of the divers to explore.

The theory of the eleventh century, as to the migratory power of the pearl-mussel, was recently revived by the late Dr. Keelart, and others. Dr. Keelart declares he has found out, by close observation, that the pearl-mussel can leave its shell, and creep up the sides of a glass aquarium! He also found that this animal has the power of casting away its byssus, and forming a new one; and the inference drawn from this is, that the mussel can move about from place to place at its own will. If mussels can leave their shells and migrate to new banks—which I question, indeed deny—how about their dwelling-place? Do they find on arrival

at their destination, that new shells await their entrance, or do they form new ones? And does the naked mollusc carry its pearls with it, or leave them in its old house? And are pearl-mussels endowed with greater locomotive powers than the edible oyster, or the common bait mussel of our British seas? And have these animals any but the slightest power of locomotion? We are told by the best naturalists, and the present writer has ascertained by personal observation, that the first thing necessary for the infant oyster (the edible oyster is here meant,) is a holding-on place; if the spat where it falls does not obtain a "coigne of vantage" to adhere to, then it is lost for ever; it becomes a prey to numerous enemies, or it perishes among the mud, which substance is always fatal to it.

As to the powers of locomotion with which the pearl-fish is said to be endowed, I have over and over again, at Joppa, near Edinburgh, marked scores of the common edible mussels in order to find whether or not they were endowed with the power of moving from place to place, but, whatever they might do when they were hidden by a few feet of water, they were always found in their place when the ebb of the tide permitted me to examine the rocks; and, if any of them had moved when covered by the water, it must have been with great precision, for they lay on the sides of the stones as closely packed as the eggs in a cod roe, and when examined were always found on the exact spot on which they had been left. At the great mussel farm of the Bay of Aiguillon, mussels are bred on an artificial plan, that is to say, the foreshore being all mud and not affording any holding-on place, places have been made on which to grow the mussels from their most infantile stages till they are ripe for market; and they are never known to move off the substance on which they originally fixed. The spat of the pearl-mussel, we may be sure, requires the same conditions for its growth as the spat of the edible oyster or mussel; no matter whether it be growing in the Gulf of Manaar or on the coasts of Persia.

In a recent report on the pearl-fisheries of the Persian Gulf made by Colonel Pelly to the Government of Bombay, we learn that the best oyster-beds in the Persian seas are level, and formed of fine whitish sand overlying the coral in clear water. Any mixture of mud or earthy substance with the sand is considered to be detrimental to the pearl-fish, as at home it is thought to be to the edible oyster, and such beds as have this defect are liable to exhaustion. As regards the fisheries of Ceylon, we are told that large quantities of the mussels are found clinging together, that they can sometimes be gathered in great strings called cables, and that the divers have great difficulty in separating the shells: also that very often the thickness of a bed amounts to several feet. Indeed, some divers are of opinion that many of the banks are crowded with oysters to the height of a man, only those at the top being alive. Yet, in the face of this, we are assured that whole colonies of the pearl-mussel have fled away to new

beds. It has been told to me by persons who have recently inspected the banks, that dead mussels were found in large quantities; some say that the mussels on these banks were killed by a species of skate that preys upon them,—others are inclined to assign other causes for the mortality. Have these beds of dead mussels been examined? Could not they—were the dredge in use—be brought to the surface, and the pearls be taken from them? And on all the beds where the oysters have died out, or decayed from some unknown cause, are there not countless pearls lying wasting in the waters? and might not these be obtained by dredging over the ground with the same kind of instrument that we employ in dredging the Clyde or the Thames? The outer skin of such pearls might be dull, but they could be peeled; for the gem is made up, like an onion, of so many layers, and a dull pearl can sometimes be peeled into a bright one.

The falling-off of the Ceylon pearl-fisheries is certainly remarkable, seeing that the fisheries there have always been regulated by intelligent officials, whilst the pearl-fisheries of the Persian Gulf are more productive than ever; and they are a common fishery where all may fish, or at least where many people do fish, upon the payment of a small sum of money. Colonel Pelly, in the report already alluded to, says that the pearl banks of the Persian Gulf (which extend about three hundred miles in a straight line), though annually fished from the earliest historic periods, continue as prolific as ever; the yield during late years having been more than usually large. An immense number of boats congregate at the fisheries: as many, sometimes, as 5,000 will assemble, and continue fishing from April to September, there being both a spring and summer fishery. The boats fish from the various little islands which stud these Indian seas, and from Bahrein in particular. After filling their boats, which takes some days, they resort to these islands for the purpose of washing out the pearls, (they open the fish at once with a knife), and also for supplies of provisions, which are usually of the simplest kind, consisting of fruit and rice. The boats are of all sizes, and the crews vary from five to thirty men, some of whom fish on their own account, but most of whom are in pawn to the agents of pearl-merchants who reside either at Bahrein or on the pirate coast, who secure the men by making advances of money to them during the period when there is no diving. The amount of money derived from the pearl-fisheries carried on in the Persian Gulf has been estimated at 400,000*l.*, half of which may be earned by the Bahrein divers, who fish on the richest banks, the other half being earned by the divers of the Arab littoral. Most of the pearls found by these fishers are sent to Bombay, where fancy prices are obtained. These Persian fisheries are much more valuable than the fisheries of Ceylon ever were. Here are a few authentic figures illustrating the income derived from the thirty-four banks and seventy-four rocks comprised in the four fishing districts off the island. The three years' fishing, 1796, 1797, and 1798, produced 99,000*l.* The net revenue of the Ceylon

fisheries from 1799 to 1820, was 297,390*l*. From 1820 to 1827, the fisheries were, as now, suspended, but from 1828 to 1837 the amount obtained was 227,131*l*.

It is really curious that the Ceylon pearl-beds should have failed, and that these Persian beds should be *always* productive, especially when we consider the fact that no care whatever is taken of the banks in the Persian waters, whilst the fishing of the banks at Ceylon has always been more or less regulated; the beds being surveyed, the supply estimated, and the time calculated during which a certain number of boats should be allowed to fish: the number of boats was always carefully estimated by the supposed yield of the bank to be fished.

In the days when there was a pearl harvest to gather in the waters around Ceylon, the following was the mode of gathering it:—Before a fishery could be authorized, it was considered necessary to make a survey of the various banks, in order to determine which of them should be fished—as it was never usual to permit indiscriminate fishing, or to fish each bank annually. During the course of the survey, a few thousand oysters—usually from three to five thousand—are gathered as a sample from which to estimate the probable produce of the beds determined to be fished. The shells being carried to Colombo, and the washing away of the meat being accomplished, the sample of pearls thus obtained is submitted to a committee of experts, generally Moormen, in order to be valued. As to be appointed a member of this committee is thought a high honour, there is reason to believe that an honest verdict is usually returned.

When the report of the experts is given in, those in power then decide whether or not to hold a fishery, of which, when a fishery is determined on, due public notice is given by advertisement, stating on which of the many pearl-banks the fishery will take place, the number of boats that will be allowed to fish, and the number of days the fishery will last, all of which matters are very carefully settled beforehand. If the fishery is to be conducted on account of the Government, the advertisement says so, and announces that the oysters (they are always called oysters) will be put up for sale in such lots as may be deemed expedient; if, on the other hand, the fishery is to be open to speculators, it is then announced that tenders will be received from such persons as may be desirous of becoming purchasers of the whole right of that particular fishery.

These preliminary matters having been all satisfactorily arranged, the boats that are to take part in the fishery come on the scene, and these are just the one-masted boats in common use all round the coast as carrying and fishing boats, and they may range from six to ten tons' burden. On the advertisement announcing that a fishery will be held being published, a great many more boats usually apply than can be employed, and bribes are frequently given in order to obtain a preference. We have seen a complaint from Twandle Swany, a native boat-owner,

who having paid 120 rupees for getting his boat appointed, was dismissed after fishing for seven days, his take averaging about 25,000 oysters per day—a hard case for so good a sommnatty. Each boat employed in pearl-gathering requires altogether a crew of twenty-three persons to work it efficiently. Ten of the number are divers, two men to each stone, and five stones to each boat; other ten of the crew are rowers, and attend on the divers when the boat is on the bank. The remainder of the number are the tindal, or master, who acts as steersman; the sommnatty, or owner; and a toda, or buler-out of the water. A peculiarity of the pearl-fishery is that every person connected with it, as in some of our home fisheries, is paid in kind. When the Government engage the boats to carry on a fishery, it claims three-fourths of all the shells brought on shore; and when a speculator, as is sometimes the case, has contracted to pay a certain sum to Government, and so takes the risk of the entire fishery, he claims the same allowance, or more if he can get it. Out of the remaining fourth of the produce a great many deductions have to be made before the boat-owners obtain their chance of payment, which is also made in this universal shell currency. For instance, many of the Government officials were at one time remunerated by a percentage of the capture, namely, two oysters from each stone; a similar allowance being made to that important personage the shark-charmer, without whose presence no fishery can proceed. Then, besides these, charity oysters have to be given for the Hindoo temples; indeed, some of the temples were at one time allowed the privilege of having a boat at some of the fisheries. After all the deductions have been made, the diver, who sustains the most laborious occupation in connection with the fishery, may obtain 134 oysters out of every 2,000 he brings up, as his own share: in sober money, he just earns about nine shillings per day; and he and the rowers only obtain a share on five days out of the six. On the sixth day the master gives the crew no pay at all, in order to swell his own gains.

The *modus operandi* of pearl-fishing has been so often described that there is no occasion for again going over the general details of how these gems are procured, except in so far as I may correct some of those inaccuracies which have been so frequently repeated in the stereotyped accounts published in many of our school-books, and at the same time consider whether or not the use of the common oyster-dredge may not be recommended as a substitute for the diver. After a fishery has been determined upon, and the boats have been engaged, licensed—for which a small fee is charged—and numbered, the commencement of active operations is often delayed on account of unsuitable weather, generally because of a north-east wind blowing from the shore, whilst the proper wind for the fishery is a breeze blowing from the sea, sufficiently powerful to carry the boats to the shore. This is ascertained by the experiment of making a boat go out once or twice. When the wind is strong enough to blow her right inshore, then the fishery begins, a lucky day being selected by the natives for the commencement. The start of the fishery

is usually in the beginning of March. Before that time the bank which is to be fished is marked with flags. At the commencement of the fishery a signal gun is fired at midnight, when the fleet immediately sets sail—the *ardapanaars*, or headmen, of the fisher caste leading the way with a light shining, as a guide to those who follow; a light is also shown at intervals by the Government guard-ship. Starting at so early an hour, the boats reach the vessel long before daylight, and they are required to anchor till they can see to fish. Soon after sunrise a signal gun directs the fleet to proceed to the fishing-ground, and at half-past six the hoisting of a flag permits the divers to begin their labours. Immediately five or six hundred naked swarthy figures plunge into the tranquil waters. Active operations are usually carried on for six hours, the divers descending into and rising from the water with great regularity.

Each boat is furnished with five diving stones, with a complement of two divers to each stone. The divers belonging to each stone go down time about: while one is down the other is breathing and resting. Divers are generally of the Parawa caste, from the coasts of Madura, Jaffna, and Manar, and the pearl-fishery is in a sense a recreation for them, in the same way as a boat-race is recreation for the Thames watermen.

The shark-charmer, a cunning person, who is considered so indispensable to the fishery that he is paid by Government, is constantly in attendance at the fishing-bank. At one time, the charmer used to be allowed a percentage of one oyster per day from each diver, but this has been commuted into a money payment. Accidents have never been known to occur on the pearl-banks from sharks, which is of course attributed by the superstitious natives to the wise charming of the charmer; but it is quite easy to suppose that the noise made by so many divers frightens away these ferocious monsters. Exaggerated stories have been told of the time that a pearl-diver can remain under water, two minutes and even three having been mentioned as the common time, but fifty seconds is the usual period when the men are regularly at work; instances have, however, been frequent of an immersion lasting for eighty and even eighty-seven seconds. The divers enter strenuously into their work, and a good hand will, when the mussels are plentiful, send up as many as three thousand in the course of the six hours he is on the pearl-ground. At a given signal the fishery ceases for the day: then the crews which have been lucky shout for joy, others who have obtained but a scant supply linger on the bank till driven away by the guards. If the breeze be not strong enough to carry the boats to the shore, the men have to take the oars and row them home.

Meantime the boat-owner has been in utter anxiety to know what luck his boat has had, and the moment the little vessel reaches the shore he springs forward to ascertain the result of the day's diving, and to look over and fondle the wealth-giving shells. Others, all who are speculating in the fishery, are quite as anxious about the day's take; and the

fact is, that the thousands of people who gather on the coast—and they are so numerous that it looks as if a large town had suddenly been set down by the sea-side—are more or less speculators in the fishery: it is one great lottery. All kinds of people are assembled, and they are from all countries, and are of all colours, of many castes and of very different occupations; they erect with great rapidity tents, huts, bazaars, and shops; there are sutlers, jewellers, and merchants of all kinds on the scene, the grand idea being there as everywhere else, to make money. Everybody speculates, from the wealthy Hindoo merchant, who buys the right of fishing, down to the humblest outcast—for there are questionable characters of all kinds to be seen around, monks, fakirs, beggars, and the like. Strokes of luck are constantly being announced; a poor man may buy a fanam's worth of shells, and find himself in consequence of his purchase in possession of a little fortune. One person at a recent fishery bought three shells for a sum which could be represented by twopence of our money, and in one of the shells he found the largest pearl of that year's fishing. A pearl-fishery is as exciting to the natives of the East as the Derby or the Leger is to a Londoner.

When the fleet arrives with the mussels, they are all carried ashore and are divided into four heaps, three of which are selected by Government when the fishery is carried on by the executive, the other being the property of the boat-owners, and falling, as has been already explained, to be divided amongst the divers, rowers, and others. The shells are exposed in heaps or in pits, so that the pearls may be rotted out of them—the flesh of the fish is never eaten except by very low-caste natives—they are kept till the end of the fishery and then placed in canoes to be washed; poor buyers, however, cannot afford to wait, but seek out the pearls at once, at a considerable loss. Every individual shell is carefully washed and examined, and the pearls picked out, and afterwards the canoe itself is submitted to a series of washings in order to find out such pearls as may have escaped observation. These are usually found among the sand, children being employed to give a last look over the débris, in order that their young eyes may pick out the small seed-pearls which are sure to escape the eyes of the older people. The pearls are assorted into ten or twelve sizes by being riddled through a series of perforated brass saucers or colanders fitting closely into each other, the first of which has twenty holes in it, and those pearls which do not escape from it are called of the twentieth basket. The other baskets have each an increasing number of holes, thirty, eighty, one hundred, and progressing to a thousand perforations; each basket, of course, giving its name to the gems it contains, as pearls of the fiftieth basket, and so on. The price of the pearls is fixed per "chow," a local term which gathers into one word, size, form, colour, and weight, thus enabling the quality to be appraised. As to the yield of pearls, it may be stated that it is most uncertain: as many as one hundred pearls of various sizes have been found in one shell, and oftentimes a hundred and fifty shells may be opened and not one pearl be seen.

The largest pearls are said to be found in the beard of the animal. The estimate of the shells taken up for the sample previous to a fishery being announced, will average from ten to thirty Madras rupees per thousand oysters. Frauds of all kinds are constantly being perpetrated: mock pearls are mixed with genuine ones, and an endless variety of thefts committed; the coolies will swallow the gems, and the women will carry them away in their hair. The natives are very dexterous in picking out the pearls from the freshly taken shells, and also in concealing them. Plots are made up by the boat-owners and others to cheat their employers. When a man obtains the chance of stealing a large pearl, he contrives to signal to a confederate, who will, upon getting the hint, ostentatiously steal a small gem in order to throw the watchers off the scent: the small theft is at once detected, an uproar ensues, due punishment is meted out to the culprit, and during the time that this little drama is being enacted the "big thief" contrives effectually to conceal the treasure which he has purloined.

From these details it will be obvious that the falling-off of the Ceylon pearl-fishery will deprive our Indian exchequer of a considerable source of revenue, and the people of a means of obtaining wealth; but we may now hope that a proper inquiry will be instituted into the former fluctuations and present failure of the Ceylon banks. Mr. Holdsworth has been sent out by the Government to Ceylon, to report on the natural history of the pearl, and to suggest the best method of insuring successful fisheries; but a person on the spot, who is well versed in the matter, writes me that, in his opinion, "the science of all the naturalists in Europe will not replenish the beds till Nature so disposes." Now, it is hard to agree entirely with this gentleman. Science can not only replace the fisheries, but it can constitute fisheries where they have never existed before. It is proposed, I believe, to recruit the exhausted fisheries of the Tinnevely pearl-banks, on the continent opposite, by means of artificial culture; and a portion of the harbour of Tuticorin is to be walled in for the purposes of pearl cultivation, where the shells will be kept and tended during three stages of their growth, after which they will be placed in the sea on their natural banks. By this means we may find out a great deal about the habits of the pearl-mussel that we do not yet know, and so be enabled, perhaps, to solve the mystery which at present hangs over the beds.

Some recondite speculations have been recently ventured upon as to the present falling-off of the Ceylon pearl supplies, but no one can with any certainty point out the true causes of the failure. It is a curious circumstance that the unregulated fisheries of the Persian Gulf are prosperous, although there is an indiscriminate fishery carried on upon them every year, whilst the Ceylon and Tinnevely banks are at present quite barren. The fishermen of Whitstable say there is nothing so good for an oyster-bed as the perpetual dredging and working of it; but the dredge is not known to these Eastern people, although it might be used

with great advantage, both in the saving of labour, and in freeing the mussel-beds from the various kinds of enemies by which they are at certain times infested. Many of the banks are quite level, and the depth of water ranges from five to thirty-five fathoms; so that there could be no objection to the dredge being used on the score of the bottom being unsuitable, or the water too deep. Meantime, the failure of the banks must remain a mystery. It is needless to pretend that we know the cause, or that any one cause will account for so many different kinds of failure—some of the banks being filled with empty shells, whilst on other banks the fish has altogether disappeared, and again, on some banks, the traces of an enemy can be seen in the many broken shells that are lying around. I may just hint, however, that “over-fishing” must have more or less to do with the exhaustion of some of the banks at Ceylon. This idea is confirmed by the assurance of Mr. Steuart, who has an intimate acquaintance with the incidence and economy of the pearl-fisheries, that after fisheries have been held successfully for several nearly consecutive years, the banks cease to be productive. The want of a fall of spat may also, as in the case of our own edible oyster, be a cause of failure.

It is curious that, just as our Eastern pearl-fishery began to fail, a considerable supply of excellent pearls were derived from the rivers of Scotland. Mr. Unger, of Edinburgh, the chief dealer in these Scottish pearls, which are very beautiful, and the instigator of the trade in Scotland as now carried on, pays a great deal of money annually, chiefly to the peasantry in the neighbourhood of the pearl-producing rivers, for these Caledonian gems, many of which are of great individual value, the best kinds ranging in price from 5*l.* to 50*l.*: as much as one hundred sovereigns, indeed, have been obtained for a fine specimen. It is not unlikely, I think, from the impetus given to the fishery by the dealers, that the streams of Scotland will speedily be exhausted, for mussels in Scotland are not found in beds as in the sea, but individually or in very small clusters, which of course are greedily seized upon and at once destroyed in the hope of obtaining a few of the gems. As regards the productiveness of the Scottish pearl-mussel, a practical hand tells us that one pearl is on the average found in every thirty shells, but as only one pearl in every ten is saleable, it requires the destruction of one hundred and thirty shells in order to find that one gem. Of course shells are occasionally found that contain a great many pearls, but these are an exception to the rule, and it may be easily calculated how long the capital stock of any river will stand out against the determined efforts of the peasantry surrounding it, when they know that by a little exertion they can pay their rent by collecting pearls.

As to the question “What is a Pearl,” the best informed writers concur in thinking the gem to be the result of a disease of the mussel. Reaumur tells us, in one of his learned dissertations, that pearls are found in the mussel, just as stones are found in other animals, and